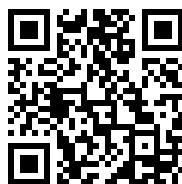

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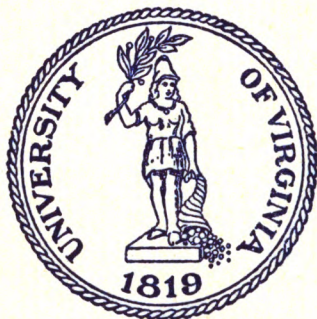


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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
Leticia Elizabeth
MISS LANDON.

COMPRISING

THE IMPROVISATRICE, GOLDEN VIOLET,
THE TROUBADOUR, VOW OF THE PEACOCK,
VENETIAN BRACELET, THE EASTER GIFT,
ETC. ETC. ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:
CAREY & HART, CHESNUT STREET.

STEREOTYPED BY L. JOHNSON.

1841.

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THE IMPROVISATRICE;
AND
OTHER POEMS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

POETRY needs no preface : if it do not speak for itself, no comment can render it explicit. I have only, therefore, to state that *The Improvisatrice* is an attempt to illustrate that species of inspiration common in Italy, where the mind is warmed from earliest childhood by all that is beautiful in nature, and glorious in art. The character depicted is entirely Italian,—a young female with all the loveliness, vivid feeling and genius of her own impassioned land. She is supposed to relate her own history; with which are intermixed the tales and episodes which various circumstances call forth. Some of the minor poems have appeared in *The Literary Gazette*.

L. E. L.

THE IMPROVISATRICE.

I AM a daughter of that land
Where the poet's lip and the painter's hand
Are most divine,—where the earth and sky,
Are picture both and poetry—
I am of Florence. 'Mid the chill
Of hope and feeling, oh ! I still
Am proud to think to where I owe
My birth, though but the dawn of woe !

My childhood pass'd 'mid radiant things,
Glorious as Hope's imaginings ;
Statues but known from shapes of the earth,
By being too lovely for mortal birth ;
Paintings whose colours of life were caught
From the fairy tints in the rainbow wrought ;
Music whose sighs had a spell like those
That float on the sea at the evening's close ;
Language so silvery, that every word
Was like the lute's awakening chord ;
Skies half sunshine, and half starlight ;
Flowers whose lives were a breath of delight ;
Leaves whose green pomp knew no withering ;
Fountains bright as the skies of our spring ;
And songs whose wild and passionate line
Suited a soul of romance like mine.

My power was but a woman's power ;
Yet, in that great and glorious dower
Which Genius gives, I had my part :
I poured my full and burning heart
In song, and on the canvass made
My dreams of beauty visible ;
I knew not which I loved the most—
Pencil or lute,—both loved so well.

Oh, yet my pulse throbs to recall,
When first upon the gallery's wall
Picture of mine was placed, to share
Wonder and praise from each one there !
Sad were my shades ; methinks they had
Almost a tone of prophecy—
I ever had, from earliest youth,
A feeling what my fate would be.

My first was of a gorgeous hall,
Lighted up for festival ;
Braided tresses, and cheeks of bloom,
Diamond agraff, and foam-white plume ;

Censors of roses, vases of light,
Like what the moon sheds on a summer night
Youths and maidens with link'd hands,
Joined in the graceful sarabands,
Smiled on the canvass ; but apart
Was one who leant in silent mood,
As revelry to his sick heart
Were worse than veriest solitude.
Pale, dark-eyed, beautiful, and young,
Such as he had shone o'er my slumbers,
When I had only slept to dream
Over again his magic numbers.

Divinest Petrarch ! he whose lyre,
Like morning light, half dew, half fire,
To Laura and to love was vow'd—
He looked on one, who with the crowd
Mingled, but mix'd not ; on whose cheek
There was a blush, as if she knew
Whose look was fix'd on hers. Her eye,
Of a spring sky's delicious blue,
Had not the language of that bloom,
But mingling tears, and light, and gloom,
Was raised abstractedly to Heaven :—
No sign was to her lover given.
I painted her with golden tresses,
Such as float on the wind's caresses,
When the laburnums wildly fling
Their sunny blossoms to the spring,
A cheek which had the crimson hue
Upon the sun touched nectarine ;
A lip of perfume and of dew ;
A brow like twilight's darken'd line.
I strove to catch each charm that long
Has lived,—thanks to her lover's song !
Each grace he number'd one by one,
That shone in her of Avignon.

I ever thought that poet's fate
Utterly lone and desolate.
It is the spirit's bitterest pain
To love, to be beloved again ;
And yet between a gulf which ever
The hearts that burn to meet must sever.
And he was vowed to one sweet star,
Bright yet to him, but bright afar.

O'er some, Love's shadow may but pass
As 'passes the breath stain o'er glass ;

And pleasures, cares, and pride combined,
Fill up the blank Love leaves behind.
But there are some whose love is high,
Entire, and sole idolatry ;

Who, turning from a heartless world,
Ask some dear thing, which may renew
Affection's several links, and be

As true as they themselves are true.
But Love's bright fount is never pure ;
And all his pilgrims must endure
All passion's mighty suffering
Ere they may reach the blessed spring.
And some who waste their lives to find

A prize which they may never win :
Like those who search for Irem's groves,

Which found, they may not enter in.
Where is the sorrow but appears
In Love's long catalogue of tears ?
And some there are who leave the path
In agony and fierce disdain ;

But bear upon each cankered breast
The scar that never heals again.

My next was of a minstrel too,
Who proved that woman's hand might do,
When, true to the heart pulse, it woke
The harp. Her head was bending down,
As if in weariness, and near,

But unworn, was a laurel crown.
She was not beautiful, if bloom
And smiles form beauty ; for, like death,
Her brow was ghastly ; and her lip
Was parched, as fever were its breath.
There was a shade upon her dark,
Large, floating eyes, as if each spark
Of minstrel ecstasy was fled,
Yet leaving them no tears to shed ;
Fix'd in their hopelessness of care,
And reckless in their great despair.
She sat beneath a cypress tree,

A little fountain ran beside,
And, in the distance, one dark rock
Threw its long shadow o'er the tide ;
And to the west, where the nightfall
Was darkening day's gemm'd coronal,
Its white shafts crimsoning in the sky,
Arose the sun-god's sanctuary.

I deemed that of lyre, life, and love
She was a long, last farewell taking ;—
That, from her pale and parch'd lips,
Her latest, wildest song was breaking.

SAPPHO'S SONG.

FAREWELL, my lute !—and would that I
Had never waked thy burning chords !
Poison has been upon thy sigh,
And fever has breathed in thy words.

Yet wherefore, wherefore should I blame
Thy power, thy spell, my gentlest lute ?
I should have been the wretch I am,
Had every chord of thine been mute.

It was my evil star above,
Not my sweet lute, that wrought me wrong ;
It was not song that taught me love,
But it was love that taught me song.

If song be past, and hope undone,
And pulse, and head, and heart, are flame,
It is thy work, thou faithless one !
But, no !—I will not name thy name !

Sun-god ! lute, wreath are vowed to thee !
Long be their light upon my grave—
My glorious grave—yon deep blue sea :
I shall sleep calm—beneath its wave !

FLORENCE ! with what idolatry
I've lingered in thy radiant halls,
Worshipping, till my dizzy eye
Grew dim with gazing on those walls,
Where Time had spared each glorious gift
By Genius unto Memory left !
And when seen by the pale moonlight,
More pure, more perfect, though less bright,
What dreams of song flashed on my brain,
Till each shade seem'd to live again ;
And then the beautiful, the grand,
The glorious of my native land,
In every flower that threw its veil
Aside, when woo'd by the spring gale ;
In every vineyard, where the sun,
His task of summer ripening done,
Shone on their clusters, and a song
Came lightly from the peasant throng ;—
In the dim loveliness of night,
In fountains with their diamond light,
In aged temple, ruin'd shrine,
And its green wreath of ivy twine ;—
In every change of earth and sky,
Breathed the deep soul of poetry.

As yet I loved not ;—but each wild,
High thought I nourish'd rais'd a pyre
For love to light ; and lighted once
By love, it would be like the fire
The burning lava floods that dwell
In Etna's cave unquenchable.

One evening in the lovely June,
Over the Arno's waters gliding,
I had been watching the fair moon
Amid her court of white clouds riding :
I had been listening to the gale,
Which wafted music from around,

(For scarce a lover, at that hour,
But waked his mandolin's light sound.)—
And odour was upon the breeze,
Sweet thefts from rose and lemon trees.

They stole me from my lulling dream,
And said they knew that such an hour
Had ever influence on my soul,
And raised my sweetest minstrel power.
I took my lute,—my eye had been
Wandering round the lovely scene,
Fill'd with those melancholy tears,
Which come when all most bright appears,
And hold their strange and secret power,
Even on pleasure's golden hour. . .
I had been looking on the river,
Half-marvelling to think that ever
Wind, wave, or sky, could darken where
All seem'd so gentle and so fair:
And mingled with these thoughts there came
A tale, just one that memory keeps—
Forgotten music, till some chance
Vibrate the chord whereon it leaps!

A MOORISH ROMANCE.

Softly through the pomegranate groves
Came the gentle song of the doves;
Shone the fruit in the evening light,
Like Indian rubies, blood-red and bright;
Shook the date-trees each tufted head,
As the passing wind their green nuts shed;
And, like dark columns, amid the sky
The giant palms ascended on high:
And the mosque's gilded minaret
Glisten'd and glanced as the daylight set.
Over the town a crimson haze
Gather'd and hung of the evening's rays;
And far beyond, like molten gold,
The burning sands of the desert roll'd.
Far to the left, the sky and sea
Mingled their gray immensity;
And with flapping sail and idle prow
The vessels threw their shades below
Far down the beach, where a cypress grove
Casts its shade round a little cove,
Darkling and green, with just a space
For the stars to shine on the water's face,
A small bark lay, waiting for night
And its breeze to waft and hide its flight.
Sweet is the burthen, and lovely the freight,
For which those furled-up sails await,
To a garden, fair as those
Where the glory of the rose
Blushes, charm'd from the decay
That wastes other blooms away;
Gardens of the fairy tale.
Till the wood fire grows pale,

(3)

By the Arab tribes, when night,
With its dim and lovely light,
And its silence, suiteth well
With the magic tales they tell
Through that cypress avenue,
Such a garden meets the view,
Fill'd with flowers—flowers that seem
Lighted up by the sunbeam;
Fruits of gold and gems, and leaves
Green as hope before it grieves.
O'er the false and brokenhearted,
All with which its youth has parted,
Never to return again,
Save in memories of pain!

There is a white rose in yon bower,
But holds it a yet fairer flower:
And music from that cage is breathing,
Round which a jasmine braid is wreathing,
A low song from a lonely dove,
A song such exiles sing and love,
Breathing of fresh fields, summer skies,—
Not to be breathed of but in sighs!
But fairer smile and sweeter sigh
Are near when LEILA's step is nigh!
With eyes dark as the midnight time,
Yet lighted like a summer clime
With sun-rays from within; yet now
Lingers a cloud upon that brow,—
Though never lovelier brow was given
To Heuri of an Eastern heaven!
Her eye is dwelling on that bower,
As every leaf and every flower
Were being number'd in her heart;—

There are no looks like those which dwell
On long-remember'd things, which soon
Must take our first and last farewell.

Day fades apace: another day,
That maiden will be far away,
A wanderer o'er the dark-blue sea,
And bound for lovely Italy,
Her mother's land! Hence, on her breast
The cross beneath a Moorish vest;
And hence those sweetest sounds, that seem
Like music murmuring in a dream,
When in our sleeping ear is ringing
The song the nightingale is singing;
When by that white and funeral stone,
Half hidden by the cypress gloom,
The hymn the mother taught her child
Is sung each evening at her tomb.
But quick the twilight time has past,
Like one of those sweet calms that last
A moment and no more, to cheer
The turmoil of our pathway here.
The bark is waiting in the bay,
Night darkens round:—LEILA, away!

Far, ere to-morrow, o'er the tide,
Or wait and be—*ABRALLA'S* bride?

She touch'd her lot—never again
Her ear will listen to its strain!
She took her cage, first kiss'd the breast—
Then freed the white dove prison'd there:
It paused one moment on her hand,
Then spread its glad wings to the air.
She drank the breath, as it were health,
That sigh'd from every scented blossom;

And taking from each one a leaf,
Hid them, like spells, upon her bosom.
Then sought the sacred path again
She once before had traced, when lay
A Christian in her father's chain;

And gave him gold, and taught the way
To fly. She thought upon the night,
When, like an angel of the light,
She stood before the prisoner's sight,
And led him to the cypress grove,
And show'd the bark and hidden cove;
And bade the wandering captive flee,
In words he knew from infancy!
And when she thought how for her love

He had braved slavery and death,
That he might only breathe the air
Made sweet and sacred by her breath.
She reach'd the grove of cypresses—
Another step is by her side:
Another moment, and the bark
Bears the fair Moor across the tide!

'Twas beautiful, by the pale moonlight,
To mark her eyes,—now dark, now bright,
As now they met, now shrink away,
From the gaze that watch'd and worshipp'd their
day.

They stood on the deck, and the midnight gale
Just waved the maiden's silver veil—
Just lifted a curl, as if to show
The cheek of rose that was burning below:
And never spread a sky of blue
More clear for the stars to wander through!
And never could their mirror be
A calmer or a lovelier sea!
For every wave was a diamond gleam:
And that light vessel well may seem
A fairy ship, and that graceful pair
Young *Genii*, whose home was of light and air!

Another evening came, but dark;
The storm clouds hover'd round the bark
Of misery:—they just could see
The distant shore of Italy,
As the dim moon through vapours shone—
A few short rays, her light was gone.

O'er head a sullen scream was heard,
As sought the land the white sea bird,
Her pale wings like a meteor streaming.
Upon the waves a light is gleaming—
Ill-omen'd brightness, sent by Death
To light the night-black depths beneath.
The vessel roll'd amid the surge;
The winds howl'd round it, like a dirge
Sung by some savage race. Then came
The rush of thunder and of flame:
It show'd two forms upon the deck,—
One clasp'd around the other's neck,
As there she could not dream of fear—
In her lover's arms could danger be near?
He stood and watch'd her with the eye
Of fix'd and silent agony.
The waves swept on: he felt her heart
Beat closer and closer yet to his!
They burst upon the ship!—the sea
Has closed upon their dream of bliss!

Surely theirs is a pleasant sleep
Beneath that ancient cedar tree,
Whose solitary stem has stood
For years alone beside the sea!
The last of a most noble race,
That once had there their dwelling-place,
Long past away! Beneath its shade,
A soft green couch the turf had made:—
And glad the morning sun is shining
On those beneath the boughs reclining.
Nearer the fisher drew. He saw
The dark hair of the Moorish maid,
Like a veil, floating o'er the breast
Where tenderly her head was laid;—
And yet her lover's arm was placed
Clasping around the graceful waist;
But then he mark'd the youth's black curls
Were dripping wet with foam and blood;
And that the maiden's tresses dark
Were heavy with the briny flood!
Wo for the wind!—wo for the wave!
They sleep the slumber of the grave!
They buried them beneath that tree;
It long had been a sacred spot.
Soon it was planted round with flowers
By many who had not forgot;
Or yet lived in those dreams of truth
The Eden birds of early youth,
That make the loveliness of love:
And call'd the place "*THE MAIDEN'S COVE*,"
That she who perish'd in the sea
Might thus be kept in memory.

From many a lip came sounds of praise,
Like music from sweet voices ringing;

For many a boat had gather'd round,
 To list the song I had been singing.
 There are some moments in our fate
 That stamp the colour of our days;
 As, till then, life had not been felt,—
 And mine was seal'd in the slight gaze
 Which fix'd my eye, and fired my brain,
 And bow'd my heart beneath the chain.
 'Twas a dark and flashing eye,
 Shadows, too, that tenderly,
 With almost female softness, came
 O'er its mingled gloom and flame.
 His cheek was pale; or toil, or care,
 Or midnight study, had been there,
 Making its young colours dull,
 Yet leaving it most beautiful.
 Raven curls their shadow threw,
 Like the twilight's darkening hue,
 O'er the pure and mountain snow
 Of his high and haughty brow:
 Lighted by a smile, whose spell
 Words are powerless to tell.
 Such a lip!—oh, pour'd from thence
 Lava floods of eloquence
 Would come with fiery energy,
 Like those words that cannot die.
 Words the Grecian warrior spoke
 When the Persian's chain he broke,
 Or that low and honey tone,
 Making woman's heart his own;
 Such as should be heard at night,
 In the dim and sweet starlight;
 Sounds that haunt a beauty's sleep,
 Treasures for her heart to keep.
 Like the pine of summer tall;
 Apollo, on his pedestal
 In our own gallery, never bent
 More graceful, more magnificent;
 Ne'er look'd the hero, or the king,
 More nobly than the youth who now,
 As if soul-centred in my song,
 Was leaning on a galley's prow.
 He spoke not when the others spoke,
 His heart was all too full for praise;
 But his dark eyes kept fix'd on mine,
 Which sank beneath their burning gaze.
 Mine sank—but yet I felt the thrill
 Of that look burning on me still.
 I heard no word that others said—
 Heard nothing, save one low-breathed sigh.
 My hand kept wandering on my lute,
 In music, but unconsciously
 My pulses throb'd, my heart beat high,
 A flush of dizzy ecstasy
 Crimson'd my cheek; I felt warm tears
 Dimming my sight, yet was it sweet,
 My wild heart's most bewildering beat,
 Consciousness, without hopes or fears,

Of a new power within me waking,
 Like light before the morn's full breaking.
 I left the boat—the crowd: my mood
 Made my soul pant for solitude.
 Amid my palace halls was one,
 The most peculiarly my own:
 The roof was blue and fretted gold,
 The floor was of the Parian stone,
 Shining like snow, as only meet
 For the light tread of fairy feet;
 And in the midst, beneath a shade
 Of cluster'd rose, a fountain play'd,
 Sprinkling its scented waters round,
 With a sweet and lulling sound,—
 O'er oranges, like Eastern gold,
 Half hidden by the dark green fold
 Of their large leaves;—o'er hyacinth bells,
 Where every summer odour dwells,
 And, nestled in the midst, a pair
 Of white wood doves, whose home was there;
 And like an echo, to their song,
 At times a murmur past along;
 A dying tone, a plaining fall,
 So sad, so wild, so musical—
 As the wind swept across the wire,
 And waked my lone Æolian lyre,
 Which lay upon the casement, where
 The lattice woo'd the cold night air,
 Half hidden by a bridal twine
 Of jasmine with the emerald vine.
 And ever as the curtains made
 A varying light, a changeful shade,
 As the breeze waved them to and fro,
 Came on the eye the glorious show
 Of pictured walls where landscape wild
 Of wood, and stream, or mountain piled,
 Or sunny vale, or twilight grove,
 Or shapes whose every look was love;
 Saints, whose diviner glance seem'd caught
 From Heaven,—some whose earthlier thought
 Was yet more lovely,—shone like gleams
 Of Beauty's spirit seen in dreams.
 I threw me on a couch to rest,
 Loosely I flung my long black hair;
 It seem'd to soothe my troubled breast
 To drink the quiet evening air.
 I look'd upon the deep-blue sky,
 And it was all hope and harmony.
 Afar I could see the Arno's stream
 Glorying in the clear moonbeam;
 And the shadowy city met my gaze,
 Like the dim memory of other days;
 And the distant wood's black coronal
 Was like oblivion that covereth all.
 I know not why my soul felt sad;
 I touch'd my lute,—it would not waken,
 Save to old songs of sorrowing—

Of hope betray'd—of hearts forsaken—
Each lay of lighter feeling slept,
I sang, but, as I sang, I wept

THE CHARMED CUP.

And fondly round his neck she clung;
Her long black tresses round him flung,—
Love chains, which would not let him part;
And he could feel her beating heart,
The pulses of her small white hand,
The tears she could no more command,
The lip which trembled, though near his;
The sigh that mingled with her kiss;—
Yet parted he from that embrace.
He cast one glance upon her face:
His very soul felt sick to see
Its look of utter misery;
Yet turn'd he not; one moment's grief,
One pang, like lightning, fierce and brief,
One thought, half pity, half remorse,
Pass'd o'er him. On he urged his horse;
Hill, ford, and valley spurr'd he by,
And when his castle-gate was nigh,
White foam was on his 'broidered rein,
And each spur had a blood-red stain.
But soon he enter'd that fair hall:
His laugh was loudest there of all;
And the cup that wont one name to bless,
Was drain'd for its forgetfulness.
The ring, once next his heart, was broken;
The gold chain kept another token.
Where is the curl he used to wear—
The raven tress of silken hair?
The winds have scatter'd it. A braid
Of the first spring day's golden shade,
Waves with the dark plumes on his crest.
Fresh colours are upon his breast:
The slight blue scarf, of simplest fold,
Is changed for one of woven gold.
And he is by a maiden's side,
Whose gems of price, and robes of pride,
Would suit the daughter of a king;
And diamonds are glistening
Upon her arm. There's not one curl
Unfasten'd by a loop of pearl.
And he is whispering in her ear
Soft words that ladies love to hear.

Alas!—the tale is quickly told—
His love hath felt the curse of gold!
And he is bartering his heart
For that in which it hath no part.
There's many an ill that clings to love;
But this is one all else above;—
For love to bow before the name
Of this world's treasure: shame! oh, shame!
Love, be thy wings as light as those
That waft the zephyr from the rose,—

This may be pardon'd—something rare
In loveliness has been thy snare!
But how, fair love, canst thou become
A thing of mines—a sordid gnome?

And she whom JULIAN left—she stood
A cold white statue, as the blood
Had, when in vain her last wild prayer,
Flown to her heart, and frozen there.
Upon her temple, each dark vein
Swell'd in its agony of pain.
Chill, heavy damps were on her brow;
Her arms were stretch'd at length, though now
Their clasp was on the empty air:
A funeral pall—her long black hair
Fell over her; herself the tomb
Of her own youth, and breath, and bloom.

Alas! that man should ever win
So sweet a shrine to shame and sin
As woman's heart!—and deeper woe
For her fond weakness, not to know
That yielding all but breaks the chain
That never reunites again!

It was a dark and tempest night—
No pleasant moon, no blest starlight;
But meteors glancing o'er the way,
Only to dazzle and betray.
And who is she that, 'mid the storm,
Wraps her slight mantle round her form?
Her hair is wet with rain and sleet,
And blood is on her small snow feet.
She has been forced a way, to make
Through prickly weed and thorned brake,
Up rousing from its coil the snake;
And stirring from their damp abode
The slimy worm and loathsome toad:
And shudder'd as she heard the gale
Shriek like an evil spirit's wail;
When follow'd, like a curse, the crash
Of the pines in the lightning flash:—
A place of evil and of fear—
Oh! what can JULIAN's love do here?

On, on the pale girl went. At last
The gloomy forest depths are past,
And she has reach'd the wizard's den,
Accused by God and shunn'd by men.
And never had a ban been laid
Upon a more unwholesome shade.
There grew dank elders, and the yew
Its thick sepulchral shadow threw;
And brooded there each bird most foul,
The gloomy bat and sullen owl.

But IDA entered in the cell,
Where dwelt the wizard of the dell.

Her heart lay dead, her life-blood froze
 To look upon the shape which rose
 To bar her entrance. On that face
 Was scarcely left a single trace
 Of human likeness: the parch'd skin
 Show'd each discolour'd bone within;
 And, but for the most evil-stare
 Of the wild eyes' unearthly glare,
 It was a corpsé you would have said,
 From which life's freshness long had fled.
 Yet IDA knelt her down and pray'd
 To that dark sorcerer for his aid.
 He heard her prayer with withering look;
 Then from unholy herbs he took
 A drug, and said it would recover
 The lost heart of her faithless lover
 She trembled as she turn'd to see
 His demon sneer's malignity;
 And every step was wing'd with dread,
 To hear the curse howl'd as she fled.

It is the purple twilight hour,
 And JULIAN is in IDA's bower.
 He has brought gold, as gold could bless
 His work of utter desolateness!
 He has brought gems, as if Despair
 Had any pride in being fair!
 But IDA only wept and wreath'd
 Her white arms round his neck; then breathed
 Those passionate complaints that wing
 A woman's heart, yet never bring
 Redress. She call'd upon each tree
 To witness her lone constancy!
 She call'd upon the silent boughs,
 The temple of her JULIAN's vows
 Of happiness too dearly bought!
 Then wept again. At length she thought
 Upon the forest sorcerer's gift—
 The last, lone hope that love had left!
 She took the cup, and kiss'd the brim,
 Mix'd the dark spell, and gave it him
 To pledge his once dear IDA's name!
 He drank it. Instantly the flame
 Ran through his veins: one fiery throb
 Of bitter pain—one gasping sob
 Of agony—the cold death-sweat
 Is on his face—his teeth are set—
 His bursting eyes are glazed and still:
 The drug has done its work of ill.
 Alas! for her who watch'd each breath,
 The cup her love had mix'd bore—death.

LORENZO!—when next morning came
 For the first time I heard thy name!

LORENZO!—how each ear-pulse drank
 The more than music of that tone!

LORENZO!—how I sigh'd that name,
 As breathing it, made it mine own!
 I sought the gallery: I was wont
 To pass the noontide there, and trace
 Some statue's shape of loveliness—
 Some saint, some nymph, or muse's face.
 There, in my rapture, I could throw
 My pencil in its hues aside,
 And, as the vision past me, pour
 My song of passion, joy, and pride.
 And he was there,—LORENZO there!
 How soon the morning past away,
 With finding beauties in each thing.
 Neither had seen before that day!
 Spirit of Love! soon thy rose-plumes wear
 The weight and the sully of canker and care:
 Falsehood is round thee; Hope leads thee on,
 Till every hue from thy pinion is gone.
 But the bright moment is all thine own,
 The one ere thy visible presence is known;
 When, like the wind of the south, thy power,
 Sunning the heavens, sweetening the flower,
 Is felt but not seen. Thou art sweet and calm
 As the sleep of a child, as the dew full of balm.
 Fear has not darken'd thee; Hope has not made
 The blossoms expand, it but opens to fade.
 Nothing is known of those wearing fears
 Which will shadow the light of thy after years.
 Then art thou bliss:—but once throw by
 The veil which shrouds thy divinity;
 Stand confess'd,—and thy quiet is fled!
 Wild flashes of rapture may come instead,
 But pain will be with them. What may re-
 store

The gentle happiness known before!
 I own'd not to myself I loved,—

No word of love LORENZO breathed,
 But I lived in a magic ring,

Of every pleasant flower wreath'd.

A brighter blue was on the sky,
 A sweeter breath in music's sigh;
 The orange shrubs all seem'd to bear
 Fruit more rich, and buds more fair.

There was a glory on the noon,
 A beauty in the crescent moon,
 A lulling stillness in the night,
 A feeling in the pale starlight.

There was a charmed note on the wind,

A spell in Poetry's deep store—
 Heart-uttered words, passionate thoughts,
 Which I had never mark'd before.

'Twas as my heart's full happiness
 Pour'd over all its own excess.

One night there was a gorgeous feast
 For maskers in COUNT LEON's hall;
 And all of gallant, fair and young,
 Were bidden to the festival.

I went, garb'd as a Hindoo girl;
 Upon each arm an amulet,
 And by my side a little lute
 Of sandal wood with gold beset.
 And shall I own that I was proud
 To hear, amid the gazing crowd,
 A murmur of delight, when first
 My mask and veil I threw aside?
 For well my conscious cheek betray'd
 Whose eye was gazing on me too!
 And never yet had praise been dear,
 As on that evening, to mine ear,
 LORENZO! I was proud to be
 Worshipp'd and flatter'd but for thee!

THE HINDOO GIRL'S SONG.

PLAYFUL and wild as the fire-flies' light,
 This moment hidden, and next moment bright,
 Like the foam on the dark-green sea,
 Is the spell that is laid on my lover by me.
 Were your sigh as sweet as the sumbal's sigh,
 When the wind of the evening is nigh;
 Were your smile like that glorious light,
 Seen when the stars gem the deep midnight;
 Were that sigh and that smile for ever the same—
 They were shadows, not fuel, to love's dull'd
 flame.

Love once form'd an amulet,
 With pearls, and a rainbow, and rose-leaves set.
 The pearls were pure as pearls could be,
 And white as maiden purity;
 The rose had the beauty and breath of soul,
 And the rainbow-changes crown'd the whole.
 Frown on your lover one little while,
 Dearer will be the light of your smile;
 Let your blush, laugh, and sigh ever mingle to-
 gether,
 Like the bloom, sun, and clouds of the sweet
 spring weather.
 Love never must sleep in security,
 Or most calm and cold will his waking be.

And as that light strain died away,
 Again I swept the breathing strings:
 But now the notes I waked were sad
 As those the pining wood-dove sings.

THE INDIAN BRIDE.

SHE has lighted her lamp, and crown'd it with
 flowers,
 The sweetest that breathed of the summer hours;
 Red and white roses link'd in a band,
 Like a maiden's blush, or a maiden's hand;

Jasmines,—some like silvery spray,
 Some like gold in the morning ray;
 Fragrant stars,—and favourites they,
 When Indian girls, on a festival-day,
 Braid their dark tresses: and over all weaves
 The rosy-bower of lotus leaves—
 Canopy suiting the lamp-lighted bark,
 Love's own flowers, and Love's own ark.

She watch'd the sky, the sunset grew dim;
 She raised to CAMDEO her evening hymn.
 The scent of the night-flowers came on the air;
 And then, like a bird escaped from the snare,
 She flew to the river—(no moon was bright,
 But the stars and the fire-flies gave her their light;)
 She stood beneath the mangoes' shade,
 Half delighted and half afraid;
 She trimm'd the lamp, and breathed on each
 bloom,
 (Oh, that breath was sweeter than all their per-
 fume!)

Threw spices and oil on the spire of flame,
 Call'd thrice on her absent lover's name;
 And every pulse throbb'd as she gave
 Her little boat to the Ganges' wave.

There are a thousand fanciful things
 Link'd round the young heart's imaginings.
 In its first love-dream, a leaf or a flower
 Is gifted then with a spell and a power—
 A shade is an omen, a dream is a sign,
 From which the maiden can well divine
 Passion's whole history. Those only can
 Who have loved as young hearts can love so well,
 How the pulses will beat, and the cheek will be
 dyed,
 When they have some love-augury tried
 Oh, it is not for those whose feelings are cold,
 Wither'd by care, or blunted by gold;
 Whose brows have darken'd with many years,
 To feel again youth's hopes and fears—
 What they now might blush to confess,
 Yet what made their spring-day's happiness!

ZAIDE watch'd her flower-built vessel glide,
 Mirror'd beneath the deep-blue tide;
 Lovely and lonely, scented and bright,
 Like Hope's own bark, all bloom and light.
 There's not one breath of wind on the air,
 The heavens are cloudless, the waters are fair,
 No dew is falling: yet wo to that shade!
 The maiden is weeping—her lamp has decay'd.

Hark to the ring of the cymetar!
 It tells that the soldier returns from afar.
 Down from the mountains the warriors come:
 Hark to the thunder-roll of the drum!—

To the startling voice of the trumpet's call!—
 To the cymbal's clash!—to the atabal!
 The banners of crimson float in the sun,
 The warfare is ended, the battle is won.
 The mother hath taken the child from her breast,
 And raised it to look on its father's crest.
 The pathway is lined, as the bands pass along,
 With maidens, who meet them with flowers and song.

And ZAIDE hath forgotten in AZIM's arms
 All her so false lamp's false alarms.

This looks not a bridal,—the singers are mute,
 Still is the mandore, and breathless the lute;
 Yet there the bride sits. Her dark hair is bound,
 And the robe of her marriage floats white on the ground.

Oh! where is the lover, the bridegroom?—oh!
 where?

Look under yon black pall—the bridegroom is there!
 Yet the guests are all bidden, the feast is the same,

And the bride plights her troth amid smoke and
 'mid flame!

They have raised the death-pyre of sweet-scented
 wood,

And sprinkled it o'er with the sacred flood
 Of the Ganges. The priests are assembled:—their song

Sinks deep on the ear as they bear her along,
 That bride of the dead. Ay, is not this love!—
 That one pure, wild feeling all others above
 Vow'd to the living, and kept to the tomb!—
 The same in its blight as it was in its bloom.

With no tear in her eye, and no change in her
 smile

Young ZAIDE had come nigh to the funeral pile.
 The bells of the dancing-girls ceased from their
 sound;

Silent they stood by that holiest mound.

From a crowd like the sea-waves there came not a
 breath,

When the maiden stood by the place of death!
 One moment was given—the last she might spare!
 To the mother, who stood in her weeping there.
 She took the jewels that shone on her hand;
 She took from her dark hair its flowery band,
 And scattered them round. At once they raise
 The hymn of rejoicing and love in her praise.

A prayer is mutter'd, a blessing said,—
 Her torch is rais'd!—she is by the dead.

She has fired the pile! At once there came
 A mingled rush of smoke and of flame:

The wind swept it off. They saw the bride,—
 Laid by her AZIM, side by side.

The breeze had spread the long curls of her hair:
 Like a banner of fire they play'd on the air.
 The smoke and the flame gather'd round as before,
 Then clear'd,—but the bride was seen no more.

I heard the words of praise, but not
 The one voice that I paused to hear;
 And other sounds to me were like
 A tale pour'd in a sleeper's ear.
 Where was LORENZO?—He had stood
 Spell-bound; but when I closed the lay,
 As if the charm ceased with the song,
 He darted hurriedly away.

I masqued again, and wander'd on
 Through many a gay and gorgeous room
 What with sweet waters, sweeter flowers,

The air was heavy with perfume,
 The harp was echoing the lute,
 Soft voices answer'd to the flute,
 And, like rills in the noontide clear,
 Beneath the flame-hung gondolier,
 Shone mirrors peopled with the shades
 Of stately youths and radiant maids;
 And on the ear in whispers came
 Those winged words of soul and flame,
 Breathed in the dark-eyed beauty's ear
 By some young love-touch'd cavalier;
 Or mix'd at times some sound more gay,
 Of dance, or laugh, or roundelay.
 O, it is sickness at the heart
 To bear in revelry its part,
 And yet feel bursting:—not one thing
 Which has part in its suffering,—
 The laugh as glad, the step as light,
 The song as sweet, the glance as bright;
 As the laugh, step, and glance, and song,
 Did to young happiness belong.

I turn'd me from the crowd, and reach'd
 A spot which seem'd unsought by all—
 An alcove fill'd with shrubs and flowers,
 But lighted by the distant hall,
 With one or two fair statues placed,
 Like deities of the sweet shrine.
 That human/art should ever frame
 Such shapes so utterly divine!
 A deep sigh breathed,—I knew the tone,
 My cheek blush'd warm, my heart beat high—
 One moment more I too was known,
 I shrank before LORENZO's eye.
 He leant beside a pedestal.

The glorious brow, of Parian stone,
 Of the Antinous, by his side,
 Was not more noble than his own!

They were alike: he had the same
 Thick-clustering curls the Roman wore—
 The fix'd and melancholy eye—

The smile which pass'd like lightning o'er
 The curved lip. We did not speak,
 But the heart breathed upon each cheek,
 We look'd round with those wandering looks,
 Which seek some object of their gaze,
 As if each other's glance was like
 The too much light of morning's rays.

I saw a youth beside me kneel;
 I heard my name in music steal;
 I felt my hand trembling in his;—
 Another moment, and his kiss
 Had burnt upon it; when, like thought,
 So swift it past, my hand was thrown
 Away, as if in sudden pain.
 LORENZO like a dream had flown!
 We did not meet again:—he seem'd
 To shun each spot where I might be:
 And, it was said, another claim'd
 The heart—more than the world to me!

I loved him as young Genius loves,
 When its own wild and radiant heaven
 Of starry thought burns with the light,
 The love, the life, by passion given.
 I loved him, too, as woman loves—
 Reckless of sorrow, sin, or scorn:
 Life had no evil destiny
 That, with him, I could not have borne!
 I had been nurst in palaces;
 Yet earth had not a spot so drear,
 That I should not have thought a home,
 In paradise, had he been near!
 How sweet it would have been to dwell,
 Apart from all, in some green dell
 Of sunny beauty, leaves and flowers;
 And nestling birds to sing the hours!
 Our home, beneath some chestnut's shade,
 But of the woven branches made;
 Our vesper hymn, the low, lone wail
 The rose hears from the nightingale;
 And waked at morning by the call
 Of music from a waterfall.
 But not alone in dreams like this,
 Breathed in the very hope of bliss,
 I loved: my love had been the same
 In hush'd despair, in open shame.
 I would have rather been a slave,
 In tears, in bondage, by his side,
 Than shared in all, if wanting him,
 This world had power to give beside!
 My heart was wither'd,—and my heart
 Had ever been the world to me,
 And love had been the first fond dream,
 Whose life was in reality,
 I had sprung from my solitude
 Like a young bird upon the wing
 To meet the arrow; so I met
 My poison'd shaft of suffering.
 And as that bird, with drooping crest
 And broken wing, will seek his nest,
 But seek in vain; so vain I sought
 My pleasant home of song and thought.
 There was one spell upon my brain,
 Upon my pencil, my strain;
 But one face to my colours came;
 My chords replied but to one name—

LORENZO!—all seem'd vow'd to thee,
 To passion, and to misery!
 I had no interest in the things
 That once had been like life, or light;
 No tale was pleasant to mine ear,
 No song so sweet, no picture bright.
 I was wild with my great distress,
 My lone, my utter hopelessness!
 I would sit hours by the side
 Of some clear rill, and mark it glide,
 Bearing my tears along, till night
 Came with dark hours; and soft starlight
 Watch o'er its shadowy beauty keeping,
 Till I grew calm:—then I would take
 The lute, which had all day been sleeping.
 Upon a cypress tree, and wake
 The echoes of the midnight air
 With words that love wrung from despair.

SONG.

FAREWELL!—we shall not meet again
 As we are parting now!
 I must my beating heart restrain—
 Must veil my burning brow!
 O, I must coldly learn to hide
 One thought, all else above—
 Must call upon my woman's pride
 To hide my woman's love!
 Check dreams I never may avow;
 Be free, be careless, cold as thou!
 O! those are tears of bitterness,
 Wrung from the breaking heart,
 When two, blest in their tenderness,
 Must learn to live—apart!
 But what are they to that long sigh,
 That cold and fix'd despair,
 That weight of wasting agony
 It must be mine to bear!
 Methinks I should not thus repine,
 If I had but one vow of thine.
 I could forgive inconstancy
 To be one moment loved by thee!
 With me the hope of life is gone
 The sun of joy is set;
 One wish my soul still dwells upon—
 The wish it could forget
 I would forget that look, that tone,
 My heart hath all too dearly known.
 But who could ever yet efface
 From memory love's enduring trace?
 All may revolt, all may complain—
 But who is there may break the chain?
 Farewell!—I shall not be to thee
 More than a passing thought;
 But every time and place will be
 With thy remembrance fraught!
 Farewell! we have not often met—
 We may not meet again!

But on my heart the seal is set
 Love never sets in vain !
 Fruitless as constancy may be,
 No chance, no change, may turn from thee
 One who has loved thee wildly, well—
 But whose first love-vow breathed—farewell !

And lays which only told of love
 In all its varied sorrowing,
 The echoes of the broken heart,
 Were all the songs I now could sing.
 Legends of olden times in Greece,
 When not a flower but had its tale ;
 When spirits haunted each green oak ;
 When voices spoke in every gale ;
 When not a star shone in the sky
 Without its own love history.
 Amid its many songs was one
 That suited well with my sick mind.
 I sang it when the breath of flowers
 Came sweet upon the midnight wind.

LEADES AND CYDIPPE.

She sat her in her twilight bower,
 A temple form'd of leaf and flower ;
 Rose and myrtle framed the roof,
 To a shower of April proof ;
 And primroses, pale gems of spring,
 Lay on the green turf glistening,
 Close by the violet, whose breath
 Is so sweet in a dewy wreath.
 And O, that myrtle ! how green it grew !
 With flowers as white as the pearls of dew
 That shone beside : and the glorious rose
 Lay like a beauty in warm repose,
 Blushing in slumber. The air was bright
 With the spirit and glow of its crimson light.

CYDIPPE had turn'd from her column'd hall,
 Where, the queen of the feast, she was worshipp'd
 by all :
 Where the vases were burning with spices and
 flowers,
 And the odorous waters were playing in showers ;
 And lamps were blazing—those lamps of perfume
 Which shed such a charm of light over the bloom
 Of woman, when Pleasure a spell has thrown
 Over one night hour and made it her own.
 And the ruby wine-cup shone with a ray,
 As the gems of the East had there melted away ;
 And the bards were singing those songs of fire,
 That bright eyes and the goblet so well inspire ;—
 While she, the glory and pride of the hour,
 Sat silent and sad in her secret bower !

There is a grief that wastes the heart,
 Like mildew on a tulip's dyes,—
 (3)

When hope, deferr'd but to depart,
 Loses its smiles, but keeps its sighs :
 When love's bark, with its anchor gone,
 Clings to a straw, and still trusts on.
 O, more than all !—methinks that love
 Should pray that it might ever be
 Beside the burning shrine which had
 Its young heart's fond idolatry.
 O, (absence) is the night of love !
 Lovers are very children then !
 Fancying ten thousand feverish shapes,
 Until their light returns again.
 A look, a word, is then recall'd,
 And thought upon until it wears,
 What is, perhaps, a very shade,
 The tone and aspect of our fears.
 And this is what was withering now
 The radiance of CYDIPPE's brow.
 She watch'd until her cheek grew pale ;
 The green wave bore no bounding sail :
 Her sight grew dim ; 'mid the blue air
 No snowy dove came floating there,
 The dear scroll hid beneath his wing,
 With plume and soft eye glistening,
 To seek again, in leafy dome,
 The nest of its accustom'd home !
 Still far away, o'er land and seas,
 Linger'd the faithless LEADES.

She thought on the spring days, when she
 had been,
 Lonely and lovely, a maiden queen :
 When passion to her was a storm at sea,
 Heard 'mid the green land's tranquillity.
 But a stately warrior came from afar ;
 He bore on his bosom the glorious scar
 So worshipp'd by woman—the death-seal of
 war.
 And the maiden's heart was an easy prize,
 When valour and faith were her sacrifice

Methinks, might that sweet season last,
 In which our first love-dream is past,
 Ere doubts and cares, and jealous pain,
 Are flaws in the heart's diamond-chain :
 Men might forget to think on heaven,
 And yet have the sweet sin forgiven.

But ere the marriage-feast was spread,
 LEADES said that he must brook
 To part awhile from that best light,
 Those eyes which fix'd his every look :
 Just press again his native shore,
 And then he would that shore resign
 For her dear sake, who was to him
 His household god !—his spirit's shrine :

He came not ! Then the heart's decay
 Wasted her silently away :—
 b 2

A sweet fount, which the mid-day sun
Has all too hotly look'd upon !

It is most sad to watch the fall
Of autumn leaves !—but worst of all
It is to watch the flower of spring
Faded in its fresh blossoming !
To see the once so clear blue orb
Its summer light and warmth forget ;
Darkening beneath its tearful lid,
Like a rain-beaten violet !
To watch the banner-rose of health
Pass from the cheek !—to mark how plain
Upon the wan and sunken brow,
Become the wanderings of each vein !
The shadowy hand so thin, so pale !
The languid step !—the drooping head !
The long wreaths of neglected hair !
The lip whence red and smile are fled !
And having watch'd thus, day by day,
Light, life, and colour, pass away !
To see, at length, the glassy eye
Fix dull in dread mortality ;
Mark the last ray, catch the last breath,
Till the grave sets its sign of death !

This was CYDIPPE's fate !—They laid
The maiden underneath the shade
Of a green cypress,—and that hour
The tree was wither'd, and stood bare !
The spring brought leaves to other trees,
But never other leaf grew there !
It stood, 'mid others flourishing,
A blighted, solitary thing.

The summer sun shone on that tree
When shot a vessel o'er the sea—
When sprang a warrior from the prow—
LEADES ! by the stately brow.
Forgotten toil, forgotten care,
All his worn heart has had to bear.
That heart is full ! He hears the sigh
That breathed ' Farewell ! ' so tenderly.
If even then it was most sweet,
What will it be that now they meet ?
Alas ! alas ! Hope's fair deceit !
He spurr'd o'er land, has cut the wave,
To look but on CYDIPPE's grave.

It has blossom'd in beauty, that lone tree,
LEADES' kiss restored its bloom ;
For wild he kiss'd the wither'd stem—
It grew upon CYDIPPE's tomb !
And there he dwelt. The hottest ray,
Still dew upon the branches lay
Like constant tears. The winter came ;
But still the green tree stood the same.

And it was said, at evening's close,
A sound of whisper'd music rose ;
That 'twas the trace of viewless feet
Made the flowers more than flowers sweet.
At length LEADES died. That day,
Bark and green foliage pass away
From the lone tree,—again a thing
Of wonder and of perishing !

One evening I had roam'd beside
The winding of the Arno's tide ;
The sky was flooded with moonlight :
Below the waters azure bright,
Palazzos with their marble halls,
Green gardens, silver waterfalls,
And orange groves and citron shades,
And cavaliers and dark-eyed maids ;
Sweet voices singing, echoes sent
From many a rich-toned instrument.
I could not bear this loveliness !
It was on such a night as this
That love had lighted up my dream
Of long despair and short-lived bliss.
I sought the city ; wandering on,
Unconscious where my steps might be :
My heart was deep in other thoughts ;
All places were alike to me :—
At length I stopp'd beneath the walls
Of San Mark's old cathedral halls.
I enter'd :—and, beneath the roof,
Ten thousand wax-lights burnt on high
And incense on the censers fumed
As for some great solemnity.
The white-robed choristers were singing,
Their cheerful peal the bells were ringing :
Then deep-voiced music floated round,
As the far arches sent forth sound—
The stately organ :—and fair bands
Of young girls strew'd, with lavish hands,
Violets o'er the mosaic floor ;
And sang while scattering the sweet store.

I turn'd me to a distant aisle
Where but a feeble glimmering came
(Itself in darkness) of the smile
Sent from the tapers' perfumed flame
And colour'd as each pictured pane.
Shed o'er the blaze its crimson stain :—
While, from the window o'er my head,
A dim and sickly gleam was shed
From the young moon,—enough to show
That tomb and tablet lay below.
I leant upon one monument,—
'Twas sacred to unhappy love :
On it were carved a blighted pine—
A broken wing—a wounded dove.

And two or three brief words told all
 Her history who lay beneath :—
 'The flowers—at morn her bridal flowers,—
 Form'd, e'er the eve, her funeral wreath.'

I could but envy her. I thought,
 How sweet it must be thus to die !
 Your last looks watch'd—your last sigh caught,
 As life or heaven were in that sigh !
 Passing in loveliness and light ;
 Your heart as pure,—your cheek as bright
 As the spring-rose, whose petals shut
 By sun unscorch'd, by shower unwet ;
 Leaving behind a memory
 Shrined in love's fond eternity.

But I was waken'd from this dream
 By a burst of light—a gush of song—
 A welcome, as the stately doors
 Pour'd in a gay and gorgeous throng.
 I could see all from where I stood.
 And first I look'd upon the bride ;
 She was a pale and lovely girl ;—
 But, O God ! who was by her side ?—
 LORENZO !—No, I did not speak ;
 My heart beat high, but could not break.
 I shriek'd not, wept not ; but stood there
 Motionless in my still despair ;
 As I were forced by some strange thrall,
 To bear with and to look on all,—
 I heard the hymn, I heard the vow :
 (Mine ear throbs with them even now !)
 I saw the young bride's timid cheek
 Blushing beneath her silver veil.
 I saw LORENZO kneel ! Methought
 ('Twas but a thought !) he too was pale.
 But when it ended, and his lip
 Was prest to hers—I saw no more !
 My heart grew cold,—my brain swam round,—
 I sank upon the cloister floor !
 I lived,—if that may be call'd life,
 From which each charm of life has fled—
 Happiness gone, with hope and love,—
 In all but breath already dead.

Rust gather'd on the silent chords
 Of my neglected lyre,—the breeze
 Was now its mistress : music brought
 For me too bitter memories !
 The ivy darken'd o'er my bower ;
 Around, the weeds choked every flower.
 I pleased me in this desolateness,
 As each thing bore my fate's impress.

At length I made myself a task—
 To paint that Cretan maiden's fate,
 Whom Love taught such deep happiness,
 And whom Love left so desolate.

I drew her on a rocky shore :—
 Her black hair loose, and sprinkled o'er
 With white sea-foam ;—her arms were bare,
 Flung upwards in their last despair.
 Her naked feet the pebbles prest ;
 The tempest-wind sang in her vest :
 A wild stare in her glassy eyes ;
 White lips, as parch'd by their hot sighs ;
 And cheek more pallid than the spray,
 Which, cold and colourless, on it lay :—
 Just such a statue as should be
 Placed ever, Love ! beside thy shrine ;
 Warning thy victims of what ills—
 What burning tears, false god ! are thine.
 Before her was the darkling sea :
 Behind the barren mountains rose—
 A fit home for the broken heart
 To weep away life, wrongs, and woes !

I had now but one hope :—that when
 The hand that traced these tints was cold—
 Its pulse but in their passion seen—
 LORENZO might these tints behold,
 And find my grief ;—think—see—feel all
 I felt, in this memorial !

It was one evening,—the rose-light
 Was o'er each green veranda shining ;
 Spring was just breaking, and white buds
 Were 'mid the darker ivy twining.
 My hall was fill'd with the perfume
 Sent from the early orange bloom :
 The fountain, in the midst, was fraught
 With rich hues from the sunset caught ;—
 And the first song came from the dove,
 Nestling in the shrub alcove.
 But why pause on my happiness ?—
 Another step was with mine there
 Another sigh than mine made sweet
 With its dear breath the scented air !
 LORENZO ! could it be my hand,
 That now was trembling in thine own ?
 LORENZO ! could it be mine ear
 That drank the music of thy tone ?

We sat us by a lattice, where
 Came in the soothing evening breeze,
 Rich with the gifts of early flowers,
 And the soft wind-lute's symphonies.
 And in the twilight's vesper-hour,
 Beneath the hanging jasmine-shower,
 I heard a tale,—as fond, as dear
 As e'er was pour'd in woman's ear !

LORENZO'S HISTORY.

I was betroth'd from earliest youth
 To a fair orphan, who was left

Beneath my father's roof and care,—
 Of every other friend bereft:
 An heiress, with her fertile vales,
 Caskets of Indian gold and pearl;
 Yet meek as poverty itself,
 And timid as a peasant girl:
 A delicate, frail thing,—but made
 For spring sunshine, or summer shade;—
 A slender flower, unmeet to bear
 One April shower,—so slight, so fair.

I loved her as a brother loves—
 His favourite sister:—and when war
 First call'd me from our long-shared home
 To bear my father's sword afar,
 I parted from her,—not as one
 Whose life and soul are wrung by parting:
 With death-cold brow and throbbing pulse,
 And burning tears like lifeblood starting.
 Lost in war dreams, I scarcely heard
 The prayer that bore my name above:
 The "Farewell!" that kiss'd off her tears,
 Had more of pity than of love!
 I thought of her not with that deep,
 Intensest memory love will keep
 More tenderly than life. To me
 She was but as a dream of home,—
 One of those calm and pleasant thoughts
 That o'er the soldier's spirit come;
 Remembering him, when battle lowrs,
 Of twilight walks and fireside hours.

I came to thy bright FLORENCE when
 The task of blood was done:
 I saw thee! Had I lived before!
 O, no! my life but then begun.
 Ay, by that blush! the summer rose
 Has not more luxury of light!
 Ay, by those eyes! whose language is
 Like what the clear stars speak at night,
 Thy first look was a fever spell!—
 Thy first word was an oracle
 Which seal'd my fate! I worshipp'd thee,
 My beautiful, bright deity!
 Worshipp'd thee as a sacred thing
 Of Genius' high imagining;
 But loved thee for thy sweet revealing
 Of woman's own most gentle feeling.
 I might have broken from the chain
 Thy power, thy glory round me flung!
 But never might forget thy blush—
 The smile which on thy sweet lips hung!
 I lived but in thy sight! One night
 From thy hair fell a myrtle blossom;
 It was a relic that breathed of thee:
 Look! it has wither'd in my bosom!
 Yet I was wretched, though I dwelt
 In the sweet sight of Paradise:

A curse lay on me. But not now,
 Thus smiled upon by those dear eyes,
 Will I think over thoughts of pain.
 I'll only tell thee that the line
 That ever told Love's misery,
 Ne'er told of misery like mine!
 I wedded.—I could not have borne
 To see the young LANTERN blighted
 By that worst blight the spring can know—
 Trusting affection ill requited!
 O, was it that she was too fair,
 Too innocent for this damp earth;
 And that her native star above
 Reclaim'd again its gentle birth!
 She faded. O, my peerless queen,
 I need not pray thee pardon me
 For owning that my heart then felt
 For any other than for thee!
 I bore her to those azure isles
 Where health dwells by the side of spring;
 And deem'd their green and sunny vales,
 And calm and fragrant airs, might bring
 Warmth to the cheek, light to the eye,
 Of her who was too young to die.
 It was in vain!—and, day by day
 The gentle creature died away.
 As parts the odour from the rose—
 As fades the sky at twilight's close—
 She past so tender and so fair;
 So patient, though she knew each breath
 Might be her last; her own mild smile
 Parted her placid lips in death.
 Her grave is under southern skies;
 Green turf and flowers o'er it rise.
 O! nothing but a pale spring wreath
 Would fade o'er her who lies beneath!
 I gave her prayers—I gave her tears—
 I staid awhile beside her grave;
 Then led by Hope, and led by Love,
 Again I cut the azure wave.
 What have I more to say, my life!
 But just to pray one smile of thine,
 Telling I have not loved in vain—
 That thou dost join these hopes of mine!
 Yes, smile, sweet love! our life will be
 As radiant as a fairy tale!
 Glad as the sky-lark's earliest song—
 Sweet as the sigh of the spring gale!
 All, all that life will ever be,
 Shone o'er, divinest love! by thee.

O, mockery of happiness
 Love now was all too late to save.
 False Love! O what had you to do
 With one you had led to the grave!
 A little time I had been glad
 To mark the paleness on my cheek;

To feel how, day by day, my step
 Grew fainter, and my hand more weak
 To know the fever of my soul
 Was also preying on my frame:
 But now I would have given worlds
 To change the crimson hectic's flame
 For the pure rose of health; to live
 For the dear life that Love could give.
 —O, youth may sicken at its bloom,
 And wealth and fame pray for the tomb;
 But can love bear from love to part,
 And not cling to that one dear heart?
 I shrink away from death,—my tears
 Had been unwept in other years:
 But thus, in love's first ecstasy.
Was it not worse than death to die?
LORENZO! I would live for thee!
 But thou wilt have to weep for me!
 That sun has kiss'd the morning dews,—
 I shall not see its twilight close!
 That rose is fading in the noon,
 And I shall not outlive that rose!
 Come, let me lean upon thy breast,
 My last, best place of happy rest!
 Once more let me breathe thy sighs—
 Look once more in those watching eyes!
 O! but for thee, and-grief of thine,
 And parting, I should not repine!
 It is deep happiness to die,
 Yet live in Love's dear memory.
 Thou wilt remember me,—my name
 Is link'd with beauty and with fame.
 The summer airs, the summer sky,
 The soothing spell of Music's sigh,—
 Stars in their poetry of night,
 The silver silence of moonlight,—
 The dim blush of the twilight hours,
 The fragrance of the bee-kiss'd flowers:—
 But, more than all, sweet songs will be
 Thrice sacred unto Love and me.
LORENZO! be this kiss a spell!
My first!—my last! FAREWELL!—FAREWELL!

There is a lone and stately hall,
 Its master dwells apart from all.

A wanderer through Italia's land,
 One night a refuge there I found.
 The lightning flash roll'd o'er the sky,
 The torrent rain was sweeping round:
 These won me entrance. He was young,
 The castle's lord, but pale like age;
His brow, as sculpture beautiful,
Was wan as Grief's corroded page,
 He had no words, he had no smiles,
 No hopes:—his sole employ to brood
 Silently over his sick heart
 In sorrow and in solitude.
 I saw the hall where, day by day,
 He mused his weary life away;
 It scarcely seem'd a place for wo,
 But rather like a genie's home.
 Around were graceful statues ranged,
 And pictures shone around the dome.
 But there was one—a loveliest one!—
 One picture brightest of all there!
 O! never did the painter's dream
 Shape thing so gloriously fair!
 It was a face!—the summer day
 Is not more radiant in its light!
 Dark flashing eyes, like the deep stars
 Lighting the azure brow of night;
 A blush like sunrise o'er the rose;
 A cloud of raven hair, whose shade
 Was sweet as evening's, and whose curls
 Cluster'd beneath a laurel braid.
 She leant upon a harp:—one hand
 Wander'd, like snow, amid the chords;
 The lips were opening with such life,
 You almost heard the silvery words.
 She look'd a form of light and life—
 All soul, all passion, and all fire;
 A priestess of Apollo's, when
 The morning beams fall on her lyre;
 A Sappho, or ere love had turn'd
 The heart to stone where once it burn'd.
 But by the picture's side was placed
 A funeral urn, on which was traced
 The heart's recorded wretchedness;—
 And on a tablet hung above,
 Was 'graved one tribute of sad words—
 "LORENZO TO HIS MINSTER LOVE."

TALES, AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ROSALIE.

'Tis a wild tale—and sad, too, as the sigh
That young lips breathe when Love's first dream-
ings fly ;
When blights and cankerworms, and chilling
showers,
Come withering o'er the warm heart's passion-
flowers.
Love ! gentlest spirit ! I do tell of thee,—
Of all thy thousand hopes, thy many fears,
Thy morning blushes, and thy evening tears ;
What thou hast ever been, and still will be,—
Life's best, but most betraying witchery !
It is a night of summer,—and the sea
Sleeps, like a child, in mute tranquillity.
Soft o'er the deep-blue wave the moonlight breaks ;
Gleaming, from out the white clouds of its zone,
Like beauty's changeful smile, when that it seeks
Some face it loves, yet fears to dwell upon.
The waves are motionless, save where the oar,
Light as Love's anger, and as quickly gone,
Has broken in upon their azure sleep.
Odours are on the air :—the gale has been
Wandering in groves where the rich roses weep,—
Where orange, citron, and the soft lime-flowers
Shed forth their fragrance to night's dewy hours.
Afar the distant city meets the gaze,
Where tower and turret in the pale light shine,
Seen like the monuments of other days—
Monuments Time half shadows, half displays.
And there are many, who, with witching song
And wild guitar's soul-thrilling melody,
Or the lute's melting music, float along
O'er the blue waters, still and silently.
That night had Naples sent her best display
Of young and gallant, beautiful and gay.

There was a bark a little way apart
From all the rest, and there two lovers leant :—
One with a blushing cheek and beating heart,
And bashful glance, upon the sea-wave bent ;
She might not meet the gaze the other sent
Upon her beauty ;—but the half-breathed sighs
The deepening colour, timid smiling eyes,
Told that she listen'd Love's sweet flatteries.
Then they were silent :—words are little aid
To love, whose deepest vows are ever made
By the heart's beat alone. O, silence is
Love's own peculiar eloquence of bliss !—

Music swept past :—it was a simple tone ;
But it has waken'd heartfelt sympathies ;—
It has brought into life things past and gone ;
Has waken'd all those secret memories,
That may be smother'd, but that still will be
Present within thy soul, young ROSALIE !
The notes had roused an answering chord within :—
In other days, that song her vesper hymn ha
been.
Her alter'd look is pale :—that dewy eye
Almost belies the smile her rich lips wear ;—
That smile is mock'd by a scarce-breathing sigh,
Which tells of silent and suppress'd care—
Tells that the life is withering with despair,
More irksome from its unsunned silentness—
A festering wound the spirit pines to bear ;
A galling chain, whose pressure will intrude,
Fettering Mirth's step, and Pleasure's lightest
mood.

Where are her thoughts thus wandering ?—A
spot,
Now distant far, is pictured on her mind,—
A chestnut shadowing a low white cot,
With rose and jasmine round the casement
twined,
Mix'd with the myrtle-tree's luxuriant blind.
Alone, (O ! should such solitude be here ?)
An aged form beneath the shade reclined,
Whose eye glanced round the scene ;—and then
a tear
Told that she miss'd one in her heart en-
shrined !
Then came remembrances of other times,
When eve oped her rich bowers for the pal
day ;
When the faint, distant tones of convent chimes
Were answer'd by the lute and vesper lay ;—
When the fond mother blest her gentle child,
And for her welfare pray'd the Virgin mild.

And she has left the aged one to steep
Her nightly couch with tears for that lost
child,—
The ROSALIE,—who left her age to weep,
When that the tempter flatter'd her and wiled
Her steps away, from her own home beguiled.
She started up in agony :—her eye
Met MANFRED'S. Softly he spoke, and smiled
Memory is past, and thought and feeling lie
Lost in one dream—all thrown on one wild die.

They floated o'er the waters, till the moon
Look'd from the blue sky in her zenith noon,—
Till each glad bark at length had sought the
shore,

And the waves echo'd to the lute no more ;
Then sought their gay palazzo, where the ray
Of lamps shed light only less bright than day ;
And there they feasted till the morn did fling
Her blushes o'er their mirth and revelling.

And life was as a tale of *féerie*,—
As when some Eastern genie rears bright bowers,
And spreads the green turf and the colour'd
flowers ;

And calls upon the earth, the sea, the sky,
To yield their treasures for some gentle queen,
Whose reign is over the enchanted scene.

And ROSALIE had pledged a magic cup—

The maddening cup of pleasure and of love !
There was for her one only dream on earth !

There was for her one only star above !—
She bent in passionate idolatry
Before her heart's sole idol—MANFREDI !

II.

'Tis night again—a soft and summer night ;—
A deep blue-heaven, white clouds, moon and star-
light ;—

So calm, so beautiful, that human eye
Might weep to look on such a tranquil sky :—
A night just form'd for Hope's first dream of
bliss,

Or for Love's yet more perfect happiness !

The moon is o'er a grove of cypress trees,
Weeping, like mourners, in the plaining breeze ;
Echoing the music of a rill, whose song
Glided so sweetly, but so sad, along.

There is a little chapel in the shade,
Where many a pilgrim has knelt down and
pray'd

To the sweet saint, whose portrait, o'er the shrine,
The painter's skill has made all but divine.
It was a pale, a melancholy face,—

A cheek which bore the trace of frequent tears,
And worn by grief,—though grief might not
efface

The seal that beauty set in happier years ;
And such a smile as on the brow appears

Of one whose earthly thoughts, long since sub-
dued

Past this life's joys and sorrows, hopes and fears—
The worldly dreams o'er which the many
brood.—

The heart-beat hush'd in mild and chasten'd
mood.

It was the image of the maid who wept
Those precious tears that heal and purify.
Love yet upon her lip his station kept,
But heaven and heavenly thoughts were in her
eye.

One knelt before the shrine, with cheek as pale
As was the cold white marble. Can this be
The young—the loved—the happy ROSALIE ?
Alas ! alas ! here is a common tale :—
She trusted,—as youth ever has believed ;—
She heard Love's vows—confided—was deceived !

Oh, Love ! thy essence is thy purity !
Breathe one unhallow'd breath upon thy flame,
And it is gone forever,—and but leaves
A sullied vase—its pure light lost in shame !

And ROSALIE was loved,—not with that pure
And holy passion which can age endure ;
But loved with wild and self-consuming fires,—
A torch which glares—and scorches—and ex-
pires.

A little while her dream of bliss remain'd,—
A little while Love's wings were left unchain'd.
But change came o'er the trusted MANFREDI :
His heart forgot its vow'd idolatry ;
And his forgotten love was left to brood
O'er wrongs and ruin in her solitude !

How very desolate that breast must be,
Whose only joyance is in memory !
And what must woman suffer, thus betray'd !—
Her heart's most warm and precious feelings made
But things wherewith to wound : that heart—so
weak,

So soft—laid open to the vulture's beak !
Its sweet revealings given up to scorn
It burns to bear, and yet that must be borne !
And, sorer still, that bitterer emotion,
To know the shrine which had our soul's devotion
Is that of a false deity !—to look
Upon the eyes we worshipp'd, and brook
Their cold reply ! Yet these are all for her !—
The rude world's outcast, and love's wanderer !
Alas ! that love, which is so sweet a thing,
Should ever cause guilt, grief, or suffering !
Yet she upon whose face the sunbeams fall—
That dark-eyed girl—had felt their bitterest thrall !

She thought upon her love ; and there was not
In passion's record one green sunny spot—
It had been all a madness and a dream,
The shadow of a flower on the stream,
Which seems, but is not ; and then memory turn'd
To her lone mother. How her bosom burn'd
With sweet and bitter thoughts ! There might be
rest—
The wounded dove will flee into her nest—

That mother's arms might fold her child again,
 The cold world scorn, the cruel smite in vain,
 And falsehood be remember'd no more,
 In that calm shelter:—and she might weep o'er
 Her faults and find forgiveness. Had not she
 To whom she knelt found pardon in the eyes
 Of Heaven, in offering for sacrifice
 A broken heart? And might not pardon be
 Also for her? She look'd up to the face
 Of that pale saint; and in that gentle brow,
 Which seem'd to hold communion with her
 thought,
 There was a smile which gave hope energy.
 She pray'd one deep, wild prayer,—that she might
 gain
 The home she hop'd;—then sought that home
 again.

A flush of beauty is upon the sky—
 Eve's last warm blushes—like the crimson dye
 The maiden wears, when first her dark eyes
 meet
 The graceful lover's sighing at her feet,
 And there were sounds of music on the breeze,
 And perfume shaken from the citron trees;
 While the dark chestnuts caught a golden ray
 On their green leaves, the last bright gift of day;
 And peasants dancing gayly in the shade
 To the soft mandolin, whose light notes made
 An echo fit to the glad voices singing.
 The twilight spirit his sweet urn is flinging
 Of dew upon the lime and orange stems,
 And giving to the rose pearl diadems.

There is a pilgrim by that old gray tree,
 With head upon her hand bent mournfully;
 And looking round upon each lovely thing,
 And breathing the sweet air, as they could bring
 To her no beauty and no solacing.
 'Tis ROSALIE! Her prayer was not in vain,
 The truant-child has sought her home again!

It must be worth a life of toil and care,—
 Worth those dark chains the wearied one must
 bear
 Who toils up fortune's steep,—all that can wring
 The worn-out bosom with lone suffering,—
 Worth restlessness, oppression, goading fears,
 And long-deferr'd hopes of many years,—
 To reach again that little quiet spot,
 So well loved once, and never quite forgot;—
 To trace again the steps of infancy,
 And catch their freshness from their memory!
 And it is triumph, sure, when fortune's sun
 Has shone upon us, and our task is done,
 To show our harvest to the eyes which were
 Once all the world to us! Perhaps there are
 Some who had presaged kindly of our youth;
 Feel we not proud their prophecy was sooth!

But how felt ROSALIE!—The very air
 Seem'd as it brought reproach! there was no
 eye

To look delighted, welcome none was there!
 She felt as feels an outcast wandering by
 Where every door is closed! She look'd around!—
 She heard some voices' sweet familiar sound,
 There were some changed, and some remember'd
 things;

There were girls, whom she left in their first
 springs,

Now blush'd into full beauty. There was one
 Whom she loved tenderly in days now gone!
 She was not dancing gayly with the rest;
 A rose-cheek'd child within her arms was prest;
 And it had twined its small hands in the hair
 That cluster'd o'er its mother's brow: as fair
 As buds in spring. She gave her laughing dove
 To one who clasp'd it with a father's love;
 And if a painter's eye had sought a scene
 Of love in its most perfect loveliness—
 Of childhood, and of wedded happiness,—
 He would have painted the sweet MADELINE!
 But ROSALIE shrank from them, and she stray'd
 Through a small grove of cypresses, whose shade
 Hung o'er a burying-ground, where the low stone
 And the gray crosses recorded those now gone!
 There was a grave just closed. Not one seem'd
 near,

To pay the tribute of one long—last tear!
 How very desolate must that one be
 Whose more than grave has not a memory!

Then ROSALIE thought on her mother's age,—
 Just such her end would be with her away:
 No child the last cold death-pang to assuage—
 No child by her neglected tomb to pray!
 She ask'd—and like a hope from heaven it
 came!—

To hear them answer with a stranger's name.

She reach'd her mother's cottage; by that gate
 She thought how her once lover wont to wait
 To tell her honey'd tales; and then she thought
 On all the utter ruin he had wrought!
 The moon shone brightly, as it used to do
 Ere youth, and hope, and love, had been untrue;
 But it shone o'er the desolate! The flowers
 Were dead; the faded jessamine, unbound,
 Trail'd, like a heavy weed, upon the ground;
 And fell the moonlight vainly over trees,
 Which had not even one rose,—although the
 breeze,
 Almost as if in mockery, had brought
 Sweet tones it from the nightingale had caught!

She enter'd in the cottage. None were there!
 The hearth was dark,—the walls look'd cold and
 bare!

All—all spoke poverty and suffering!
 All—all was changed! and but one only thing
 Kept its old place! ROSALIE'S mandolin
 Hung on the wall, where it had ever been,
 There was one other room,—and ROSALIE
 Sought for her mother there. A heavy flame
 Glean'd from a dying lamp; a cold air came
 Damp from the broken casement. There one lay,
 Like marble seen but by the moonlight ray!
 And ROSALIE drew near. One wither'd hand
 Was stretch'd, as it would reach a wretched stand
 Where some cold water stood! And by the bed
 She knelt—and gazed—and saw her mother—
 dead!

ROLAND'S TOWER.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

O, Heaven! the deep fidelity of love!

WHERE, like a courser starting from the spur,
 Rushes the deep-blue current of the Rhine,
 A little island rests; green cypresses
 Are its chief growth, bending their heavy boughs
 O'er gray stones marking long-forgotten graves.
 A convent once stood here; and yet remain
 Relics of other times, pillars and walls,
 Worn away and discolour'd, yet so hung
 With wreaths of ivy that the work of ruin
 Is scarcely visible. How like this is
 To the so false exterior of the world!
 Outside all looks so fresh and beautiful;
 But mildew, rot, and worm, work on beneath,
 Until the heart is utterly decay'd.
 There is one grave distinguish'd from the rest,
 But only by a natural monument:—
 A thousand deep-blue violets have grown
 Over the sod.—I do love violets:
 They tell the history of woman's love,
 They open with the earliest breath of spring;
 Lead a sweet life of perfume, dew, and light;
 And, if they perish, perish with a sigh
 Delicious as that life. On the hot June
 They shed no perfume: the flowers may remain,
 But the rich breathing of their leaves is past;—
 Like woman, they have lost their loveliest gift,
 When yielding to the fiery hour of passion:
 The violet, breath of love is purity.

On the shore opposite, a tower stands
 In ruins, with a mourning-robe of moss
 Hung on the gray and shatter'd walls, which fling
 A shadow on the waters; it comes o'er

The waves, all bright with sunshine, like the
 gloom
 Adversity throws on the heart's young gladness.

I saw the river on a summer eve:
 The sun was setting over fields of corn,—
 'Twas like a golden sea;—and on the left
 Were vineyards, whence the grapes shone forth
 like gems,
 Rubies, and lighted amber; and thence spread
 A wide heath cover'd with thick furze, whose
 flowers,
 So bright, are like the pleasures of this world,
 Beautiful in the distance, but, once gain'd,
 Little worth, piercing through the thorns which
 grow

Around them ever. Wilder and more steep
 The banks upon the river's other side:
 Tall pines rose up like warriors; the wild rose
 Was there in all its luxury of bloom,
 Sown by the wind, nursed by the dew and sun:
 And on the steeps were crosses gray and old,
 Which told the fate of some poor traveller.
 The dells were fill'd with dwarfed oaks and firs;
 And on the heights, which master'd all the rest,
 Were castles, tenanted now by the owl,
 The spider's garrison: there is not one
 Without some strange old legend of the days
 When love was life and death,—when lady's
 glove
 Or sunny curl were banners of the battle.—
 My history is of the tower which looks
 Upon the little island.

LORD HERBERT sat him in his hall: the hearth
 Was blazing as it mock'd the storm without
 With its red cheerfulness: the dark hounds lay
 Around the fire; and the old knight had doff'd
 His hunting-cloak, and listen'd to the lute
 And song of the fair girl who at his knee
 Was seated. In the April hour of life,
 When showers are led by rainbows, and the heart
 Is all bloom and green leaves, was ISABELLE:
 A band of pearls, white like the brow o'er which
 They past, kept the bright curls from off the fore-
 head; thence
 They wander'd to her feet—a golden shower.
 She had that changing colour on the cheek
 Which speaks the heart so well; those deep-blue
 eyes,
 Like summer's darkest sky, but not so glad—
 They were too passionate for happiness.
 Light was within her eyes, bloom on her cheek,
 Her song had raised the spirit of her race
 Upon her eloquent brow. She had just told
 Of the young ROLAND's deeds,—how he had stood
 Against a host and conquer'd; when there came
 A pilgrim to the hall—and never yet

Had stranger ask'd for shelter and in vain !
 The board was spread, the Rhenish flask was
 drain'd;
 Again they gather'd round the hearth, again
 The maiden raised her song; and at its close,—
 "I would give worlds," said she, "to see this
 chief,
 This gallant ROLAND ! I could deem him all
 A man must honour and a woman love !"
 "Lady ! I pray thee not recall those words,
 For I am ROLAND !" From his face he threw
 The hood and pilgrim's cloak,—and a young
 knight
 Knelt before ISABELLE !

They loved ;—they were beloved. O, happiness !
 I have said all that can be said of bliss,
 In saying that they loved. The young heart has
 Such store of wealth in its own fresh wild pulse;
 And it is love that works the mind, and brings
 Its treasure to the light. I did love once—
 Loved as youth—woman—genius loves; though
 now.

My heart is chill'd and scar'd, and taught to wear
 That falsest of false things—a mask of smiles;
 Yet every pulse throbs at the memory
 Of that which has been ! Love is like the glass
 That throws its own rich colour over all,
 And makes all beautiful. The morning looks
 Its very loveliest, when the fresh air
 Has tinged the cheek we love with its glad red;
 And the hot noon flits by most rapidly;
 When dearest eyes gaze with us on the page
 Bearing the poet's words of love : and then
 The twilight walk, when the link'd arms can feel
 The beating of the heart; upon the air
 There is a music never heard but once,—
 A light the eyes can never see again;
 Each star has its own prophecy of hope,
 And every song and tale that breathe of love
 Seem echoes of the heart.

And time past by—

As time will ever pass, when Love has lent
 His rainbow plumes to aid his flight—and spring
 Had wedded with the summer, when a steed
 Stood at LORD HERBERT's gate,—and ISABELLE
 Had wept farewell to ROLAND, and had given
 Her blue scarf for his colours. He was gone
 To raise his vassals, for LORD HERBERT's towers
 Were menaced with a siege; and he had sworn
 By ISABELLE's white hand that he would claim
 Its beauty only as a conqueror's prize.
 Autumn was on the woods, when the blue Rhine
 Grew red with blood :—LORD HERBERT's banner
 flies,
 And gallant is the bearing of his ranks.

But where is he who said that he would ride
 At his right hand to battle ?—ROLAND ! where—
 O ! Where is ROLAND !

ISABELLE has watch'd

Day after day, night after night, in vain,
 Till she has wept in hopelessness, and thought
 Upon old histories, and said with them,
 "There is hope in man's fidelity !"
 ISABELLE stood upon her lonely tower;
 And, as the evening star rose up, she saw
 An arm'd train bearing her father's banner
 In triumph to the castle. Down she flew
 To greet the victors :—they had reach'd the hall
 Before herself. What saw the maiden there !
 A bier !—her father laid upon that bier !
 ROLAND was kneeling by the side, his face
 Bow'd on his hands and hid ;—but ISABELLE
 Knew the dark curling hair and stately form,
 And threw her on his breast. He shrank away
 As she were death, or sickness, or despair.
 "ISABELLE ! it was I who slew thy father !"
 She fell almost a corpse upon the body.
 It was too true ! With all a lover's speed,
 ROLAND had sought the thickest of the fight;
 He gain'd the field just as the crush began ;—
 Unwitting of his colours, he had slain
 The father of his worshipp'd ISABELLE !

They met once more ;—and ISABELLE was
 changed

As much as if a lapse of years had past :
 She was so thin, so pale, and her dim eye
 Had wept away its luxury of blue.
 She had cut off her sunny hair, and wore
 A robe of black, with a white crucifix :—
 It told her destiny—her youth was vow'd
 To heaven. And in the convent of the isle
 That day she was to enter, ROLAND stood
 Like marble, cold, and pale, and motionless :
 The heavy sweat upon his brow was all
 His sign of life. At length he snatch'd the scarf
 That ISABELLE had tied around his neck,
 And gave it her,—and pray'd that she would wave
 Its white folds from the lattice of her cell
 At each pale rising of the evening star,
 That he might know she lived. They parted—
 never

Those lovers met again ! But ROLAND built
 A tower beside the Rhine, and there he dwelt.
 And every evening saw the white scarf waved,
 And heard the vesper hymn of ISABELLE
 Float in deep sweetness o'er the silent river,
 One evening, and he did not see the scarf,—
 He watch'd and watch'd in vain; at length his
 hope
 Grew desperate, and he pray'd his ISABELLE
 Might have forgotten him :—but midnight came.

And with it came the convent's heavy bell,
Tolling for a departed soul; and then
He knew that ISABELLE was dead! Next day
They laid her in her grave;—and the moon rose
Upon a mourner weeping there:—that tomb
Was ROLAND's death-bed!

THE GUERILLA CHIEF.

But the war-storm came on the mountain gale,
And man's heart beat high, though his cheek was pale
For blood and dust lay on the white hair,
And the maiden wept o'er her last despair;
The hearth was cold, and the child was prest
A corpse to the murder'd mother's breast;
And fear and guilt, and sorrow and shame,
Darken'd wherever the war-fiend came.

It stood beneath a large old chestnut tree,
And had stood there for years:—the moonlight
fell

Over the white walls, which the vine had hung
With its thick leaves and purple fruit: a pair
Of pigeons, like the snow, were on the roof
Nestled together; and a plaining sound
Came from a fountain murmuring through the
wood,

Less like the voice of sorrow than of love.
Tall trees were gather'd round:—the dark green
beech;

The sycamore, with scarlet colours on,
The herald of the autumn; dwarf rose trees,
Cover'd with their last wealth; the poplar tall,
A silver spire; olives with their pale leaves;
And some most graceful shrubs, amid whose
boughs

Were golden oranges; and hollow oaks,
Where the bees built their honey palaces.
It was a silent and a lovely place,
Where Peace might rest her white wings. But
one came

From out the cottage,—not as one who comes
To gaze upon the beauty of the sky
And fill his spirit with a calm delight;
But with a quick though noiseless step, as one
Who fears the very echo of that step
May raise a sceptre. When he reach'd the fount,
He sat down by its side, and turn'd to gaze
Upon the cottage: from his brow the sweat
Pour'd down like summer rain; there came no
sound

From his white lips, but you might hear his
heart

Beating in the deep silence. But at length
A voice came to his sorrow—"Never—never
Shall I look on their face again! Farewell!
I cannot bear that word's reproach, nor look

On pale lips breathing blessings which the tear
Belie in speaking! I have blighted all—
All—all their hopes, and my own happiness!"

"LEANDRO!" said a sweet and gentle voice;
And a soft hand press'd on his throbbing brow,
And tears like twilight dew fell on his cheek.
He look'd upon the maiden:—'twas the one
With whom his first pure love had dwelt,—the
one

Who was the sun and starlight of his youth!
She stood beside him, lovely as a saint
Looking down pity upon penitence—
Perhaps less bright in colour and in eye
Than the companion of his infancy:—
But was that cheek less fair because he knew
That it had lost the beauty of its spring
With passionate sorrowing for him? She stood
One moment gazing on his face, as there
Her destiny was written; and then took
A little crucifix of ebony,

And placed it in his bosom from her own:—
"And this, LEANDRO!—this shall be thy guide!
Thy youth has been a dream of passion; guilt
And evil has been round thee:—go thy way!
The showers of thy youth will clear to summer.
My prayers be with thee!"—"Prayers!—O! no—
thing more!

Have I then lost thy love—thy precious love?
The only green leaf of my heart is wither'd!"
She blush'd a deep-red blush; her eloquent eyes
Met his almost reproachfully, and her face
Was the next moment hidden on his bosom.
But there was happiness even in that farewell,
Affection and deep confidence,
Tenderness, hope,—for Love lights Hope—and
tears,
Delicious tears! the heart's own dew.

They parted.

LEANDRO kept that little cross like life:
And when beneath the sky of Mexico,—
When earth and even heaven were strange to
him,—
The trees, the flowers were of another growth;
The birds wore other plumes; the very stars
Were not those he had look'd upon in boyhood.

'Tis something, if in absence we can see
The footsteps of the past:—it soothes the heart
To breathe the air scented in other years
By lips below'd; to wander through the groves
Where once we were not lonely,—where the rose
Reminds us of the hair we used to wreath
With its fresh buds—where every hill and vale,
And wood and fountain, speak of time gone by:—
And Hope springs up in joy from Memory's
ashes.

LEANDRO felt not these :—that crucifix
Was all that wore the look of other days—
’Twas as a dear companion. Parents, home,
And more than all, BIANCA, whose pure reign,
Troubled by the wild passions of his youth,
Had now regain’d its former influence,—
All seem’d to hear the vows he made for her,
’To share his hopes, feel for his deep remorse,
And bless him, and look forward.

And at last

Once more the white sail bore him o’er the sea,
And he saw SPAIN again. But war was there—
And his road lay through ruin’d villages.
Though cold, the ashes still were red, for blood
Had quench’d the flames ; and aged men sat down,
And would not leave the embers, for they said
They were too old to seek another home.
LEANDRO met with one whom he had known
In other days, and ask’d of his own valley ;—
It yet was safe, unscath’d by the war-storm.
He knelt down in deep thankfulness ; and then,
Through death and danger, sought the grove once
more.

His way had been through a thick beechen
wood ;

The moon, athwart the boughs, had pour’d her
light,

Like hope, to guide him onwards.

One more turn, and he should gaze upon his
home !

He paused in his heart’s overflowing bliss,
And thought how he should wake them from their
dreams—

Perchance of him !—of his BIANCA’s blush !
He heard the music of the fountain come—
A sweet and welcome voice upon the wind—
He bounded on with the light steps of hope,
Of youth and happiness. He left the wood,
And look’d upon—a heap of mingled blood
And blacken’d ashes wet upon the ground !

He was awaken’d from his agony
By the low accents of a woman’s voice ;—
He look’d, and knew BIANCA. She was laid
Beside the fountain, while her long black hair
Hung like a veil down to her feet : her eyes,
So large, so dark, so wild, shone through the
gloom,

Glaring like red insanity. She saw
Her lover, shriek’d, and strove to fly—
But fell :—her naked feet were gash’d with wounds.
“ And have I met thee but to see thee die !”

LEANDRO cried, as he laid the pale face
Upon his breast, and sobb’d like a young child.
In vain he dash’d the cold stream on her face,—
Still she lay like a corpse within his arms
At length he thought him of a giant tree,

Whose hollow trunk, when children, they had oft
Call’d home in playfulness. He bore her there ;
And of fresh flowers and the dry leaves he made
A bed for his pale love. She waked at last,
But not to consciousness : her wandering eyes
Fix’d upon him, and yet she knew him not !—
Fever was on her lip and in her brain,
And as LEANDRO watch’d, his heart grew sick
To hear her rave of outrage, wrongs, and death,—
How they were waken’d from their midnight
sleep

By gleaming steel—curses—and flaming roof !
And then she groan’d and pray’d herself to die !

It was an evening when through the green
leaves

Of the old chestnut shot the golden light
Of the rich sunset ; into the fresh air
LEANDRO bore the maiden he had nursed
As the young mother nurses her sick child.
She laid her head upon his heart, and slept
Her first sweet, quiet sleep : the evening star
Gleam’d through the purple twilight when she
waked

Her memory aroused not to the full—
O, that was mercy !—but she knew her love ;
And over her pale face a calm smile shone,—
Fondly though faintly breathed and bless’d his
name !

That night the moonlight shone upon LEANDRO,
And in his arms—a corpse ! * * * *

He lived in one deep feeling—in revenge :
With men he mingled not but in the battle ;—
His mingling there was deadly ! When the GAUL
Was driven from the land which he had spoil’d,
That dark chief sought BIANCA’s grave !—A
cross

Marks THE GUERRILLA AND THE MAIDEN’S TOMB !

THE BAYADERE.

AN INDIAN TALE.

["The BAYADERE" was taken from some faint recollection of a tale I had either read or heard ; and meeting with the word "Bayadere" many years after, recalled it to my memory as a subject exquisitely poetical. I have been, since, told it was a poem of Goëthe's. This poem has never been, to my knowledge, translated ; and, being ignorant of the German language, I am unable to say whether the tale conforms to the original or not.]

THERE were seventy pillars around the hall,
Of wreath’d gold was each capital,
And the roof was fretted with amber and gems,
Such as light kingly diadems ;

The floor was marble, white as the snow
Ere its pureness is stain'd by its fall below :
In the midst play'd a fountain, whose starry
showers
Fell, like beams, on the radiant flowers,
Whose colours were gleaming, as every one
Burnt from the kisses just caught from the sun ;
And vases sent forth their silvery clouds,
Like those which the face of the young moon
shrouds.

But sweet as the breath of the twilight hour
When the dew awakens the rose's power.
At the end of the hall was a sun-bright throne,
Rich with every glorious stone ;
And the purple canopy overhead
Was like the shade o'er the dayfall shed ;
And the couch beneath was of buds half blown,
Hued with the blooms of the rainbow's zone ;
And round, like festoons, a vine was roll'd,
Whose leaf was of emerald, whose fruit was of
gold.

But though graced as for a festival,
There was something sad in that stately hall :
There floated the breath of the harp and flute,—
But the sweetest of every music is mute :
There are flowers of light, and spiced perfume,—
But there wants the sweetest of breath and of
bloom :

And the hall is lone, and the hall is drear,
For the smiling of woman shineth not here.
With urns of odour o'er him weeping,
Upon the couch a youth is sleeping :
His radiant hair is bound with stars,

Such as shine on the brow of night,
Filling the dome with diamond rays,

Only than his own curls less bright.
And such a brow, and such an eye
As fit a young divinity ;
A brow like twilight's darkening line,
An eye like morning's first sunshine,
Now glancing through the veil of dreams
As sudden light at daybreak streams.
And richer than the mingled shade
By gem, and gold, and purple made,
His orient wings closed o'er his head ;

Like that bird's, bright with every dye,
Whose home, as Persian bards have said,

Is fix'd in scented Araby.

Some dream is passing o'er him now—
A sudden flush is on his brow ;
And from his lip come murmur'd words,
Low, but sweet as the light lute chords
When o'er its strings the night winds glide
To woo the roses by its side.
He, the fair boy-god, whose nest
Is in the water-lily's breast ;
He of the many-arrow'd bow,
Of the joys that come and go

Like the leaves, and of the sighs
Like the winds of summer skies,
Blushes like the birds of spring,
Soon seen and soon vanishing ;
He of hopes, and he of fears,
He of smiles, and he of tears—
Young CAMDEO, he has brought
A sweet dream of colour'd thought,
One of love and woman's power,
To MANDALLA's sleeping hour.

Joyless and dark was his jewell'd throne,
When MANDALLA awaken'd and found him
alone.

He drank the perfume that around him swept,
'Twas not sweet as the sigh he drank as he slept ;
There was music, but where was the voice at
whose thrill

Every pulse in his veins was throbbing still !
And dim was the home of his native star
While the light of woman and love was afar ;
And lips of the rosebud, and violet eyes
Are the sunniest flowers in Paradise.
He veil'd the light of his glorious race
In a mortal's form and a mortal's face,
And 'mid earth's loveliest sought for one
Who might dwell in his hall and share in his
throne.

The loorie brought to his cinnamon nest
The bee from the midst of its honey quest,
And open the leaves of the lotus lay
To welcome the noon of the summer day.
It was glory, and light, and beauty all,
When MANDALLA closed his wing in Bengal.
He stood in the midst of a stately square,
As the waves of the sea roll'd the thousands
there ;

Their gathering was round the gorgeous car
Where sat in his triumph the Subadar ;
For his salre was red with the blood of the slain,
And his proudest foes were slaves in his chain ;
And the sound of the trumpet, the sound of his
name,
Rose in shouts from the crowd as onwards he
came.

With gems and gold on each ataghan,
A thousand warriors led the van,
Mounted on steeds black as the night,
But with foam and with stirrup gleaming in
light ;

And another thousand came in their rear,
On white horses, arm'd with bow and spear,
With quivers of gold on each shoulder laid,
And with crimson belt for each crooked blade.
Then follow'd the foot ranks,—their turbans
show'd

Like flashes of light from a mountain cloud,

For white were the turbans as winter snow,
 And death-black the foreheads that darken'd below ;
 Scarlet and white was each soldier's vest,
 And each bore a lion of gold on his breast,
 For this was the chosen band that bore
 The lion standard,—it floated o'er
 Their ranks like morning ; at every wave
 Of that purple banner, the trumpets gave
 A martial salute to the radiant fold
 That bore the lion king wrought in gold.
 And last the elephant came, whose tower
 Held the lord of this pomp and power :
 And round that chariot of his pride,

Like chains of white sea-pearls,
 Or braids enwove of summer flowers,
 Glided fair dancing girls ;
 And as the rose leaves fall to earth,
 Their light feet touch'd the ground,—
 But for the zone of silver bells

You had not heard a sound,
 As, scattering flowers o'er the way,
 Whirl'd round the beautiful array
 But there was one who 'mid them shone
 A planet lovely and alone,
 A rose, one flower amid many,
 But still the loveliest of any :
 Though fair her arm as the moonlight,
 Others might raise an arm as white ;
 Though light her feet as music's fall,
 Others might be as musical ;
 But where were such dark eyes as hers ?

So tender, yet withal so bright,
 As the dark orbs had in their smile
 Mingled the light of day and night.
 And where was that wild grace which shed
 A loveliness o'er every tread,
 A beauty shining through the whole,
 Something which spoke of heart and soul.
 The Almas had pass'd lightly on,
 The arm'd ranks, the crowd, were gone,
 Yet gazed MANDALLA on the square
 As she he sought still glided there,—
 O that fond look, whose eyeballs' strain,
 And will not know its look in vain !
 At length he turn'd,—his silent mood
 Sought that impassion'd solitude,
 The Eden of young hearts, when first
 Love in its loneliness is nursed.

He sat him by a little fount ;
 A tulip tree grew by its side,
 A lily with its silver towers
 Floated in silence on the tide ;
 And far round a banana tree
 Extended its green sanctuary ;
 And the long grass, which was his seat,
 With every motion grew more sweet,
 Yielding a more voluptuous scent
 At every blade his pressure bent.

And there he linger'd, till the sky
 Lost somewhat of its brilliancy,
 And crimson shadows roll'd on the west,
 And raised the moon her diamond crest,
 And came a freshness on the trees,
 Harbinger of the evening breeze,
 When a sweet far sound of song,
 Borne by the breath of flowers along,
 A mingling of the voice and lute,
 Such as the wind-harp, when it makes
 Its pleasant music to the gale
 Which kisses first the chords it breaks.
 He follow'd where the echo led,
 Till in a cypress-grove he found
 A funeral train, that round a grave
 Pour'd forth their sorrows' wailing sound ;
 And by the tomb a choir of girls,
 With measured steps and mournful notes,
 And snow-white robes, while on the air,
 Unbound their wreaths, each dark curl floats,
 Paced round and sang to her who slept
 Calm, while their young eyes o'er her wept
 And she, that loveliest one, is here,
 The morning's radiant Bayadere :
 A darker light in her dark eyes,—
 For tears are there,—a paler brow
 Changed but to charm the morning's smile,
 Less sparkling, but more touching now.
 And first her sweet lip prest the flute,
 A nightingale waked by the rose,
 And when that honey breath was mute,
 Was heard her low song's plaintive close,
 Waiting for the young blossom's fall,
 The last, the most beloved of all.
 As died in gushing tears the lay,
 The band of mourners pass'd away :
 They left their wreaths upon the tomb,
 As fading leaves and long perfume
 Of her were emblems ; and unbound
 Many a cage's gilded round,
 And set the prisoners free, as none
 Were left to love now she was gone,
 And azure wings spread on the air,
 And songs, rejoicing songs, were heard ;
 But, pining as forgotten now,
 Linger'd one solitary bird :
 A beautiful and pearl-white dove,
 Alone in its remembering love.
 It was a strange and lovely thing
 To mark the drooping of its wing,
 And how into the grave it prest,
 Till soil'd the dark earth stain its breast ;
 And darker as the night-shades grew,
 Sadder became its wailing coo,
 As if it miss'd the hand that bore,
 As the cool twilight came, its store
 Of seeds and flowers.—There was one
 Who, like that dove, was lingering lone,—

The Bayadere : her part had been
 Only the hired mourner's part
 But she had given what none might buy,—
 The precious sorrow of the heart.
 She woo'd the white dove to her breast,
 It sought at once its place of rest :
 Round it she threw her raven hair,—
 It seem'd to love the gentle snare,
 And its soft beak was raised to sip
 The honey-dew of her red lip.
 Her dark eyes fill'd with tears, to feel
 The gentle creature closer steal
 Into her heart with soft caress,
 As it would thank her tenderness ;
 To her 'twas strange and sweet to be
 Beloved in such fond purity,
 And sigh'd MANDALLA to think that sin
 Could dwell so fair a shrine within.
 " O, grief to think that she is one
 Who like the breeze is woo'd and won !
 Yet sure it were a task for love
 To come like dew of the night from above
 Upon her heart, and wash away,
 Like dust from the flowers, its stain of clay,
 And win her back in her tears to heaven
 Pure, loved, and humble, and forgiven :
 Yes ! freed from the soil of her earthly thrall
 Her smile shall light up my starry hall !"

The moonlight is on a little bower,
 With wall and with roof of leaf and of flower,
 Built of that green and holy tree
 Which heeds not how rude the storm may be.
 Like a bridal canopy overhead
 The jasmynes their slender wreathings spread,
 One with stars as ivory white,
 The other with clusters of amber light ;
 Rose trees four grew by the wall,
 Beautiful each, but different all :
 One with that pure but crimson flush
 That marks the maiden's first love-blush ;
 By its side grew another one,
 Pale as the snow of the funeral stone ;
 The next was rich with the damask dye
 Of a monarch's purple drapery ;
 And the last had leaves like those leaves of gold
 Work'd on that drapery's royal fold.
 And there were four vases, with blossoms fill'd,
 Like censers of incense, their fragrance distill'd ;
 Lilies, heap'd like the pearls of the sea,
 Peep'd from their large leaves' security ;
 Hyacinths with their graceful bells,
 Where the spirit of odour dwells
 Like the spirit of music in ocean shells ;
 And tulips, with every colour that shines
 In the radiant gems of Serendib's mines ;
 One tulip was found in every wreath,
 That one most scorch'd by the summer's breath,

Whose passionate leaves with their ruby glow
 Hide the heart that lies burning and black below.
 And there, beneath the flower'd shade
 By a pink acacia made,
 MANDALLA lay, and by his side,
 With eye, and breath, and blush that vied
 With the star and with the flower
 In their own and loveliest hour,
 Was that fair Bayadere, the dove
 Yet nestling in her long black hair :
 She has now more than that to love,
 And the loved one sat by her there.
 And by the sweet acacia porch
 They drank the softness of the breeze.—
 O more than lovely are love's dreams,
 'Mid lights and blooms and airs like these !
 And sometimes she would leave his side,
 And like a spirit-round him glide :
 A light shawl now wreath'd round her brow,
 Now waving from her hand of snow,
 Now zoned around her graceful waist,
 And now like fetters round her placed ;
 And then, flung suddenly aside,
 Her many curls, instead, unbound,
 Waved in fantastic braids, till loosed,
 Her long dark tresses swept the ground :
 Then, changing from the soft slow step,
 Her white feet bounded on the wind
 Like gleaming silver, and her hair
 Like a dark banner swept behind ;
 Or with her sweet voice, sweet like a bird's
 When it pours forth its first song in spring,
 The one like an echo to the other,
 She answer'd the sigh of her soft lute-string,
 And with eyes that darken'd in gentlest tears,
 Like the dewy light in the dark-eyed dove,
 Would she sing those sorrowing songs that breathe
 Some history of unhappy love.
 " Yes, thou art mine !" MANDALLA said,—
 " I have lighted up love in thy youthful heart ;
 I taught thee its tenderness, now I must teach
 Its faith, its grief, and its gloomier part ;
 And then, from my earth stains purified,
 In my star and my hall shalt thou reign my
 bride."

It was an evening soft and fair,
 As surely those in Eden are,
 When, bearing spoils of leaf and flower,
 Enter'd the Bayadere her bower :
 Her love lay sleeping, as she thought.
 And playfully a bunch she caught
 Of azure hyacinth bells, and o'er
 His face she let the blossoms fall :
 " Why I am jealous of thy dreams,
 Awaken at thy Aza's call."
 No answer came from him whose tone
 Had been the echo of her own.

She spoke again,—no words came forth;
 She clasp'd his hand,—she raised his head,—
 One wild, loud scream, she sank beside,
 As pale, as cold, almost as dead!

By the Ganges raised, for the morning sun
 To shed his earliest beams upon,
 Is a funeral pile,—around it stand
 Priests and the hired mourners' band.
 But who is she that so wildly prays
 To share the couch and light the blaze?
 MANDALLA's love, while scornful eye
 And chilling jeers mock her agony:
 An Alma girl! O shame, deep shame,
 To Brahma's race and Brahma's name!
 Unmark'd, unpitied, she turn'd aside,
 For a moment, her bursting tears to hide.
 None thought of the Bayadere, till the fire
 Blazed redly and fiercely the funeral pyre.
 Then like a thought she darted by,
 And sprang on the burning pile to die!

"Now thou art mine! away, away
 To my own bright star, to my home of day!"
 A dear voice sigh'd, as he bore her along
 Gently as spring breezes bear the song,
 "Thy love and thy faith have won for thee
 The breath of immortality.
 Maid of earth, MANDALLA is free to call
 AZA the queen of his heart and hall!"

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL.

HYDE-PARK CORNER.

These are familiar things, and yet how few
 Think of this misery!—

I LEFT the crowded street and the fresh day,
 And enter'd the dark dwelling, where Death was
 A daily visitant—where sickness shed
 Its weary languor o'er each fever'd couch.
 There was a sickly light, whose glimmer show'd
 Many a shape of misery: there lay
 The victims of disease, writhing with pain;
 And low faint groans, and breathings short and deep,
 Each gasp a heartfelt agony, were all
 That broke the stillness.—There was one, whose
 brow
 Dark with hot climates, and gash'd o'er with scars,
 Told of the toiling march, the battle-rush,
 Where sabres flash'd, the red shots flew, and not
 One ball or blow but did Destruction's work:
 But then his heart was high, and his pulse beat

Proudly and fearlessly:—now he was worn
 With many a long day's suffering,—and death's
 A fearful thing when we must count its steps!
 And was this, then, the end of those sweet dreams
 Of home, of happiness, of quiet years
 Spent in the little valley which had been
 So long his land of promise? Farewell all
 Gentle remembrances and cherish'd hopes!
 His race was run, but its goal was the grave.—
 I look'd upon another, wasted, pale,
 With eyes all heavy in the sleep of death;
 Yet she was lovely still,—the cold damps hung
 Upon a brow like marble, and her eyes,
 Though dim, had yet their beautiful blue tinge.
 Neglected as it was, her long fair hair
 Was like the plumage of the dove, and spread
 Its waving curls like gold upon her pillow;
 Her face was a sweet ruin. She had loved,
 Trusted, and been betray'd! In other days,
 Had but her cheek look'd pale, how tenderly
 Fond hearts had watch'd it! They were far away,—
 She was a stranger in her loneliness,
 And sinking to the grave of that worst ill,
 A broken heart.—And there was one whose cheek
 Was flush'd with fever—'twas a face that seem'd
 Familiar to my memory, 'twas one
 Whom I had loved in youth. In days long past,
 How many glorious structures we had raised
 Upon Hope's sandy basis! Genius gave
 To him its golden treasures: he could pour
 His own impassion'd soul upon the lyre;
 Or, with a painter's skill, create such shapes
 Of loveliness, they were more like the hues
 Of the rich evening shadows, than the work
 Of human touch. But he was wayward, wild;
 And hopes that in his heart's warm summer clime
 Flourish'd, were quickly wither'd in the cold
 And dull realities of life; . . . he was
 Too proud, too visionary for this world:
 And feelings which, like waters unconfined,
 Had carried with them freshness and green beauty,
 Thrown back upon themselves, spread desolation
 On their own banks. He was a sacrifice,
 And sank beneath neglect; his glowing thoughts
 Were fires that prey'd upon himself. Perhaps,
 For he has left some high memorials, Fame
 Will pour its sunlight o'er the picture, when
 The artist's hand is mouldering in the dust,
 And fling the laurel o'er a harp, whose chords
 Are dumb forever. But his eyes he raised
 Mutely to mine—he knew my voice again,
 And every vision of his boyhood rush'd
 Over his soul; his lip was deadly pale,
 But pride was yet upon its haughty curve;
 He raised one hand contemptuously, and seem'd
 As he would bid me mark his fallen state,
 And that it was unheeded. So he died
 Without one struggle, and his brow in death
 Wore its pale marble look of cold defiance.

THE DESERTER.

Alas, for the bright promise of our youth !
How soon the golden chords of hope are broken,
How soon we find that dreams we trusted most
Are only shadows !

"Twas a sweet summer morn, the lark had just
Sprung from the clover bower around her nest,
And pour'd her blithe song to the clouds : the sun
Shed his first crimson o'er the dark gray walls
Of the old church, and stain'd the sparkling panes
Of ivy-cover'd windows. The damp grass,
That waved in wild luxuriance round the graves,
Was white with dew, but early steps had been
And left a fresh green trace round yonder tomb :
"Twas a plain stone, but graven with a name
That many stopp'd to read—a soldier's name—
And two were kneeling by it, one who had
Been weeping ; she was widow to the brave
Upon whose quiet bed her tears were falling.
From off her cheek the rose of youth had fled,
But beauty still was there, that soften'd grief,
Whose bitterness is gone, but which was felt
Too deeply for forgetfulness ; her look,
Fraught with high feelings and intelligence,
And such as might beseem the Roman dame
Whose children died for liberty, was made
More soft and touching by the patient smile
Which piety had given the unearthly brow,
Which Guido draws when he would form a saint
Whose hopes are fix'd on Heaven, but who has
yet

Some earthly feelings binding them to life.
Her arm was leant upon a graceful youth,
The hope, the comfort of her widowhood ;
He was departing from her, and she led
The youthful soldier to his father's tomb—
As in the visible presence of the dead
She gave her farewell blessing ; and her voice
Lost its so tremulous accents as she bade
Her child tread in that father's steps, and told
How brave, how honour'd he had been. But
when

She did entreat him to remember all
Her hopes were centred in him, that he was
The stay of her declining years, that he
Might be the happiness of her old age,
Or bring her down with sorrow to the grave,
Her words grew inarticulate, and sobs
Alone found utterance ; and he, whose cheek
Was flush'd with eagerness, whose ardent eye
Gave animated promise of the fame
That would be his, whose ear already rang
With the loud trumpet's war-song, felt these
dreams

Fade for a moment, and almost renounced
The fields he panted for, since they must cost

(5)

Such tears as these. The churchyard left, they
pass'd
Down by a hawthorn hedge, where the sweet
May

Had shower'd its white luxuriance, intermix'd
With crimson clusters of the wilding rose,
And link'd with honeysuckle. O'er the path
Many an ancient oak and stately elm
Spread its green canopy. How EDWARD'S eye
Linger'd on each familiar sight, as if
Even to things inanimate he would bid
A last farewell ! They reach'd the cottage gate.
His horse stood ready ; many, too, were there,
Who came to say good-by, and kindly wish
To the young soldier health and happiness.
It is a sweet, albeit most painful, feeling
To know we are regretted. " Farewell " said
And oft repeated, one last wild embrace
Given to his pale mother, who stood there,
Her cold hands press'd upon a brow as cold,
In all the bursting heart's full agony—
One last, last kiss,—he sprang upon his horse,
And urged his utmost speed with spur and rein.
He is past . . . out of sight. . .

The muffled drum is rolling, and the low
Notes of the death-march float upon the wind,
And stately steps are pacing round that square
With slow and measured tread ; but every brow
Is darken'd with emotion, and stern eye.
That look'd unshrinking on the face of death,
When met in battle, are now moist with tears.
The silent ring is form'd, and in the midst
Stands the deserter ! Can this be the same,
The young, the gallant EDWARD ? and are these
The laurels promised in his early dreams !
Those fetter'd hands, this doom of open shame !
Alas ! for young and passionate spirits ! Soon
False lights will dazzle. He had madly join'd
The rebel banner ! O 'twas pride to link
His fate with ERIC'S patriot few, to fight
For liberty or the grave ! But he was now
A prisoner ; yet there he stood, as firm
As though his feet were not upon the tomb :
His cheek was pale as marble, and as cold ;
But his lip trembled not, and his dark eyes
Glanced proudly round. But when they bared his
breast

For the death-shot, and took a portrait thence,
He clench'd his hands, and gasp'd, and one deep
sob

Of agony burst from him ; and he hid
His face awhile—his mother's look was there.
He could not steel his soul when he recall'd
The bitterness of her despair. It pass'd—
That moment of wild anguish ; he knelt down ;
That sunbeam shed its glory over one,
Young, proud, and brave, nerved in deep energy.
The next fell over cold and bloody clay.

There is a deep voiced sound from yonder vale,
Which ill accords with the sweet music made
By the light birds nestling by those green elms;
And, a strange contrast to the blossom'd thorns,
Dark plumes are waving, and a silent hearse
Is winding through that lane. They told it bore
A widow, who died of a broken heart:
Her child, her soul's last treasure,—he had been
Shot for desertion!

GLADESMUIR.

"There is no home like the home of our infancy, no remembrances like those of our youth; the old trees whose topmost boughs we have climbed, the hedge containing that prize a bird's nest, the fairy tale we heard by the fireside, are things of deep and serious interest in maturity. The heart, crushed or hardened by its intercourse with the world, turns with affectionate delight to its early dreams. How I pity those whose childhood has been unhappy! to them one of the sweetest springs of feeling has been utterly denied, the most green and beautiful part of life laid waste. But to those whose spring has been what spring should ever be, fresh, buoyant, and gladsome, whose cup has not been poisoned at the first draught, how delicious is recollection! they truly know the pleasures of memory."

THERE is not

A valley of more quiet happiness,
Bosom'd in greener trees, or with a river
Clearer than thine, GLADESMUIR! There are
huge hills

Like barriers by thy side, where the tall pine
Stands stately as a warrior in his prime,
Mix'd with low gnarled oaks, whose yellow leaves
Are bound with ruby tendrils, emerald shoots,
And the wild blossoms of the honeysuckle;
And even more impervious grows the brier,
Cover'd with thorns and roses, mingled like
Pleasures and pains, but shedding richly forth
Its fragrance on the air; and by its side
The wilding broom as sweet, which gracefully
Flings its long tresses like a maiden's hair
Waving in yellow beauty. The red deer
Crouches in safety in its secret lair;
The sapphire, bird's-eye, and blue violets,
Mix with white daisies in the grass beneath;
And in the boughs above the woodlark builds,
And makes sweet music to the morning; while
All day the stock-dove's melancholy notes
Wail plaintively—the only sounds beside
The hum of the wild bees around some trunk
Of an old moss-clad oak, in which is rear'd
Their honey palace. Where the forest ends,
Stretches a wide brown heath, till the blue sky
Becomes its boundary; there the only growth

Are straggling thickets of the white flower'd
thorn

And yellow furze: beyond are the grass-fields,
And of yet fresher verdure the young wheat;—
These border round the village. The bright river
Bounds like an arrow by, buoyant as youth
Rejoicing in its strength. On the left side,
Half hidden by the aged trees that time
Has spared as honouring their sanctity,
The old gray church is seen: its mossy walls
And ivy-cover'd windows tell how long
It has been sacred. There is a lone path
Winding beside yon hill: no neighbouring height
Commands so wild a view; the ancient spire,
The cottages, their gardens, and the heath,
Spread far beyond, are in the prospect seen
By glimpses as the greenwood screen gives way
One is now tracing it, who gazes round
As each look were his last. The anxious gasp
That drinks the air as every breath brought
health;

The hurried step, yet lingering at times,
As fearful all it felt were but a dream—
How much they tell of deep and inward feeling!
That stranger is worn down with toil and pain,
His sinewy frame is wasted, and his brow
Is darken'd with long suffering; yet he is
O more than happy!—he has reach'd his home,
And ROLAND is a wanderer no more.
How often in that fair romantic land
Where he had been a soldier, he had turn'd
From the rich groves of SPAIN, to think upon
The oak and pine; turn'd from the spicy air,
To sicken for his own fresh mountain breeze;
And loved the night, for then familiar things,
The moon and stars, were visible, and look'd
As they had always done, and shed sweet tears
To think that he might see them shine again
Over his own GLADESMUIR! That silver moon,
In all her perfect beauty, is now rising;
The purple billows of the west have yet
A shadowy glory; all beside is calm,
And tender and serene—a quiet light,
Which suited well the melancholy joy
Of ROLAND's heart. At every step the light
Play'd o'er some old remembrance; now the ray
Dimpled the crystal river; now the church
Had all its windows glittering from beneath
The curtaining ivy. Near and more near he
drew—

His heart beat quick, for the next step will be
Upon his father's threshold! But he paused—
He heard a sweet and sacred sound—they join'd
In the accustom'd psalm, and then they said
The words of God, and, last of all, a prayer
More solemn, and more touching. He could hear
Low sobs as it was utter'd. They did pray
His safety, his return, his happiness;

And ere they ended he was in their arms!
The wind rose up, and o'er the calm blue sky
The tempest gather'd, and the heavy rain
Beat on the casement; but they press'd them
round

The blazing hearth, and sat while RONALD spoke
Of the fierce battle; and all answer'd him
With wonder, and with telling how they wept
During his absence, how they number'd o'er
The days for his return. Thrice hallow'd shrine
Of the heart's intercourse, our own fireside!
I do remember in my early youth
I parted from its circle; how I pined
With happy recollections—they to me
Were sickness and deep sorrow: how I thought
Of the strange tale, the laugh, the gentle smile
Breathing of love, that wiled the night away.
The hour of absence past, I was again
With those who loved me. What a beauty dwelt
In each accustom'd face! what music hung
On each familiar voice! We circled in
Our meeting ring of happiness. If e'er
This life has bliss, I knew and felt it then!

But there was one RONALD remember'd not
Yet 'twas a creature beautiful as Hope,
With eyes blue as the harebell when the dew
Sparkles upon its azure leaves; a cheek
Fresh as a mountain rose, but delicate
As rainbow colours, and as changeful too.
"The orphan ELLEN, have you then forgot
Your laughing playmate?" RONALD would have
clasp'd

The maiden to his heart, but she shrank back:
A crimson blush and tearful lids belied
Her light tone, as she bade him not forget
So soon his former friends. But the next morn
Were other tears than those sweet ones that
come

Of the full heart's o'erflowings. He was given,
The loved, the wanderer, to their prayers at last;
But he was now so changed, there was no trace
Left of his former self; the glow of health,
Of youth, was gone, and in his sallow cheek
And faded eye decay sat visible;—
All felt that he was sinking to the grave.
He wander'd like a ghost around; would lean,
For hours, and watch the river; or would lie
Beneath some aged tree, and hear the birds
Singing so cheerfully; and with faint step
Would sometimes try the mountain side. He
loved

To look upon the setting sun, and mark
The twilight's dim approach. He said he was
Most happy that all through his life one wish
Had still been present to his soul—the wish
That he might breathe his native air again;—
That prayer was granted, for he died at home.

One wept for him when other eyes were dry,
Treasured his name in silence and in tears,
Till her young heart's impassion'd solitude
Was fill'd but with his image. She had soothed
And watch'd his few last hours—but he was gone!
The grave to her was now the goal of hope!
She pass'd, but gently as the rose leaves fall
Scatter'd by the spring gales. Two months had
fled
Since RONALD died; they threw the summer
flowers

Upon his sod, and ere those leaves were tinged
With autumn's yellow colours, they were twined
For the poor ELLEN's death-wreaths! . . .
They made her grave by RONALD's.

THE MINSTREL OF PORTUGAL.

Their path had been a troubled one, each step
Had trod 'mid thorns and springs of bitterness;
But they had fled away from the cold world,
And found, in a fair valley, solitude
And happiness in themselves. They oft would rove
Through the dark forests when the golden light
Of evening was upon the oak, or catch
The first wild breath of morning on the hill,
And in the hot noon seek some greenwood shade,
Fill'd with the music of the birds, the leaves,
Or the descending waters' distant song.
And that young maiden hung delightedly
Upon her minstrel lover's words, when he
Breathed some old melancholy verse, or told
Love's ever-varying histories; and her smile
Thank'd him so tenderly, that he forgot
Or thought of but to scorn the flatteries
He was so proud of once. I need not say
How happy his sweet mistress was.—O, all
Know love is woman's happiness!

Come, love! we'll rest us from our wanderings;
The violets are fresh among the moss,
The dew is not yet on their purple leaves,
Warm with the sun's last kiss—sit here, dear
love!

This chestnut be our canopy. Look up
Towards the beautiful heaven; the fair moon
Is shining timidly, like a young queen
Who fears to claim her full authority:
The stars shine in her presence; o'er the sky
A few light clouds are wandering, like the fears
That even happy love must know; the air
Is full of perfume and most musical,
Although no other sounds are on the gale
Than the soft falling of the mountain rill,
Or waving of the leaves. 'Tis just the time
For legend of romance, and, dearest! now
I have one framed for thee; it is of love,
Most perfect love, and of a faithful heart
That was a sacrifice upon the shrine

Itself had rear'd ! I will begin it now,
 Like an old tale :—There was a princess once,
 More beautiful than spring, when the warm look
 Of summer calls the blush upon her cheek,
 The matchless ISABEL of PORTUGAL.
 She moved in beauty, and where'er she went
 Some heart did homage to her loveliness.
 But there was one—a youth of lowly birth—
 Who worshipp'd her !—I have heard many say
 Love lives on hope ; they knew not what they
 said ;

Hope is Love's happiness, but not its life ;—
 How many hearts have nourish'd a vain flame
 In silence and in secret, though they knew
 They fed the scorching fire that would consume
 them !

Young JUAN loved in veriest hopelessness !—
 He saw the lady once at matin time,—
 Saw her when bent in meek humility
 Before the altar ; she was then unveil'd,
 And JUAN gazed upon the face which was
 Thenceforth the world to him ! Awhile he look'd
 Upon the white hands clasp'd gracefully ;
 The rose-bud lips, moving in silent prayer ;
 The raven hair, that hung as a dark cloud
 On the white brow of morning ! She arose,
 And as she moved, her slender figure waved
 Like the light cypress, when the breeze of spring
 Wafts music in its boughs. As JUAN knelt
 It chanced her eyes met his, and all his soul
 Madden'd in that slight glance ! She left the
 place ;

Yet still her shape seem'd visible, and still
 He felt the light through the long eyelash steal
 And melt within his heart !
 From that time life was one impassion'd dream :
 He linger'd on the spot which she had made
 So sacred by her presence, and he thought
 It happiness to only breathe the air
 Her sigh had perfumed—but to press the floor
 Her faëry step had hallow'd. He renounced
 All projects of ambition, joy'd no more
 In pleasures of his age, but like a ghost,
 Confined to one peculiar spot, he stray'd
 Where first he saw the princess ; and the court
 Through which she pass'd to matins, now became
 To him a home ; and either he recall'd
 Fondly her every look, or else embalm'd
 Her name in wild, sweet song.
 His love grew blazed abroad—a poet's love
 Is immortality ! The heart whose beat
 Is echo'd by the lyre, will have its griefs,
 Its tenderness, remember'd, when each pulse
 Has long been cold and still. Some pitied him,
 And others marvell'd, half in mockery ;
 They little knew what pride love ever has
 In self-devotedness. The princess heard
 Of her pale lover ; but none ever knew

Her secret thoughts : she heard it silently.
 It could not be but woman's heart must feel
 Such fond and faithful homage !—But some
 deem'd

Even such timid worship was not meet
 For royalty. They bade the youth depart,
 And the king sent him gold ; he turn'd away,
 And would not look upon the glittering treasure—
 And then they banish'd him ! He heard them
 say

He was an exile with a ghastly smile,
 And murmur'd not—but rose and left the city.
 He went on silently, until he came
 To where a little hill rose, cover'd o'er
 With lemon shrubs and golden oranges :
 The windows of the palace where she dwelt—
 His so loved ISABEL—o'erlook'd the place.
 There was some gorgeous fête there, for the light
 Stream'd through the lattices, and a far sound
 Of lute, and dance, and song, came echoing.
 The wanderer hid his face ; but from his brow
 His hands fell powerless ! Some gather'd round
 And rais'd him from the ground : his eyes were
 closed,
 His lip and cheek were colourless ;—they told
 His heart was broken !

His princess never knew an earthly love :
 She vow'd herself to Heaven, and she died young !
 The evening of her death, a strange, sweet sound
 Of music came, delicious as a dream :
 With that her spirit parted from this earth,
 Many remember'd that it was the hour
 Her humble lover perish'd !

THE BASQUE GIRL AND HENRI QUATRE.

Love ! summer flower, how soon thou art decay'd
 Opening amid a paradise of sweets,
 Dying with wither'd leaves and canker'd stem !
 The very memory of thy happiness
 Departed with thy beauty ; breath and bloom
 Gone, and the trusting heart which thou hadst made
 So green, so lovely, for thy dwelling-place,
 Left but a desolation.

'Twas one of those sweet spots which seem
 just made
 For lovers' meeting, or for minstrel haunt ;
 The maiden's blush would look so beautiful
 By those white roses, and the poet's dream
 Would be so soothing, lull'd by the low notes
 The birds sing to the leaves, whose soft reply
 Is murmur'd by the wind : the grass beneath

Is full of wild flowers, and the cypress boughs
Have twined o'er head, graceful and close as love.
The sun is shining cheerfully, though scarce
His rays may pierce through the dim shade, yet
still

Some golden hues are glancing o'er the trees,
And the blue flood is gliding by, as bright
As Hope's first smile. All, lingering, stay'd to
gaze

Upon this Eden of the painter's art,
And, looking on its loveliness, forgot
The crowded world around them!—But a spell
Stronger than the green landscape fix'd the eye—
The spell of woman's beauty!—By a beech
Whose long dark shadow fell upon the stream,
There stood a radiant girl!—her chestnut hair—
One bright gold tint was on it—loosely fell
In large rich curls upon a neck whose snow
And grace were like the swan's; she wore the
garb

Of her own village, and her small white feet
And slender ancles, delicate as carved
From Indian ivory, were bare,—the turf
Seem'd scarce to feel their pressure. There she
stood!

Her head leant on her arm, the beech's trunk
Supporting her slight figure, and one hand
Press'd to her heart, as if to still its throbs!—
Yet never might forget that face,—so young,
So fair, yet traced with such deep characters
Of inward wretchedness! The eyes were dim,
With tears on the dark lashes; still the lip
Could not quite lose its own accusom'd smile,
Even by that pale cheek it kept its arch
And tender playfulness: you look'd and said,
What can have shadow'd such a sunny brow?

There is so much of natural happiness
In that bright countenance, it seems but form'd
For spring's light sunbeams, or yet lighter dews.
You turn'd away—then came—and look'd again,
Watching the pale and silent loveliness,
Till even sleep was haunted by that image.
There was a sever'd chain upon the ground—
Ah! love is even more fragile than its gifts!

A tress of raven hair:—O! only those
Whose souls have felt this one idolatry,
Can tell how precious is the slightest thing
Affection gives and hallows! A dead flower
Will long be kept, remembrancer of looks
That made each leaf a treasure. And the tree
Had two slight words graven upon its stem—
The broken heart's last record of its faith—
"ADIEU, HENRI!"

I learnt the history of the lovely picture:
It was a peasant girl's, whose soul was given
To one as far above her as the pine
Towers o'er the lowly violet: yet still
She loved, and was beloved again—ere yet

The many trammels of the world were flung
Around a heart whose first and latest pulse
Throb'd but for beauty: him, the young, the
brave,

Chivalrous prince, whose name in after-years
A nation was to worship—that young heart
Beat with its first wild passion—that pure feeling
Life only once may know. I will not dwell
On how Affection's bark was launch'd and lost:—
Love, thou hast hopes like summers short and
bright,

Moments of ecstasy, and maddening dreams,
Intense, delicious throbs! But happiness
Is not for thee. If ever thou hast known
Quiet, yet deep enjoyment, 'tis or ere
Thy presence is confess'd; but, once reveal'd,
We bow us down in passionate devotion
Vow'd to thy altar, then the serpents wake
That coil around thy votaries—hopes that make
Fears burning arrows—lingering jealousy,
And last, worst poison of thy cup—neglect!

It matters little how she was forgotten,
Or what she felt—a woman can but weep.
She pray'd her lover but to say farewell—
To meet her by the river where such hours
Of happiness had pass'd, and said she knew
How much she was beneath him; but she pray'd
That he would look upon her face once more!

He sought the spot—upon the beechen
tree

"ADIEU, HENRI!" was graven, and his heart
Felt cold within him! He turn'd to the wave,
And there the beautiful peasant floated—Death
Had seal'd Love's sacrifice!

THE SAILOR.

O! gloriously upon the deep
The gallant vessel rides,
And she is mistress of the winds,
And mistress of the tides.

And never but for her tall ships
Had England been so proud;
Or before the might of the island Queen
The kings of the earth had bow'd.

But, alas! for the widow and orphan's tear,
When the death-flag sweeps the wave
Alas! that the laurel of victory
Must grow but upon the grave

An aged widow with one only child,
And even he was far away at sea:
Narrow and mean the street wherein she dwelt,
And low and small the room; but still it had
A look of comfort; on the whitewash'd walls

Were ranged her many ocean treasures—shells,
Some like the snow, and some pink, with a blush
Caught from the sunset on the waters; plumes
From the bright pinions of the Indian birds;
Long dark sea-weeds, and black and crimson
berries,

Were treasured with the treasuring of the heart.
Her sailor brought them, when from his first
voyage

He came so sunburnt and so tall, she scarce
Knew her fair stripling in that manly youth.
Like a memorial of far better days,
The large old Bible, with its silver clasps,
Lay on the table; and a fragrant air
Came from the window: there stood a rose tree—
Lonely, but of luxuriant growth, and rich
With thousand buds and beautifully blown
flowers:

It was a slip from that which grew beside
The cottage, once her own, which ever drew
Praise from each passer down the shadowy lone
Where her home stood—the home where yet she
thought

To end her days in peace: that was the hope
That made life pleasant, and it had been fed
By the so ardent spirits of her boy,
Who said that God would bless the efforts made
For his old mother.—Like a holiday
Each Sunday came, for then her patient way
She took to the white church of her own village,
A long five miles; and many marvell'd, one
So aged, so feeble, still should seek that church.
They knew not how delicious the fresh air,
How fair the green leaves and the fields, how
glad

The sunshine of the country, to the eyes
That look'd so seldom on them. She would sit
Long after service on a grave, and watch
The cattle as they grazed, the yellow corn,
The lane where yet her home might be; and then
Return with lighten'd heart to her dull street,
Refresh'd with hope and pleasant memories,—
Listen with anxious ear to the conch shell,
Wherein they say the rolling of the sea
Is heard distinct, pray for her absent child,
Bless him, then dream of him. . . .

A shout awoke the sleeping town, the night
Rang with the fleet's return and victory!
Men that were slumbering quietly rose up
And join'd the shout: the windows gleam'd with
lights,

The bells rang forth rejoicingly, the paths
Were fill'd with people: even the lone street,
Where the poor widow dwelt, was roused, and
sleep

Was thought upon no more that night. Next
day—

A bright and sunny day it was—high flags
Waved from each steeple, and green boughs were
hung

In the gay market place; music was heard,
Bands that struck up in triumph; and the sea
Was cover'd with proud vessels; and the boats
Went to and fro the shore, and waving hands
Beckon'd from crowded decks to the glad strand
Where the wife waited for her husband,—maids
Threw the bright curls back from their glistening
eyes

And look'd their best, and as the splashing oar
Brought dear ones to the land, how every voice
Grew musical with happiness! And there
Stood that old widow woman with the rest,
Watching the ship wherein had sail'd her son.
A boat came from that vessel,—heavily
It toil'd upon the waters, and the oars
Were dipp'd in slowly. As it near'd the beach,
A moaning sound came from it, and a groan
Burst from the lips of all the anxious there,
When they look'd on each ghastly countenance;
For that lone boat was fill'd with wounded men,
Bearing them to the hospital,—and then
That aged woman saw her son. She pray'd
And gain'd her prayer, that she might be his nurse,
And take him home. He lived for many days.
It soothed him so to hear his mother's voice,
To breathe the fragrant air sent from the roses—
The roses that were gather'd one by one
For him by his fond parent nurse; the last
Was placed upon his pillow, and that night,
That very night, he died! And he was laid
In the same churchyard where his father lay,—
Through which his mother as a bride had pass'd.
The grave was closed; but still the widow sat
Upon a sod beside, and silently
(Hers was not grief that words had comfort for)—
The funeral train pass'd on, and she was left
Alone amid the tombs;—but once she look'd
Towards the shadowy lane, then turn'd again,
As desolate and sick at heart, to where
Her help, her hope, her child, lay dead together!
She went home to her lonely room. Next morn'
Some enter'd it, and there she sat,
Her white hair hanging o'er the wither'd hands—
On which her pale face leant; the Bible lay
Open beside, but blister'd were the leaves
With two or three large tears, which had dried in
O, happy she had not survived her child!
And many pitied her, for she had spent
Her little savings, and she had no friends;
But strangers made her grave in that churchyard,
And where her sailor slept, there slept his mother.

THE COVENANTERS.

Mine home is but a blacken'd heap
In the midst of a fonesome wild,
And the owl and the bat may their night-watch keep,
Where human faces smiled.

I rock'd the cradle of seven fair sons,
And I work'd for their infancy;
But, when like a child in mine own old age,
There are none to work for me!

NEVER! I will not know another home.
Ten summers have past on, with their blue skies
Green leaves, and singing birds, and sun-kiss'd
fruit,

Since here I first took up my last abode,—
And here my bones shall rest. You say it is
A home for beasts, and not for humankind,
This bleak shed and bare rock, and that the vale
Below is beautiful. I know the time
When it look'd very beautiful to me!
Do you see that bare spot, where one old oak
Stands black and leafless, as if scorch'd by fire,
While round it the ground seems as if a curse
Were laid upon the soil? Once by that tree,
Then cover'd with its leaves and acorn crop,
A little cottage stood: 'twas very small,
But had an air of health and peace. The roof
Was every morning vocal with the song
Of the rejoicing swallows, whose warm nest
Was built in safety underneath the thatch;
A honeysuckle on the sunny side
Hung round the lattices its fragrant trumpets.
Around was a small garden: fruit and herbs
Were there in comely plenty: and some flowers,
Heath from the mountains, and the wilding bush
Gemm'd with red roses, and white apple blossoms,
Were food for the two hives, whence all day long
There came a music like the pleasant sound
Of lulling waters. And at eventide
It was a goodly sight to see around
Bright eyes, and faces lighted up with health,
And youth, and happiness; these were my
children,
That cottage was mine home. . . .

There came a shadow o'er the land, and men
Were haunted by their fellow-men like beasts,
And the sweet feelings of humanity
Were utterly forgotten; the white head,
Darken'd with blood and dust, was often laid
Upon the murder'd infant, for the sword
Of pride and cruelty was sent to slay
Those who in age would not forgo the faith
They had grown up in. I was one of these:
How could I close the Bible I had read
Beside my dying mother, which had given

To me and mine such comfort? But the hand
Of the oppressor smote us. There were shrieks,
And naked swords, and faces dark as guilt,
A rush of feet, a bursting forth of flame,
Curses, and crashing boards, and infant words
Praying for mercy, and then childish screams
Of fear and pain. There were these the last nights
The white walls of my cottage stood; they bound
And flung me down beside the oak, to watch
How the red fire gather'd, like that of hell.
There sprang one to the lattice, and leant forth,
Gasping for the fresh air,—my own fair girl!
My only one! The vision haunts me still:
The white arms raised to Heaven, and the long
hair,

Bright as the light beside it, stiff on the head
Upright, from terror. In th' accursed glare
We knew each other; and I heard a cry
Half tenderness, half agony,—a crush,—
The roof fell in,—I saw my child no more!
A cloud closed round me, a deep thunder-cloud,
Half darkness and half fire. At length sense
came

With a remembering, like that which a dream
Leaves of vague horrors; but the heavy chain,
The loathsome straw which was mine only bed,
The sickly light through the dim bars,
The silence, were realities; and then
I lay on the cold stones, and wept aloud,
And pray'd the fever to return again,
And bring death with it. Yet did I escape,—
Again I drank the fresh blue air of heaven,
And felt the sunshine laugh upon my brow;
I thought then I would seek my desolate home,
And die where it had been. I reach'd the place
The ground was bare and scorch'd, and in the
midst

Was a black heap of ashes. Frantically
I groped amid them, ever and anon
Meeting some human fragment, skulls and bones
Shapeless and cinders, till I drew a curl,
A long and beautiful curl of sunny hair,
Stainless and golden, as but then just sever'd,
A love-gift from the head:—I knew the hair—
It was my daughter's! There I stood, and howl'd
Curses upon that night. There came a voice,
There came a gentle step;—even on that heap
Of blood and ashes did I kneel, and pour
To the great God my gratitude! That curl
Was wet with tears of happiness; that step,
That voice, were sweet familiar ones,—one child,
My eldest son, was sent me from the grave!
That night he had escaped. . . .

We left the desolate valley, and we went
Together to the mountains and the woods,
And there inhabited in love and peace.
Till a strong spirit came upon men's hearts,

And roused them to avenge their many wrongs.
 Yet stood they not in battle, and the arm
 Of the oppressor was at first too mighty.
 Albeit I have lived to see their bonds
 Rent like burnt flax, yet much of blood was spilt
 Or ever the deliverance was accomplish'd,
 We fled in the dark night. At length the moon
 Rose on the midnight,—when I saw the face

Of my last child was ghastly white, and set
 In the death-agony, and from his side
 The lifeblood came like tears: and then I pray'd
 That he would rest, and let me stanch the wound.
 He motion'd me to fly, and then lay down
 Upon the rock and died! This is his grave,
 His home and mine. Ask ye now why I dwell
 Upon the rock, and loathe the vale beneath!

FRAGMENTS.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF A GIRL BURN-
 ING A LOVE LETTER.

The lines were fill'd with many a tender thing,
 All the impassion'd heart's fond communing.

I took the scroll: I could not brook,
 An eye to gaze on it save mine;
 I could not bear another's look
 Shou'd well upon one thought of thine.
 My lamp was burning by my side,
 I held thy letter to the flame,
 I mark'd the blaze swift o'er it glide,
 It did not even spare thy name.
 Soon the light from the embers past,
 I felt so sad to see it die,
 So bright at first, so dark at last,
 I fear'd it was love's history.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

And the muffled drum roll'd on the air,
 Warriors with stately step were there;
 On every arm was the black crape bound,
 Every carbine was turn'd to the ground;
 Solemn the sound of their measured tread,
 As silent and slow they follow'd the dead.
 The riderless horse was led in the rear,
 There were white plumes waving over the bier;
 Helmet and sword were laid on the pall
 For it was a soldier's funeral.

That soldier had stood on the battle-plain,
 Where every step was over the slain:
 But the brand and the ball had pass'd him by,
 And he came to his native land to die.

'Twas hard to come to that native land,
 And not clasp one familiar hand!
 'Twas hard to be number'd amid the dead,
 Or ere he could hear his welcome said!
 But 'twas something to see its cliffs once more,
 And to lay his bones on his own loved shore;
 To think that the friends of his youth might weep
 O'er the green grass turf of the soldier's sleep.

The bugles ceased their wailing sound
 As the coffin was lower'd into the ground;
 A volley was fired, a blessing said,
 One moment's pause—and they left the dead!—
 I saw a poor and an aged man,
 His step was feeble, his lip was wan:
 He knelt him down on the new raised mound,
 His face was bow'd on the cold damp ground,
 He raised his head, his tears were done,—
 The father had pray'd o'er his only son!

ARION.

A TALE.

The winds are high, the clouds are dark,
 But stay not thou for storm, my bark;
 What is the song of love to me,
 Unheard, my sweet Esme, by thee?
 Fair lips may smile, and eyes may shine;
 But lip nor eye will be like thine,
 And every blush that mantles here
 But images one more bright and more dear
 My spirit of song is languid and dead,
 If not at thine altar of beauty fed.
 Again I must listen thy gentle tone,
 And make its echo of music my own;
 Again I must look on thy smile divine,
 Again I must see the red flowers twine

Around my harp, enwreath'd by thine hand,
And waken its chords at my love's command.—
I have dwelt in a distant but lovely place,
And worshipp'd many a radiant face;
And sipp'd the flowers from the purple wine,
But they were not so sweet as one kiss of thine.
I have wander'd o'er land, I have wander'd o'er
sea,

But my heart has ne'er wander'd, *EOLIA*, from
thee.—

And, *GREECE*, my own, my glorious land!
I will take no laurel but from thy hand.
What is the light of a poet's name,
If it is not his country that hallows his fame!
Where may he look for guerdon so fair
As the honour and praise that await him there?
His name will be lost and his grave forgot,
If the tears of his country preserve them not! . . .

. . . He laid him on the deck to sleep,
And pleasant was his rest, and deep;
He heard familiar voices speak,
He felt his love's breath on his cheek:
He look'd upon his own blue skies,
He saw his native temples rise:
Even in dreams he wept to see
What he had loved so tenderly.

The sailors look'd within the hold,
And envied him his shining gold;
They waked him, bade him mark the wave
And said 'twas for *ARION*'s grave!
He watch'd each dark face that appear'd,
And saw each heart with gold was sear'd,
Then roused his spirit's energy,
And stood prepared in pride to die!
He cast one look upon his lyre—
He felt his heart and hand on fire,
And pray'd the slaves to let him pour
His spirit in its song once more!
He sung,—the notes at first were low,
Like the whispers of love, or the breathings of
wo:

The waters were hush'd, and the winds were
stay'd,

As he sang his farewell to his Lesbian maid!
Even his murderers paused and wept,
But look'd on the gold and their purpose kept.
More proudly he swept the chords along,
'Twas the stirring burst of a battle song—
And with the last close of his martial strain
He plunged with his lyre in the deep blue main!
. . . The tempest has burst from its blacken'd
dwelling,

The lightning is flashing, the waters are swelling
In mountains crested with foam and with froth,
And the wind has rush'd like a giant forth;
The deck is all spray, the mast is shatter'd,
The sails, like the leaves in the autumn, are
scatter'd

The mariners pale with fear, for a grave
Is in the dark bosom of every wave.
The billows rush'd—one fearful cry
Is heard of human agony!
Another swell—no trace is seen
Of what upon its breast has been! . . .
But who is he, who o'er the sea
Rides like a god, triumphantly,
Upon a dolphin? All is calm
Around, the air he breathes is balm,
And quiet as beneath the sky
Of his own flowery Arcady;
And all grows peaceful, as he rides
His dolphin through the glassy tides;
And ever as he music drew
From his sweet harp, a brightening hue,
Like rainbow tints, a gentle bound,
Told how the creature loved the sound.
ARION, some god has watch'd over thee,
And saved thee alike from man and the sea.
The night came on, a summer night,
With snowy clouds and soft starlight;
And glancing meteors, like the flash
Sent from a Greek girl's dark eyelash
O'er a sky as blue as her own blue eyes,
Borne by winds as perfumed and light as her
sighs.

The zenith moon was shedding her light
In the silence and glory of deep midnight,
When the voice of singing was heard from afar,
Like the music that echoes a falling star;
And presently came gliding by
The Spirit of the melody:
A radiant shape, her long gold hair
Flew like a banner on the air,
Save one or two bright curls that fell
Like gems upon a neck whose swell
Rose like the dove's, when its mate's caress
Is smoothing the soft plumes in tenderness;
And one arm, white as the sea-spray,
Amid the chords of music lay.
She swept the strings, and fix'd the while
Her dark eye's wild luxuriant smile
Upon *ARION*; and her lip,
Like the first spring rose that the bee can sip
Curl'd half in the pride of its loveliness,
And half with a love-sigh's voluptuousness.

There is a voice of music swells
In the ocean's coral groves;
Sweet is the harp in the pearly cells,
Where the step of the sea-maid roves.
The angry storm when it rolls above,
At war with the foaming wave,
Is soft and low as the voice of love,
Ere it reach her sparry cave.
When the sun seeks his glorious rest,
And his beams o'er ocean fall,

The gold and the crimson, spread on the west,
 Brighten her crystal hall.
 The sands of amber breathe perfume,
 Gemm'd with pearls like tears of snow,
 Around in wreaths the white sea-flowers bloom,
 The waves in music flow.
 Child of the lyre ! is not this a spot
 That would suit the minstrel well !
 Then haste thee and share the sea-maid's lot,
 Her love, and her spar built cell.

ARION scarcely heard the strain,
 Her song was lost, her smile was vain,
 He had a charm, all charms above,
 To guard his heart—the charm of love.
 He floated on. The morning came,
 With lip of dew and cheek of flame ;
 He look'd upon his native shore,
 His voyage, his perilous voyage is o'er.
 There stood a temple by the sea,
 Raised to its queen, AMPHITRITE :
 ARION enter'd, and kneeling there
 He saw a girl, like spring-day fair,
 Feeding with incense the sacred flame,
 And he heard her hymn, and it breathed his
 name.

O, Love ! a whole life is not worth this bliss—
 ECLÆ has met her ARION's kiss !—
 They raised an altar upon the seashore,
 And every spring they cover'd it o'er
 With fruits of the wood and flowers of the field,
 And the richest perfumes that the East could
 yield ;
 And as the waves roll'd, they knelt by the side,
 And pour'd their hymn to the Queen of the
 Tide.

MANMADIN, THE INDIAN CUPID,

FLOATING DOWN THE GANGES.*

THERE is a darkness on the sky,
 And the troubled waves run high,
 And the lightning flash is breaking,
 And the thunder peal is waking ;
 Reddening meteors, strange and bright,
 Cross the rainbow's timid light,
 As if mingled hope and fear,
 * Storm and sunshine, shook the sphere.

* Camdeo, or Manmadin, the Indian Cupid, is pictured in Ackermann's pretty work on Hindostan in another form. He is riding a green parrot, his bow of sugarcane, the cord of bees, and his arrows all sorts of flowers : but one alone is headed, and the head covered with honey-comb.

Tempest winds rush fierce along,
 Bearing yet a sound of song,
 Music's on the tempest's wing,
 Wasting thee young MANMADIN !
 Pillow'd on a lotus flower
 Gather'd in a summer hour,
 Rides he o'er the mountain wave
 Which would be a tall ship's grave !
 At his back his bow is slung,
 Sugar-cane, with wild bees strung,—
 Bees born with the buds of spring,
 Yet with each a deadly sting ;
 Grasping in his infant hand
 Arrows in their silken band,
 Each made of a signal flower,
 Emblem of its varied power ;
 Some form'd of the silver leaf
 Of the almond, bright and brief,
 Just a frail and lovely thing,
 For but one hour's flourishing ;
 Others, on whose shaft there glows
 The red beauty of the rose ;
 Some in spring's half-folded bloom,
 Some in summer's full perfume ;
 Some with wither'd leaves and sere,
 Falling with the falling year ;
 Some bright with the rainbow dyes
 Of the tulip's vanities ;
 Some, bound with the lily's bell,
 Breathe of love that dares not tell
 Its sweet feelings ; the dark leaves
 Of the esignum, which grieves
 Droopingly, round some were bound ;
 Others were with tendrils wound
 Of the green and laughing vine,—
 And the barb was dipp'd in wine.
 But all these are summer ills,
 Like the tree whose stem distils
 Balm beneath its pleasant shade
 In the wounds its thorns have made.
 Though the flowers may fade and die,
 'Tis but a light penalty.
 All these bloom-clad darts are meant
 But for a shortlived content !
 Yet one arrow has a power
 Lasting till life's latest hour—
 Weary day and sleepless night,
 Lightning gleams of fierce delight,
 Fragrant and yet poison'd sighs,
 Agonies and ecstasies ;
 Hopes, like fires amid the gloom,
 Lighting only to consume !
 Happiness one hasty draught,
 And the lip has venom quaff'd.
 Doubt, despairing, crime, and craft,
 Are upon that honey'd shaft !
 It has made the crowned king
 Crouch beneath his suffering ;

Made the beauty's cheek more pale
 Than the foldings of her veil;
 Like a child the soldier kneel
 Who had mock'd at flame or steel;
 Bade the fires of genius turn
 On their own breasts, and there burn;
 A wound, a blight, a curse, a doom,
 Bowing young hearts to the tomb!
 Well may storm be on the sky,
 And the waters roll on high,
 When MANMADIN passes by.
 Earth below, and heaven above,
 Well may bend to thee, O Love!

THE FEMALE CONVICT*

She shrank from all, and her silent mood
 Made her wish only for solitude:
 Her eye sought the ground, as it could not brook,
 For innermost shame, on another's to look;
 And the cheerings of comfort fell on her ear
 Like deadliest words, that were curses to hear!—
 She still was young, and she had been fair;
 But weather stains, hunger, toil, and care,
 That frost and fever that wear the heart,
 Had made the colours of youth depart
 From the sallow cheek, save over it came
 The burning flush of the spirit's shame.

They were sailing o'er the salt sea-foam,
 Far from her country, far from her home;
 And all she had left for her friends to keep
 Was a name to hide, and a memory to weep!
 And her future held forth but the felon's lot,
 To live forsaken—to die forgot!
 She could not weep, and she could not pray,
 But she wasted and wither'd from day to day,
 Till you might have counted each sunken vein
 When her wrist was prest by the iron chain;
 And sometimes I thought her large dark eye
 Had the glisten of red insanity.

She call'd me once to her sleeping place;
 A strange, wild look was upon her face,
 Her eye flash'd over her cheek so white,
 Like a gravestone seen in the pale moonlight,
 And she spoke in a low, unearthly tone—
 The sound from mine ear hath never gone!
 "I had last night the loveliest dream:
 My own land shone in the summer beam,
 I saw the fields of the golden grain,
 I heard the reaper's harvest strain;

* Suggested by the interesting description in the Memoirs of John Nicol, mariner, quoted in the Review of the LITERARY GAZETTE.

There stood on the hills the green pine tree,
 And the thrush and the lark sang merrily.
 A long and a weary way I had come;
 But I stopp'd, methought, by mine own sweet home.

I stood by the hearth, and my father sat there,
 With pale, thin face, and snow-white hair!
 The Bible lay open upon his knee,
 But he closed the book to welcome me.
 He led me next where my mother lay,
 And together we knelt by her grave to pray,
 And heard a hymn it was heaven to hear,
 For it echo'd one to my young days dear.
 This dream has waked feelings long, long since fled;
 And hopes which I deem'd in my heart were dead!

—We have not spoken, but still I have hung
 On the northern accents that dwell on thy tongue,
 To me they are music, to me they recall
 The things long hidden by Memory's pall!
 Take this long curl of yellow hair,
 And give it my father, and tell him my prayer,
 My dying prayer, was for him."

Next day

Upon the deck a coffin lay;
 They raised it up, and like a dirge
 The heavy gale swept o'er the surge;
 The corpse was cast to the wind and wave—
 The convict has found in the green sea a grave.

THE PAINTER'S LOVE.

Your skies are blue, your sun is bright;
 But sky nor sun has that sweet light
 Which gleam'd upon the summer sky
 Of my own lovely ITALY!
 'Tis long since I have breathed the air,
 Which, fill'd with odours, floated there,—
 Sometimes in sleep a gale sweeps by,
 Rich with the rose and myrtle's sigh;—
 'Tis long since I have seen the vine
 With Autumn's topaz clusters shine;
 And watch'd the laden branches bending,
 And heard the vintage songs ascending;
 'Tis very long since I have seen
 The ivy's death wreath, cold and green,
 Hung round the old and broken stone
 Raised by the hands now dead and gone!
 I do remember one lone spot,
 By most unnoticed or forgot—
 Would that I too recall'd it not!
 It was a little temple, gray
 With half its pillars worn away,

No roof left, but one cypress tree
 Flinging its branches mournfully:
 In ancient days this was a shrine
 For goddess or for nymph divine.
 And sometimes I have dream'd I heard
 A step soft as a lover's word,
 And caught a perfume on the air,
 And saw a shadow gliding fair,
 Dim, sad as if it came to sigh
 O'er thoughts, and things, and time pass'd by!
 On one side of the temple stood
 A deep and solitary wood,
 Where chestnuts rear'd their giant length,
 And mock'd the fallen columns strength;
 It was the lone wood-pigeon's home,
 And flocks of them would oftentimes come
 And, lighting on the temple, pour
 A cooing dirge to days no more!
 And by its side there was a lake
 With only snow-white swans to break,
 With ebon feet and silver wing,
 The quiet waters' glittering.
 And when sometimes, as eve closed in,
 I waked my lonely mandolin,
 The gentle birds came gliding near,
 As if they loved that song to hear.

'Tis past, 'tis past, my happiness
 Was all too pure and passionless!
 I waked from calm and pleasant dreams
 To watch the morning's earliest gleams,
 Wandering with light feet 'mid the dew,
 Till my cheek caught its rosy hug;
 And when uprose the bright-eyed moon,
 I sorrow'd day was done so soon;
 Save that I loved the sweet starlight,
 The soft, the happy sleep of night!

Time has changed since, and I have wept
 The day away; and when I slept,
 My sleeping eyes ceased not their tears;
 And jealousies, griefs, hopes, and fears,
 Even in slumber held their reign,
 And gnaw'd my heart, and rack'd my brain!
 O much,—most withering 'tis to feel
 The hours like guilty creatures steal,
 To wish the weary day was past,
 And yet to have no hope at last!
 All's in that curse, aught else above,
 That fell on me—betrayed love!

There was a stranger sought our land,
 A youth, who with a painter's hand
 Traced our sweet valleys and our vines,
 The moonlight on the ruin'd shrines,
 And now and then the brow of pearl
 And black eyes of the peasant girl:
 We met and loved—ah! even now
 My pulse throbs to recall that vow

Our first kiss seal'd, we stood beneath
 The cypress tree's funereal wreath,
 That temple's roof. But what thought I
 Of aught like evil augury!
 I only felt his burning sighs,
 I only look'd within his eyes,
 I saw no dooming star above,
 There is such happiness in love!
 I left, with him, my native shore,
 Not as a bride who passes o'er
 Her father's threshold with his blessing,
 With flowers strewn and friends carousing,
 Kind words, and purest hopes to cheer
 The bashfulness of maiden fear;
 But I—I fled as culprits fly,
 By night, watch'd only by one eye,
 Whose look was all the world to me,
 And it met mine so tenderly,
 I thought not of the days to come,
 I thought not of my own sweet home,
 Nor of mine aged father's sorrow,—
 Wild love takes no thought for to-morrow.
 I left my home, and I was left
 A stranger in his land, bereft
 Of even hope; there was not one
 Familiar face to look upon.—
 Their speech was strange. This penalty
 Was meet; but surely not from thee,
 False love!—'twas not for thee to break
 The heart but sullied for thy sake!—

I could have wish'd once more to see
 Thy green hills, loveliest ITALY!
 I could have wish'd yet to have hung
 Upon the music of thy tongue;
 I could have wish'd thy flowers to bloom—
 Thy cypress planted by the tomb!
 This wish is vain, thy grave must be
 Far distant from my own country!
 I must rest here.—O lay me then
 By the white church in yonder glen,
 Amid the darkening elms, it seems,
 Thus silver'd over by the beams
 Of the pale moon, a very shrine
 For wounded hearts—it shall be mine!
 There is one corner, green and lone,
 A dark yew over it has thrown
 Long, nightlike boughs; 'tis thickly set
 With primrose and with violet.
 Their bloom's now past; but in the spring
 They will be sweet and glistening.
 There is a bird, too, of your clime,
 That sings there in the winter time.
 My funeral hymn his song will be,
 Which there are none to chant, save he
 And let there be memorial none,
 No name upon the cold white stone:
 The only heart where I would be
 Remember'd, is now dead to me!

I would not even have him weep
 O'er his Italian love's last sleep.
 O, tears are a most worthless token
 When hearts they would have soothed are broken !

I N E Z.

Alas ! that clouds should ever steal
 O'er Love's delicious sky ;
 That ever Love's sweet lip should feel
 Aught but the gentlest sigh !

Love is a pearl of purest hue,
 But stormy waves are round it ;
 And dearly may a woman rue
 The hour that first she found it.

THE lips that breathed this song were fair
 As those the rose-touched Houries wear,
 And dimpled by a smile, whose spell
 Not even sighs could quite dispel ;
 And eyes of that dark azure light
 Seen only at the deep midnight ;
 A cheek, whose crimson hues seem'd caught
 From the first tint by April brought
 To the peach bud ; and clouds of curl
 Over a brow of blue-vein'd pearl,
 Falling like sunlight, just one shade
 Of chestnut on its golden braid.
 Is she not all too fair to weep ?
 Those young eyes should be closed in sleep,
 Dreaming those dreams the moonlight brings,
 When the dew falls and the nightingale sings
 Dreams of a word, of a look, of a sigh,
 Till the cheek burns and the heart beats high.
 But INEZ sits and weeps in her bower,
 Pale as the gleam on the white orange-flower,
 And counting the wearying moments o'er
 For his return, who returns no more !

There was a time—a time of bliss,—
 When to have met his INEZ' kiss,
 To but look in her deep-blue eye,
 To breathe the air sweet with her sigh,
 Young JUAN would have urged his steed
 With the lightning of a lover's speed,—
 Ere she should have shed one single tear,
 He had courted danger, and smiled at fear ;
 He had parted in high disdain,
 And sworn to dash from his heart the chain
 Of one who, he said, was too light to be
 Holy and pure in her constancy.
 Alas ! that woman, not content
 With her peculiar element
 Of gentle love, should ever try
 The meteor spells of vanity !

Her world should be of love alone,
 Of one fond heart, and only one.
 For heartless flattery, and sighs
 And looks false as the rainbow's dyes,
 Are very worthless. And that morn
 Had JUAN from his INEZ borne
 All woman's pettiness of scorn ;
 Had watch'd for her averted eye
 In vain,—had seen a rival nigh
 And smiled upon : he wildly swore
 To look on the false one no more,
 Who thus could trifle, thus could break
 A fond heart for the triumph's sake.—
 And yet she loved him,—O ! how well,
 Let woman's own fond spirit tell.
 When the warriors met in their high career,
 Went not her heart along with his spear ?
 The dance seem'd sad, and the festival dim,
 If her hand was unclaim'd by him ;
 Waked she her lute, if it breathed not his name ?
 Lay she in dreams, but some thought of him
 came !

No flowers, no smiles, were on life's dull tide,
 When JUAN was not by his INEZ' side.
 And yet they parted ! Still there clings
 An earth-stain to the fairest things ;
 And love, that most delicious gift
 Upon life's shrine of sorrow left,
 Has its own share of suffering :
 A shade falls from its radiant wing,
 A spot steals o'er its sunny brow,
 Fades the rose-lip's witching glow.
 'Tis well,—for earth were too like heaven,
 If length of life to love were given.
 He has left the land of the chestnut and lime
 For the cedar and rose of a southern clime,
 With a pilgrim's vow and a soldier's brand,
 To fight in the wars of the Holy Land.
 No colours are placed on his helm beside,
 No lady's scarf o'er his neck is tied,
 A dark plume alone does young JUAN wear :—
 Look where warriors are thickest, that plume will
 be there.

But what has fame to do with one
 Whose light and hope of fame are gone ?
 O, fame is as the moon above,
 Whose sun of light and life is love.
 There is more in the smile of one gentle eye
 Than the thousand pages of history ;
 There is more in the spell of one slight gaze,
 Than the loudest plaudits the crowd can raise.
 Take the gems in glory's coronal,
 And one smile of beauty is worth them all.

He was not lonely quite,—a shade,
 A dream, a fancy, round him play'd ;
 Sometimes low, at the twilight hour,
 He heard a voice like that whose power

Was on his heart : it sang a strain
 Of those whose love was fond, yet vain :
 Sweet like a dream,—yet none might say
 Whose was the voice, or whose the lay.
 And once, when worn with toil and care,
 All that the soldier has to bear,
 With none to soothe and none to bless
 His hour of sickly loneliness,
 When, waked to consciousness again,
 The fire gone from his heart and brain,
 He could remember some fair thing
 Around his pillow hovering ;
 Of white arms in whose clasp he slept ;
 Of young blue eyes that o'er him wept ;
 How, when on the parched lip and brow
 Burnt the red fever's hottest glow,
 Some one had brought dew of the spring,
 With woman's own kind solacing
 And he had heard a voice, whose thrill
 Was echo'd by his bosom still.
 It was not hers—it could but be
 A dream, the fever's fantasia. . . .

Deadly has been the fight to-day ;
 But now the infidels give way,
 And cimeter and turban'd band
 Scatter before the foeman's hand ;
 And in the rear, with sword and spur
 Follows the Christian conqueror.
 And one dark chief rides first of all—
 A warrior at his festival—
 Chasing his prey, till none are near
 To aid the single soldier's spear,
 Save one slight boy. Of those who flew,
 Three turn, the combat to renew :
 They fly, but death is on the field—
 That page's breast was JUAN's shield.
 He bore the boy where, in the shade
 Of the green palm, a fountain made
 Its pleasant music ; tenderly
 He laid his head upon his knee,
 And from the dented helm unroll'd
 The blood-stain'd curls of summer gold.
 Knew he not then those deep-blue eyes,
 That lip of rose, and smiles, and sighs ?
 His LIZZ !—his !—could this be her,—
 Thus for his sake a wanderer !—
 He spoke not, moved not, but sate there,
 A statue in his cold despair,
 Watching the lip and cheek decay,
 As faded life's last hue away,
 While she lay sweet and motionless,
 As only faint with happiness.
 At length she spoke, in that sweet tone
 Woman and love have for their own :
 "This is what I have pray'd might be—
 Has death not seal'd my truth to thee ?" . . .

A cypress springs by yonder grave,
 And music from the fountain wave
 Sings its low dirge to the pale rose
 That, near, in lonely beauty blows.
 Two lovers sleep beneath. O, sweet,
 Even in the grave, it is to meet ;
 Sweet even the death-couch of stone,
 When shared with some beloved one ;
 And sweeter than life the silent rest
 Of LIZZ on her JUAN's breast.

THE OAK.

. . . It is the last survivor of a race
 Strong in their forest-pride when I was young.
 I can remember when, for miles around,
 In place of those smooth meadows and corn-
 fields,
 There stood ten thousand tall and stately trees,
 Such as had braved the winds of March, the bolt
 Sent by the summer lightning, and the snow
 Heaping for weeks their boughs. Even in the
 depth
 Of hot July the glades were cool ; the grass,
 Yellow and parch'd elsewhere, grew long and
 fresh,
 Shading wild strawberries and violets,
 Or the lark's nest ; and overhead the dove
 Had her lone dwelling, paying for her home
 With melancholy songs ; and scarce a beech
 Was there without a honeysuckle link'd
 Around, with its red tendrils and pink flowers ;
 Or girdled by a brier rose, whose buds
 Yield fragrant harvest for the honey bee.
 There dwelt the last red deer, those ant-
 lopes . . .
 But this is as a dream,—the plough has pass'd
 Where the stag bounded, and the day has look'd
 On the green twilight of the forest trees.
 This oak has no companion ! . . .

THE VIOLET.

VIOLETS !—deep-blue violets !
 April's loveliest coronets !
 There are no flowers grow in the vale,
 Kiss'd by the dew, woo'd by the gale,—
 None by the dew of the twilight wet,
 So sweet as the deep-blue violet ;
 I do remember how sweet a breeze
 Came with the azure light of a wreath

That hung round the wild harp's golden chords,
Which rang to my dark-eyed lover's words.
I have seen that dear harp roll'd
With gems of the East and bands of gold;
But it never was sweeter than when set
With leaves of the deep-blue violet!
And when the grave shall open for me,—
I care not how soon that time may be,—
Never a rose shall grow on that tomb,
It breathes too much of hope and of bloom;
But there be that flower's meek regret,
The bending and deep-blue violet!

CHANGE.

And this is what is left of youth! . . .
There were two boys, who were bred-up together,
Shared the same bed, and fed at the same board;
Each tried the other's sport, from their first chase,
Young hunters of the butterfly and bee,
To when they follow'd the fleet hare, and tried
The swiftness of the bird. They lay beside
The silver trout stream, watching as the sun
Play'd on the bubbles: shared each in the store
Of either's garden: and together read
Of him, the master of the desert isle,
Till a low hut, a gun, and a canoe,
Bounded their wishes. Or if ever came
A thought of future days, 'twas but to say
That they would share each other's lot, and do
Wonders, no doubt. But this was vain: they
parted
With promises of long remembrance, words
Whose kindness was the heart's, and those warm
tears,
Hidden like shame by the young eyes which shed
them,
But which are thought upon in after years
As what we would give worlds to shed once more.

They met again,—but different from themselves,
At least what each remember'd of themselves:
The one proud as a soldier of his rank,
And of his many battles: and the other
Proud of his Indian wealth, and of the skill
And toil which gather'd it; each with a brow
And heart alike darken'd by years and care.
They met with cold words, and yet colder looks:
Each was changed in himself, and yet each
thought

The other only changed, himself the same.
And coldness bred dislike, and rivalry
Came like the pestilence o'er some sweet thoughts
That linger'd yet, healthy and beautiful,

Amid dark and unkindly ones. And they,
Whose boyhood had not known one jarring word.
Were strangers in their age: if their eyes met,
'Twas but to look contempt, and when they spoke,
Their speech was wormwood!
. . . . And this, this is life!

THE GRAY CROSS.

A GRAY cross stands beneath yon old beech
tree;
It marks a soldier's and a maiden's grave:
Around it is a grove of orange trees,
With silver blossoms and with golden fruit.
It was a Spaniard, whom he saved from death,
Raised that cross o'er the gallant Englishman.

He left home a young soldier, full of hope
And enterprise!—he fell in his first field!
There came a lovely pilgrim to his tomb,
The blue-eyed girl, his own betroth'd bride,—
Pale, delicate,—one looking as the gale
That bow'd the rose could sweep her from the
earth.
Yet she had left her home, where every look
Had been watch'd, O, so tenderly!—and miles,
Long weary miles, had wander'd. When she
came
To the dim shadow of the aged beech,
She was worn to a shadow; colourless
The cheek once dyed by her own mountain rose.
She reach'd the grave and died upon the sod!
They laid her by her lover:—and her tale
Is often on the songs that the guitar
Echoes in the lime valleys of Castile!

CRESCENTIUS.

LOOK'd upon his brow,—no sign
Of guilt or fear was there;
He stood as proud by that death-shrine
As even o'er Despair
He had a power; in his eye
There was a quenchless energy,
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that Death could take.
And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,—
He raised them haughtily;
And had that grasp been on the brand,
It could not wave on high

With freer pride than it waved now.
 Around he look'd with changeless brow
 On many a torture nigh :
 The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
 And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before ; he rode
 Upon a coal-black steed,
 And tens of thousands throng'd the road
 And bade their warrior speed.
 His helm, his breastplate, were of gold,
 And graved with many a dent that told
 Of many a soldier's deed ;
 The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
 And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood chain'd and alone,
 The headsman by his side,
 The plume, the helm, the charger, gone
 The sword which had defied
 The mightiest, lay broken near ;
 And yet no sign or sound of fear
 Came from that lip of pride ;
 And never king or conqueror's brow
 Wore higher look than his did now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
 With an uncover'd eye ;
 A wild shout from the numbers broke
 Who throng'd to see him die.
 It was a people's loud acclaim,
 The voice of anger and of shame,
 A nation's funeral cry,
 Rome's wail above her only son,
 Her patriot and her latest one.

ON A STAR.

BEAUTIFUL star that art wandering through
 The midnight ocean's waves of blue !
 I have watch'd since thy first pale ray
 Rose on the farewell of summer's day,—
 From thy first sweet shrine on the twilight hour,
 To thy present blaze of beauty and power !
 Would I could read my destiny,
 Lovely and glorious star, in thee !
 Yet why should I wish ?—I know too well
 Why thy tablet of light would tell !
 What, O ! what could I read there,
 But the depths of Love's despair,—
 Blighted feelings, like leaves that fall
 The first from April's coronal,—
 Hopes like meteors that shine and depart—
 An early grave, and a broken heart !

SONG.

Farewell !—and never think of me
 In lighted hall or lady's bower !
 Farewell !—and never think of me
 In spring sunshine or summer hour !—
 But when you see a lonely grave,
 Just where a broken heart might be,
 With not one mourner by its sod,
 Then—and then only—THINK OF ME !

HOME.

I LEFT my home ;—'twas in a little vale
 Shelter'd from snow-storms by the stately pines,
 A small clear river wander'd quietly,
 Its smooth waves only cut by the light banks
 Of fishers, and but darken'd by the shade
 The willows flung, when to the southern wind
 They threw their long green tresses. On the
 slope
 Were five or six white cottages, whose roofs
 Reach'd not to the laburnum's height, whose
 boughs
 Shook over them bright showers of golden bloom.
 Sweet silence reign'd around :—no other sound
 Came on the air, than when the shepherd made
 The reed-pipe rudely musical, or notes
 From the wild birds, or children in their play
 Sending forth shouts of laughter. Strangers
 come
 Rarely, or never near the lonely place. . . .
 I went into far countries. Years past by,
 But still that vale in silent beauty dwelt
 Within my memory. Home I came at last.
 I stood upon a mountain height, and look'd
 Into the vale below ; and smoke arose,
 And heavy sounds ; and through the thick dim air
 Shot blacken'd tarrets, and brick walls, and roofs
 Of the red tile. I enter'd in the streets :
 There were ten thousand hurrying to and fro ;
 And masted vessels stood upon the river,
 And barges sullied the once dew-clear stream.
 Where were the willows, where the cottages ?
 I sought my home ; I sought, and found a city,
 Alas ! for the green valley !

THE EMERALD RING.

A SUPERSTITION.

It is a gem which hath the power to show
 If plighted lovers keep their faith or no :

If faithful, it is like the leaves of spring;
 If faithless, like those leaves when withering.
 Take back again your emerald gem,
 There is no colour in the stone;
 It might have graced a diadem,
 But now its hue and light are gone!
 Take back your gift, and give me mine—
 The kiss that seal'd our last love-vow;
 Ah, other lips have been on thine,—
 My kiss is lost and sullied now!
 The gem is pale, the kiss forgot,
 And, more than either, you are changed;
 But *my* true love has alter'd not,
 My heart is broken—not estranged!

LOVE.

SHE prest her slight hand to her brow, or pain
 Or bitter thoughts were passing there. The room
 Had no light but that from the fireside,
 Which show'd, then hid her face. How very
 pale
 It look'd, when over it the glimmer shone!
 Is not the rose companion of the spring?
 Then wherefore has the red-leaved flower for-
 gotten
 Her cheek? The tears stood in her large dark
 eyes—
 Her beautiful dark eyes—like hyacinth stars,
 When shines their shadowy glory through the
 dew
 That summer nights have wept;—she felt them
 not,
 Her heart was far away! Her fragile form,
 Like the young willow when for the first time
 The wind sweeps o'er it rudely, had not lost
 Its own peculiar grace; but it was bow'd
 By sickness, or by worse than sickness—sorrow!
 And this is Love!—O! why should woman love;
 Wasting her dearest feelings, till health, hope,
 Happiness, are but things of which henceforth
 She'll only know the name? Her heart is sear'd:
 A sweet light has been thrown upon its life,
 To make its darkness the more terrible.
 And this is Love!

LOVE, HOPE, AND BEAUTY.

Love may be increased by fears,
 May be fann'd with sighs,
 Nurst by fancies, fed by doubts;
 But without Hope it dies!

(7)

As in the far Indian isles
 Dies the young cocoa tree,
 Unless within the pleasant shade
 Of the parent plant it be:
 So Love may spring up at first
 Lighted at Beauty's eyes;—
 But Beauty is not all its life,
 For without Hope it dies.

THE CRUSADER.

HE is come from the land of the sword and shrine,
 From the sainted battles of Palestine;
 The snow plumes wave o'er his victor crest,
 Like a glory the red cross hangs at his breast;
 His courser is black as black can be,
 Save the brow star white as the foam of the sea,
 And he wears a scarf of broidery rare,
 The last love-gift of his lady fair:
 It bore for device a cross and a dove,
 And the words, "I am vow'd to my God and my
 love!"
 He comes not back the same that he went,
 For his sword has been tried, and his strength has
 been spent;
 His golden hair has a deeper brown,
 And his brow has caught a darker frown,
 And its lip hath lost its boyish red,
 And the shade of the south o'er his cheek is
 spread;
 But stately his step, and his bearing high,
 And wild the light of his fiery eye;
 And proud in the lists were the maiden bright
 Who might claim the Knight of the Cross for her
 knight.
 But he rides for the home he has pined to see
 In the court, in the camp, in captivity.

He reach'd the castle,—the gate was thrown
 Open and wide, but he stood there alone;
 He enter'd the door,—his own step was all
 That echo'd within the deserted hall;
 He stood on the roof of the ancient tower,
 And for banner there waved one pale wall-flower;
 And for sound of the trumpet and sound of the
 horn,
 Came the scream of the owl on the night-wind
 borne;
 And the turrets were falling, the vassals were
 down,
 And the bat ruled the halls he had thought his
 own.
 His heart throb'd high: O, never again
 Might he soothe with sweet thoughts his spirit's
 pain;

He never might think on his boyish years
Till his eyes grew dim with those sweet warm
tears

Which Hope and Memory shed when they meet.
The grave of his kindred was at his feet :
He stood alone, the last of his race,
With the cold, wide world for his dwelling-place.
The home of his fathers gone to decay,—
All but their memory was pass'd away ;
No one to welcome, no one to share,
The laurel he no more was proud to wear :
He came in the pride of his war success
But to weep over every desolateness.
They pointed him to a barren plain
Where his father, his brothers, his kinsmen were
slain ;

They show'd him the lowly grave, where slept
The maiden whose scarf he so truly had kept ;
But they could not show him one living thing
To which his wither'd heart could cling. . . .

Amid the warriors of Palestine
Is one, the first in the battle-line ;
It is not for glory he seeks the field,
For a blasted tree is upon his shield,
And the motto he bears is, " I fight for a grave :"
He found it—that warrior has died with the brave !

THE WARRIOR.

A SKETCH.

THE warrior went forth in the morning light,—
Waved like a meteor his plume of white,
Scarce might his gauntleted hand restrain
The steed that snorted beneath the rein :
Yet curb'd he its pride, for upon him there
Gazed the dark eye of his ladye fair.
She stood on the tower to watch him ride,—
The maiden whose hand on his bosom had tied
The scarf she had work'd ;—she saw him depart
With a tearless eye, though a beating heart ;
But when the knight of her love was gone,
She went to her bower to weep alone.
The warrior past,—but first he took
At the castle-wall one parting look,
And thought of the evening when he should bring
His lady his battle offering ;
Then like a thought he dash'd o'er the plain,
And with banner and brand came his vassal train,
It was a thrilling sound to hear
The bugle's welcome of warlike cheer ;
It was a thrilling sight to see
The ranks of that gallant company :

Many were there stately and tall,
But EDITH's knight was the first of all.—
The day is past, and the moonbeams weep
O'er the many that rest in their last cold sleep ;
Near to the gash'd and nerveless hand
Is the pointless spear and the broken brand ;
The archer lies like an arrow spent,
His shafts all loose and his bow unbent ;
Many a white plume torn and red,
Bright curls rent from the graceful head,
Helmet and breastplate scatter'd around,
Lie a fearful show on the well-fought ground ;
While the crow and the raven flock over head
To feed on the hearts of the helpless dead,
Save when scared by the glaring eye
Of some wretch in his last death agony.

Lighted up is that castle-wall,
And twenty harpers wait in the hall ;
On the board is mantling the purple wine,
And wreaths of white flowers the maidens twine ;
For distant and faint is heard the swell
Of bugles and voices from yonder dell,—
The victors are coming : and by the tower
Had EDITH watch'd for the midnight hour.

O, that lone sickness of the heart,
Which bids the weary moments depart,
Yet dreads their departing ; the cross she held fast,
And kiss'd off the tears—they are come at last !
But has not the bugle a pining wail,
As the notes of its sadness come on the gale ;
Why comes there no shout of the victor's pride,
As red from the battle they homewards ride ?
Yet high o'er their ranks is their white banner
borne,
While beneath droops the foeman's, blood-stain'd
and torn.

Said not that young warrior thus it should be,
When he talk'd to his EDITH of victory ?
Yet, maiden, weep o'er thy loneliness.
Is not yon dark horse riderless ?
She flew to the gate,—she stood there alone,—
Where was he who to meet her had flown ?
The dirge grew plain as the troop came near,—
They bear the young chieftain cold on his bier !

APOLOGUE :

THE THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY A SPANISH SAYING
" AIR—FIRE—WATER—SHAME."

WATER.

SEEK for me in the Arab maid's bower
Where the fountain plays over the jasmine flower

Seek for me in the light cascade
The minstrel lists in the greenwood shade ;
Seek me at morn 'mid the violet's dyes :
Seek me where rainbows paint April skies :
In the blue rush of rivers, the depths of the sea,
If we should sever, there seek for me.

FIRE.

Seek for me where the war-shots meet,
Where the soldier's cloak is his windingsheet ;
Seek for me where the lava wave
Bursts from Etna's secret cave ;
Seek for me where Christmas mirth
Brightens the circle of love round your hearth ;
Where meteor-flames glance, where the stars are
bright ;
Where the beacon flashes at the dead midnight ;

Where the lightning scathes the tall oak tree,
If we should sever, there seek for me.

AIR.

Seek for me where the Spanish maid
Hearkens at eve to the serenade :
Seek for me where the clouds are dark,
Where the billows foam round the sinking bark ;
Where the aspen-leaf floats on the summer's
gale,
Where the rose bends low at the nightingale's
tale :
Where the windharp wakens in melody,
If we should sever, there seek for me.

SHAME.

Seek not me, if we should sever :
Parted once, we part forever.

BALLADS.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

THERE'S a white stone placed upon yonder tomb,
Beneath is a soldier lying :
The death wound came amid sword and plume,
When banner and ball were flying.

Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast,
By wet wild flowers surrounded ;
The church shadow falls o'er his place of rest,
Where the steps of his childhood bounded.

There were tears that fell from manly eyes,
There was woman's gentler weeping,
And the wailing of age and infant cries,
O'er the grave where he lies sleeping.

He had left his home in his spirit's pride,
With his father's sword and blessing ;
He stood with the valiant side by side,
His country's wrongs redressing.

He came again in the light of his fame,
When the red campaign was over :
One heart that in secret had kept his name,
Was claim'd by the soldier lover.

But the cloud of strife came upon the sky ;
He left his sweet home for battle :
And his young child's lip for the loud war-cry,
And the cannon's long death-rattle.

He came again,—but an alter'd man :
The path of the grave was before him,
And the smile that he wore was cold and wan,
For the shadow of death hung o'er him.

He spoke of victory,—spoke of cheer :—
These are words that are vainly spoken
To the childless mother or orphan's ear,
Or the widow whose heart is broken.

A helmet and sword are engraved on the stone,
Half hidden by yonder willow ;
There he sleeps, whose death in battle was won,
But who died on his own home-pillow !

SONG OF THE HUNTER'S BRIDE.

ANOTHER day—another day
And yet he comes not nigh ;
I look amid the dim blue hills,
Yet nothing meets mine eye.

I hear the rush of mountain streams
Upon the echoes borne ;
I hear the singing of the birds,
But not my hunter's horn.

The eagle sails in darkness past,
The watchful thamois bounds ;
But what I look for comes not near,—
My ULBRE's hawk and hounds.

Three times I thus have watch'd the snow
 Grow crimson with the stain,
 'The setting sun threw o'er the rock,
 And I have watch'd in vain.

I love to see the graceful bow
 Across his shoulder slung,—
 I love to see the golden horn
 Beside his baldric hung.

I love his dark hounds, and I love
 His falcon's sweeping flight;
 I love to see his manly cheek
 With mountain colours bright.

I've waited patiently, but now
 Would that the chase were o'er:
 Well may he love the hunter's toil,
 But he should love me more.

Why stays he thus?—he would be here
 If his love equall'd mine;—
 Methinks had I one fond caged dove,
 I would not let it pine.

But, hark! what are those ringing steps
 That up the valley come?
 I see his hounds,—I see himself,—
 My UZAR, welcome home!

WHEN SHOULD LOVERS BREATHE THEIR VOWS?

When should lovers breathe their vows?
 When should ladies hear them?
 When the dew is on the boughs,
 When none else are near them;
 When the moon shines cold and pale,
 When the birds are sleeping,
 When no voice is on the gale,
 When the rose is weeping;
 When the stars are bright on high,
 Like hopes in young Love's dreaming,
 And glancing round the light clouds fly,
 Like soft fears to shade their beaming.
 The fairest smiles are those that live
 On the brow by starlight wreathing;
 And the lips their richest incense give
 When the sigh is at midnight breathing
 O, softest is the cheek's love-ray
 When seen by moonlight hours,
 Other roses seek the day,
 But blushes are night flowers.
 O, when the moon and stars are bright,
 When the dew-drops glisten,
 Then their vows should lovers plight,
 Then should ladies listen!

THE TROUBADOUR;

CATALOGUE OF PICTURES AND HISTORICAL SKETCHES

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE poem of *The TROUBADOUR* is founded upon an ancient custom of Provence, according to which a festival was held, and the minstrel who bore away the prize from his competitors was rewarded, by the lady chosen to preside, with a *Golden Violet*. It is hardly necessary to say, that this makes only the conclusion of the tale,—all the earlier parts being given to chivalrous adventure, and to description characteristic of the age.

L. E. L.

THE TROUBADOUR.

CANTO I.

CALL to mind your loveliest dream,—
When your sleep is lull'd by a mountain stream,
When your pillow is made of the violet,
And over your head the branches are met
Of a lime tree cover'd with bloom and bees,
When the roses' breath is on the breeze,
When odours and light on your eyelids press
With summer's delicious idleness;
And upon you some shadowy likeness may glance
Of the fairy banks of the bright Durance;
Just where at first its current flows
'Mid willows and its own white rose,—
Its clear and early tide, or ere
A shade, save trees, its waters bear.

The sun, like an Indian king, has left
To that fair river a royal gift
Of gold and purple; no longer shines
His broad red disk o'er that forest of pines
Sweeping beneath the burning sky
Like a death-black ocean, whose billows lie
Dreaming dark dreams of storm in their sleep
While the wings of the tempest shall over them
sweep.

—And with its towers cleaving the red
Of the sunset clouds, and its shadow spread
Like a cloak before it, darkening the ranks
Of the light young trees on the river's banks,
And ending there, as the water shone
Too bright for shadows to rest upon,
A castle stands; whose windows gleam
Like the golden flash of a noonlit stream
Seen through the lily and water-flags' screen:
Just so shine those panes through the ivy green,
A curtain to shut out sun and air,
Which the work of years has woven there.
—But not in the lighted pomp of the west
Looks the evening its loveliest;

Enter yon turret, and round you gaze
On what the twilight east displays:
One star, pure, clear, as if it shed
The dew on each young flower's head;
And, like a beauty of southern clime,
Her veil thrown back for the first time,
Pale, timid as she fear'd to own
Her claim upon the midnight throne,

Shows the fair moon her crescent sign.

—Beneath, in many a serpentine,
The river wanders; chestnut trees
Spread their old boughs o'er cottages
Where the low roofs and porticoes
Are cover'd with the Provence rose.
And there are vineyards: none might view
The fruit o'er which the foliage weaves
And olive groves, pale as the dew
Crusted its silver o'er the leaves.
And there the castle garden lay
With tints in beautiful array:
Its dark green walks, its fountains falling,
Its tame birds to each other calling;
The peacock with its orient rings,
The silver pheasant's gleaming wings;
And on the breeze rich odours sent
Sweet messages, as if they meant
To rouse each sleeping sense to all
The loveliness of evening's fall.—
That lonely turret, is it not
A minstrel's own peculiar spot?
Thus with the light of shadowy gray
To dream the pleasant hours away.

Slight columns were around the hall
With wreath'd and fluted pedestal
Of green Italian marble made,
In likeness of the palm trees' shade
And o'er the ceiling starry showers
Mingled with many-colour'd flowers,
With crimson roses o'er her weeping,
There lay that royal maiden sleeping—
DANAE, she whom gold could move—
How could it move her heart to love?
Between the pillars the rich fold
Of tapestry fell, inwrought with gold,
And many-colour'd silks which gave,
Strange legends of the fair and brave.
And there the terrace cover'd o'er
With summer's fair and scented store;
As grateful for the gentle care
That had such pride to keep it fair.

And, gazing, as if heart and eye
Were mingled with that lovely sky,
There stood a youth, slight as not yet
With manhood's strength and firmness set.

But on his cold, pale cheek were caught
The traces of some deeper thought,
A something seen of pride and gloom,
Not like youth's hour of light and bloom :
A brow of pride, a lip of scorn,—

Yet beautiful in scorn and pride—
A conscious pride, as if he own'd
Gems hidden from the world beside ;
And scorn, as he cared not to learn
Should others prize those gems or spurn.
He was the last of a proud race

Who left him but his sword and name,
And boyhood past in restless dreams
Of future deeds and future fame.
But there were other dearer dreams
Than the lightning flash of these war gleams
That fill'd the depths of RAYMOND'S heart ;
For his was now the loveliest part
Of the young poet's life, when first,
In solitude and silence nurst,
His genius rises like a spring
Unnoticed in its wandering ;
Ere winter cloud or summer ray
Have chill'd, or wasted it away,
When thoughts with their own beauty fill'd

Shed their own richness over all,
As waters from sweet woods distill'd
Breathe perfume out where'er they fall.
I know not whether love can fling
A deeper witchery from his wing
Than falls sweet power of song from thine.
Yet, ah ! the wreath that binds thy shrine,
Though seemingly all bloom and light,
Hides thorn and canker, worm and blight.
Planet of wayward destinies
Thy victims are thy votaries !
Alas ! for him whose youthful fire
Is vow'd and wasted on the lyre,—
Alas ! for him who shall essay,
The laurel's long and dreary way !
Mocking will greet, neglect will chill
His spirit's gush, his bosom's thrill ;
And, worst of all, that heartless praise
Echo'd from what another says.

He dreams a dream of life and light,
And grasps the rainbow that appears
Afar all beautiful and bright,
And finds it only form'd of tears.
Ay, let him reach the goal, let fame
Pour glory's sunlight on his name,
Let his songs be on every tongue,
And wealth and honours round him flung :
Then let him show his secret thought,
Will it not own them dearly bought ?
See him in weariness fling down
The golden harp, the violet crown,
And sigh for all the toil, the care,
The wrong that he has had to bear ;

Then wish the treasures of his lute
Had been, like his own feelings, mute,
And curse the hour when that he gave
To sight that wealth, his lord and slave.

But RAYMOND was in the first stage
Of life's enchanted pilgrimage :
'Tis not for spring to think on all
The sear and waste of autumn's fall :—
Enough for him to watch beside
The bursting of the mountain tide,
To wander through the twilight shade
By the dark, arching pine-boughs made,
And at the evening's starlit hour
To seek for some less shadowy bower,
Where dewy leaf, and flower pale
Made the home of the nightingale.
Or he would seek the turret hall,
And there, unheard, unseen of all,
When even the night winds were mute,
His rich tones answer'd to the lute ;
And in his pleasant solitude
He would forget his wayward mood,
And pour his spirit forth when none
Broke on his solitude, save one.

There is a light step passing by
Like the distant sound of music's sigh ;
It is that fair and gentle child,
Whose sweetness has so oft beguiled,
Like sunlight on a stormy day,
His almost sullenness away.

They said she was not of mortal birth,
And her face was fairer than face of earth :
What is the thing to liken it to ?
A lily just dipp'd in the summer dew—
Parian marble—snow's first fall !—
Her brow was fairer than each and all.
And so delicate was each vein's soft blue,
'Twas not like blood that wander'd through.
Rarely upon that cheek was shed,
By health or by youth, one tinge of red ;
And never closest look could descry,
In shine, or in shade, the hue of her eye
But as it were made of light, it changed,
With every sunbeam that over it ranged ;
And that eye could look through the long dark lash,
With the moon's dewy smile, or the lightning's
flash.

Her silken tresses, so bright and so fair,
Stream'd like a banner of light on the air,
And seldom its sunny wealth around
Was chaplet of flowers or riband bound ;
But amid the gold of its thousand curls
Was twisted a braid of snow-white pearls,—
They said 'twas a charmed spell ; that before,
This braid her nameless mother wore ;

And many were the stories wild
Whisper'd of the neglected child.

LORD AMIRALD, (thus the tale was told,) —
The former lord of the castle hold,—
LORD AMIRALD had follow'd the chase,
Till he was first and last in the race;
The blood-dyed sweat hung on his steed,
Each breath was a gasp, yet he stay'd not his speed.

Twice the dust and foam had been wash'd
By the mountain torrent that over them dash'd;
But still the stag was held on his way,
Till a forest of pine trees before them lay,
And bounding and crashing boughs declare
The stag and the hunter have enter'd there.
On, on they went, till a greenwood screen
Lay AMIRALD and his prey between:
He has heard the creature sink on the ground,
And the branches give way at his courser's bound.

The spent stag on the grass is laid;
But over him is leant a maid,
Her arms and fair hair glistening
With the bright waters of the spring;
And AMIRALD paused, and gazed, as seeing
Were grown the sole sense of his being.

At first she heard him not, but bent
Upon her pitying task intent;
The summer clouds of hair that hung
Over her brow were backwards flung,
She saw him! Her first words were prayer
Her gasping favourite's life to spare;
But her next tones were soft and low,
And on her cheek a mantling glow
Play'd like a rainbow; and the eye
That raised in pleasing energy,
Shed, starlike, its deep beauty round,
Seem'd now as if to earth spell-bound.—
They parted: but each one that night
Thought on the meeting at twilight.

It matters not, how, day by day,
Love made his sure but secret way.
O, where is there the heart but knows
Love's first steps are upon the rose!
And here were all which still should be
Nurses to Love's sweet infancy,—
Hope, mystery, absence—then each thought
A something holy with it brought.
Their sighs were breathed, their vows were given
Before the face of the high Heaven,
Link'd not with courtly vanities,
But birds and blossoms, leaves and trees:—
Love was not made for palace pride,
For halls and domes—they met beside
A marble fountain, overgrown
With moss, that made it nature's own,

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Though through the green shone veins of spaw,
Like the small Fairy's paved ways,
As if a relic left to show

The luxury of departed days,
And show its nothingness. The wave
That princely brows was wont to lave
Was left now for the wild bird's bill,
And the red deer to drink their fill.
Yet still it was as fair a spot
As in its once more splendid lot:
Around, the dark sweep of the pine
Guarded it like a wood-nymph's shrine,
And the gold-spotted moss was set
With crowds of the white violet.
One only oak grew by the spring,
The forest's patriarch and king;
A nightingale had built her nest
In the green shadow of its rest;
And in its hollow trunk the bees
Dwelt in their honey palaces;
And underneath its shelter stood,
Leant like a beauty o'er the flood
Watching each tender bud unclose,
A beautiful white Provence rose;—
Yet wan and pale as that it knew
What changing skies and sun could do;
As that it knew, and, knowing, sigh'd;
The vanity of summer pride;
As watching could put off the hour
When falls the leaf and fades the flower.
Alas! that every lovely thing
Lives only but for withering,—
That spring rainbows and summer shine
End but in autumn's pale decline.

And here the lovers met, what hour
The bee departed from the flower,
And droop'd the bud at being left,
Or as ashamed of each sweet theft,
What hour the soft wind bore along
The nightingale's moonlighted song.

And AMIRALD heard her father's name,
He whose it was, was link'd with fame:
Though driven from his heritage,
A hunted exile in his age,
For that he would not bend the knee,
And draw the sword at Rome's decree.

She led him to the lonely cot,
And almost AMIRALD wish'd his lot
Had been cast in that humbler life,
Over whose peace the hour of strife
Passes but like the storm at sea
That wakes not earth's tranquillity.

In secret were they wad, not then
Had AMIRALD power to fling again

The banner of defiance wide
To priestly pomp and priestly pride ;
But day by day more strong his hand,
And more his friends, and soon the brand
That in its wrongs and silence slept
Had from its blood-stain'd scabbard leapt.
But here are told such varying tales
That none may know where truth prevails ;
For there were hints of murder done,
And deeds of blood that well might shun
All knowledge ; but the wildest one
Was most believed : 'twas whisper'd round
Lord AMIRALD in hunting found
An evil spirit, but array'd
In semblance of a human maid ;
That 'twas some holy word whose force
Broke off their sinful intercourse.
But this is sure, one evening late
Lord AMIRALD reach'd his castle gate,
And blood was on his spurs of gold,
And blood was on his mantle's fold,—
He flung it back, and on his arm
A fair young child lay pillow'd warm ?
It stretch'd its little hands and smiled,
And AMIRALD said it was his child,
And bade the train their aid afford
Suiting the daughter of their lord.
Then sought his brother, but alone
Yet there were some who heard a tone
Of stifled agony, a prayer
His child should meet a father's care ;
And as he past the hall again
He call'd around his vassal train,
And bade them own his brother's sway,
Then past himself like a dream away,—
And from that hour none heard his name,
No tale, no tidings of him came,
Save a vague murmur, that he fell
In fighting with the Infidel.

But his fair child grew like a flower
Springing in March's earlier hour,
'Mid storm and chill, yet loveliest—
Though somewhat paler than the rest.

Perhaps it was her orphan'd state,
So young, so fair, so desolate,—
Somewhat of likeness in their fate
Made RAYMOND's heart for her confess
Its hidden depths of tenderness.
Neglected both ; and those that pine
In love's despair and hope's decline,
Can love the most when some sweet spell
Breaks the seal on affection's well,
And bids its waters flow like light
Returning to the darken'd sight.
And while his fallen fortunes taught
RAYMOND's proud solitude of thought,

His spirit's cold, stern haughtiness
In her was gentle mournfulness.
The cold north wind which bows to earth
The lightness of the willow's birth
Bends not the mountain cedar trees ;
Folding their branches from the breeze,
They stand as if they could defy
The utmost rage of storm and sky.
And she, she would have thought it sin
To harbour one sweet thought within,
In whose delight he had no part,—
He was the world of her young heart.
A childish fondness, yet revealing
Somewhat of woman's deeper feeling,—
Else wherefore is that crimson blush,
As her cheek felt her bosom's rush
Upon her face, while pausing now
Her eyes are raised to RAYMOND's brow,
Who lute-waked to a ballad old,
A legend of the fair and bold.

BALLAD.

He raised the golden cup from the board,
It sparkled with purple wealth,
He kiss'd the brim her lip had prest,
And drank to his ladye's health.

Ladye, to-night I pledge thy name,
To-morrow thou shalt pledge mine ;
Ever the smile of beauty should light
The victor's blood-red wine.

There are some flowers of brightest bloom
Amid thy beautiful hair,
Give me those roses, they shall be
The favour I will wear.

For ere their colour is wholly gone,
Or the breath of their sweetness fled,
They shall be placed in thy curls again,
But dyed of a deeper red.

The warrior rode forth in the morning light,
And beside his snow-white plume
Were the roses wet with the sparkling dew,
Like pearls on their crimson bloom.

The maiden stood on her highest tower,
And watch'd her knight depart ;
She dash'd the tear aside, but her hand
Might not still her beating heart.

All day she watch'd the distant clouds
Float on the distant air,
A crucifix upon her neck,
And on her lips a prayer.

The sun went down, and twilight came
 With her banner of pearlyn gray,
 And then afar she saw a band
 Wind down the vale their way.

They came like victors, for high o'er their ranks
 Were their crimson colours borne;
 And a stranger penon droop'd beneath,
 But that was bow'd and torn:

But she saw no white steed first in the ranks,
 No rider that spurr'd before;
 But the evening shadows were closing fast,
 And she could see no more.

She turn'd from her watch on the lonely tower
 In haste to reach the hall,
 And as she sprang down the winding stair
 She heard the drawbridge fall.

A hundred harps their welcome rung,
 Then paused as if in fear;
 The lady enter'd the hall, and saw
 Her true knight stretch'd on his bier!

THE song ceased, yet not with its tone
 Is the minstrel's vision wholly flown;
 But there he stood as if he had sent
 His spirit to rove on the element.
 But EVA broke on his trance, and the while
 Play'd o'er her lip a sigh and a smile:—
 "Now turn thee from that evening sky,
 And the dreaming thoughts that are passing by,
 And give me those buds thou hast pluck'd away
 The leaves of the rose round which they lay;
 Yet still the boon thrice fair will be,
 And give them for my tidings to me.
 A herald waits in the court to claim
 Aid in the Lady of CLARIN's name;
 And well you know the fair CLOTILDE
 Will have her utmost prayer fulfill'd.
 Go to the hall at once, and ask
 That thine may be the glorious task
 To spread the banner to the day
 And lead the vassals to the fray."—

He rush'd to the crowded hall, and there
 He heard the herald's words declare
 The inroad on her lands, the wrong
 The lonely Countess suffer'd long
 And now SIR HERBERT's arm'd array
 Before her very castle lay;
 But surely there was many a knight
 Whose sword would strike for lady's right;
 And surely many a lover's hand
 In such a cause would draw the brand.

And rush'd the blood, and flash'd the light
 To RAYMOND's cheek, from RAYMOND's eye,
 When he stood forth and claim'd the fight,
 And spoke of death and victory.
 Those words that thrill the heart when first
 Forth the young warrior's soul has burst.
 And smiled the castle lord to see
 His ward's impetuous energy.

"Well! get thy sword, the dawning day
 Shall see thee lead thy best array;
 Suits its young warrior well to fight
 For lady's cause and lady's right?
 'Tis just a field for knight to win
 His maiden spurs and honours in."

And RAYMOND felt as if a gush
 Of thousand waters in one rush
 Were on his heart, as if the dreams
 Of what, alas! life only seems,
 Wild thoughts and noontide reveries,
 Were turn'd into realities.
 Impatient, restless, first his steed
 Was hurried to its utmost speed:
 And next his falchion's edge was tried,
 Then waved the helmet's plume of pride,
 Then wandering through the courts and hall,
 He paused in none yet pass'd through all.

But there was one whose gentle heart
 Could ill take its accustom'd part
 In RAYMOND's feelings, one who deem'd
 That almost unkind RAYMOND seem'd:—
 If thus the very name of war,
 Could fill so utterly each thought,
 How durst she hope, that when afar
 EVA would be to memory brought.
 O, she had yet the task to learn
 How often woman's heart must turn
 To feed upon its own excess
 Of deep yet passionate tenderness!
 How much of grief the heart must prove
 That yields a sanctuary to love!

And ever since the crimson day
 Had faded into twilight gray,
 She had been in the gallery, where
 Hung pictured, knight and lady fair,
 Where haughty brow and lovely face,
 Show'd youth and maiden of her race

With both it was a favourite spot,
 And names and histories which have not
 A record save in the dim light
 Tradition throws on memory's night
 To them were treasures; they could tell
 What from the first crusade befell.

There could not be a solitude
 More fitted for a pensive mood
 Than this old gallery,—the light
 Of the full moon came coldly bright—
 A silvery stream, save where a stain
 Fell from the pictured window pane,—
 A ruby flush, a purple dye.
 Like the last sun-streak on the sky,
 And lighted lip, and cheek of bloom
 Almost in mockery of the tomb.
 How sad, how strange to think the shade,
 The copy faint of beauty made,
 Should be the only wreck that death
 Shall leave of so much bloom and breath.
 The cheek, long since the earth-worm's prey,
 Beside the lovely of to-day
 Here smiles as bright, as fresh, as fair,
 As if of the same hour it were.

There pass'd a step along the hall,
 And EVA started as if all
 Her treasures, secret until now,
 Burnt in the blush upon her brow.
 There was a something in their meeting,
 A conscious trembling in her greeting,
 As coldness from his eye might hide
 The struggle of her love and pride;
 Then fears of all too much revealing
 Vanish'd with a reproachful feeling.

What, coldness! when another day
 And RAYMOND would be far away,
 When that to-morrow's rising sun
 Might be the last he look'd upon!

"Come, EVA, dear! by the moonlight
 We'll visit all our haunts to night.
 I could not lay me down to rest,
 For, like the feathers in my crest,
 My thoughts are waving to and fro.
 Come, EVA, dear! I could not go
 Without a pilgrimage to all
 Of garden, nook, and waterfall,—
 Where, amid birds, and leaves, and flowers,
 And gales that cool'd the sunny hours,
 With legend old, and plaining song,
 We found not summer's day too long."

Through many a shadowy spot they past,
 Looking its loveliest and its last,
 Until they paused beneath the shade
 Of cypress and of roses made,—
 The one so sad, the one so fair,
 Just blent as love and sorrow are.
 And RAYMOND pray'd the maiden gather,
 And twine in a red wreath together
 The roses. "No," she sigh'd, "not these
 Sweet children of the sun and breeze,

Born for the beauty of a day,
 Dying as all fair things decay
 When loveliest,—these may not be,
 RAYMOND, my parting gift to thee.
 From next her heart, where it had lain,
 She took an amber scented chain,
 To which a cross of gold was hung,
 And round the warrior's neck she flung
 The relique, while he kiss'd away
 The warm tears that upon it lay.
 And mark'd they not the pale, dim sky
 Had lost its moonlit brilliancy,
 When suddenly a bugle rang,—
 Forth at its summons RAYMOND sprang,
 But turn'd again to say farewell
 To her whose gushing teardrops fell
 Like summer rain,—but he is gone!
 And EVA weeps, and weeps alone.

Dark was the shade of that old tower
 In the gray light of morning's hour;
 And cold and pale the maiden leant
 Over the heavy battlement,
 And look'd upon the armed show
 That hurrying throng'd the court below:
 With her white robe and long bright hair,
 A golden veil flung on the air,
 Like Peace prepared from earth to fly,
 Yet pausing, ere she wing'd on high,
 In pity for the rage and crime
 That forced her to some fairer clime.
 When suddenly her pale cheek burn'd,
 For RAYMOND's eye to her's was turn'd
 But like a meteor past its flame—
 She was too sad for maiden shame.
 She heard the heavy drawbridge fall,
 And RAYMOND rode the first of all;
 But when he came to the green height
 Which hid the castle from his sight,
 With useless spur and slacken'd rein,
 He was the laggard of the train.
 They paused upon the steep ascent,
 And spear, and shield, and breast-plate sent
 A light, as if the rising day
 Upon a mirror flash'd its ray.
 They pass on, EVA only sees
 A chance plume waving in the breeze,
 And then can see no more—but borne
 Upon the echo, came the horn;
 At last nor sight nor sound declare
 Aught of what pass'd that morning there.
 Sweet sang the birds, light swept the breeze,
 And play'd the sunlight o'er the trees,
 And roll'd the river's depths of blue
 Quiet as they were wont to do.
 And EVA felt as if of all
 Her heart were stble memorial.

CANTO II.

THE first, the very first; O! none
 Can feel again as they have done;
 In love, in war, in pride, in all
 The planets of life's coronal,
 However beautiful or bright—
 What can be like their first sweet light!

When will the youth feel as he felt,
 When first at beauty's feet he knelt?
 As if her least smile could confer
 A kingdom on its worshipper;
 Or ever care, or ever fear
 Had cross'd love's morning hemisphere.
 And the young bard, the first time praise
 Sheds its spring sunlight o'er his lays,
 Though loftier laurel, higher name,
 May crown the minstrel's noontide fame,
 They will not bring the deep content
 Of his lute's first encouragement.
 And where the glory that will yield
 The flush and glow of his first field
 To the young chief? Will RAYMOND ever
 Feel as he now is feeling?—Never.

The sun went down or ere they gain'd
 The glen where the chief band remain'd.
 It was a lone and secret shade,
 As nature form'd an ambushade
 For the bird's nest and the deer's lair,
 Though now less quiet guests were there.
 On one side like a fortress stood
 A mingled pine and chestnut wood;
 Autumn was falling, but the pine
 Seem'd as it mock'd all change; no sign
 Of season on its leaf was seen,
 The same dark gloom of changeless green.
 But like the gorgeous Persian bands
 'Mid the stern race of northern lands,
 The chestnut boughs were bright with all
 That gilds and mocks the autumn's fall.

Like stragglers from an army's rear
 Gradual they grew, near and less near,
 Till ample space was left to raise,
 Amid the trees, the watch-fire's blaze;
 And there, wrapt in their cloaks around,
 The soldiers scatter'd o'er the ground.

One was more crowded than the rest,
 And to that one was RAYMOND prest;—
 There sat the chief: kind greetings came
 At the first sound of RAYMOND's name.
 "Am I not proud that this should be,
 Thy first field to be fought with me:
 Years since thy father's sword and mine
 Together dimm'd their maiden shine.

We were sworn brothers; when he fell
 'Twas mine to hear his last farewell:
 And how revenged I need not say,
 Though few were left to tell that day.—
 Thy brow is his, and thou wilt wield
 A sword like his in battle-field.
 Let the day break, and thou shalt ride
 Another RAYMOND by my side;
 And thou shalt win and I confer,
 To-morrow, knightly brand and spur."

With thoughts of pride, and thoughts of grief
 Sat RAYMOND by that stranger chief,
 So proud to hear his father's fame
 So sad to hear that father's name,
 And then to think that he had known
 That father by his name alone;
 And ay his heart within him burn'd
 When his eye to DE VALENCE turn'd,
 Mark'd his high step, his warlike mien,
 "And such my father would have been!"

A few words of years past away,
 A few words of the coming day,
 They parted, not that night for sleep;
 RAYMOND had thoughts that well might keep
 Rest from his pillow,—memory, hope,
 In youth's horizon had full scope
 To blend and part each varied line
 Of cloud and clear, of shade and shine.
 —He rose and wander'd round, the light
 Of the full moon fell o'er each height;
 Leaving the wood behind in shade,
 O'er rock, and glen, and rill it play'd.
 He follow'd a small stream whose tide
 Was bank'd by lilies on each side,
 And there, as if secure of rest,
 A swan had built her lonely nest;
 And spread out was each lifted wing,
 Like snow or silver glittering.
 Wild flowers grew around the dale,
 Sweet children of the sun and gale;
 From every crag the wild wine fell,
 To all else inaccessible;
 And where a dark rock rose behind,
 Their shelter from the northern wind,
 Grew myrtles with their fragrant leaves,
 Veil'd with the web the gossamer weaves,
 So pearly fair, so light, so frail,
 Like beauty's self more than her veil.—
 And first to gaze upon the scene,
 Quiet as there had never been
 Heavier step than village maid
 With flowers for her nuptial braid,
 Or louder sound than hermit's prayer,
 To crush its grass or load its air.
 Then to look on the arm'd train,
 The watch fire on the wooded plain.

And think how with the morrow's dawn,
 Would banner wave and blade be drawn ;
 How clash of steel and trumpet's swell,
 Would wake the echoes of each dell.
 —And thus it ever is with life,
 Peace sleeps upon the breast of Strife,
 But to be waken'd from its rest,
 Till comes that sleep the last and best.

And RAYMOND paused at last, and laid
 Himself beneath a chestnut's shade,
 A little way apart from all,
 That he might catch the water fall,
 Whose current swept like music round,—
 When suddenly another sound
 Came on the ear ; it was a tone,

Rather a murmur than a song,
 As he who breathed deem'd all unknown
 The words, thoughts, echo bore along.
 Parting the boughs which hung between,
 Close, thick, as if a tapestried screen,
 RAYMOND caught sight of a white plume
 Waving o'er brow and cheek of bloom ;
 And yet the song was sad and low,
 As if the chords it waked were wo.

SONG OF THE YOUNG KNIGHT.

Your scarf is bound upon my breast,
 Your colours dance upon my crest,—
 They have been soil'd by dust and rain,
 And they must wear a darker stain.

I mark'd thy tears as fast they fell,
 I saw but heard not thy farewell,
 I gave my steed the spur and rein,—
 I dared not look on thee again.

My cheek is pale, but not with fears,
 And I have dash'd aside my tears ;
 This woman's softness of my breast
 Will vanish when my spear's in rest.

I know that farewell was our last,
 That life and love from me are past ;
 For I have heard the fated sign
 That speaks the downfall of our line.

I slept the soldier's tired sleep ;
 But yet I heard the music-sweep,
 Dim, faint, as when I stood beside
 The bed whereon my father died.

Farewell, sweet love ! never again
 Will thine ear listen to the strain
 With which so oft at midnight's hour
 I've waked the silence of thy bower.

Farewell ! I would not tears should stain
 Thy fair cheek with their burning rain :
 Tears, sweet ! would an ill offering be
 To one whose death was worthy thee.

RAYMOND thought on that song next day
 When bleeding that young warrior lay,
 While his hand, in its death-pang, prest
 A bright curl to his wounded breast.

And waning stars, and brightening sky,
 And on the clouds a crimson dye,
 And fresher breeze, and opening flowers,
 Tell the approach of morning hours.
 O, how can breath, and light, and bloom,
 Herald a day of death and doom !
 With knightly pennons, which were spread
 Like mirrors for the morning's red,
 Gather the ranks, while shout and horn
 Are o'er the distant mountains borne.

'Twas a fair sight, that arm'd array
 Winding through the deep vale their way,
 Helmet and breast-plate gleaming in gold,
 Banners waving their crimson fold,
 Like clouds of the day-break : hark to the peal
 Of the war-cry, answer'd by clanging steel !
 The young chief strokes his courser's neck,
 The ire himself had provoked to check,
 Impatient for that battle plain
 He may reach but never leave again ;
 And with flashing eye and sudden start,
 He hears the trumpet's stately tone,
 Like the echo of his beating heart,
 And meant to rouse his ear alone.
 And by his side the warrior gray,
 With hair as white as the plumes that play
 Over his head, yet spurs he as proud,
 As keen as the youngest knight of the crowd.
 And glad and glorious on they ride
 In strength and beauty, power and pride,
 And such the morning, but let day
 Close on that gallant fair array,
 The moon will see another sight
 Than that which met the dawning light.—
 Look on that field,—'tis the battle field !
 Look on what harvest victory will yield !
 There the steed and his rider o'erthrown,
 Crouch together, their warfare is done :
 The bolt is undrawn, the bow is unbent,
 And the archer lies like his arrow spent.
 Deep is the banner of crimson dyed,
 But not with the red of its morning pride ;
 Torn and trampled with soil and stain,
 When will it float on the breeze again,—

And over the ghastly plain are spread,
Pillow'd together the dying and dead.

There lay one with an unclosed eye
Set in bright, cold vacancy,
While on its fix'd gaze the moonbeam shone,
Light mocking the eye whose light was gone ;
And by his side another lay,
The lifeblood ebbing fast away,
But calm his cheek and calm his eye,
As if leant on his mother's bosom to die.
Too weak to move, he feebly eyed
A wolf and a vulture close to his side,
Watching and waiting, himself the prey,
While each one kept the other away.

Little of this the young warrior deems
When, with heart and head all hopes and dreams,
He hastes for the battle :—The trumpet's call
Waken'd RAYMOND the first of all ;
His the first step that to stirrup sprung,
His the first banner upwards flung ;
And brow and cheek with his spirit glow'd,
When first at DE VALENCE's side he rode.

The quiet glen is left behind,
The dark wood lost in the blue sky ;
When other sounds came on the wind,
And other pennons float on high.
With snow-white plumes and glancing crest,
And standard raised, and spear in rest,
On a small river's farther banks
Wait their approach Sir HERBERT's ranks.—
One silent gaze, as if each band
Could slaughter both with eye and hand.
Then peals the war-cry ! then the dash
Amid the waters ! and the crash
Of spears,—the falchion's iron ring,—
The arrow hissing from the string,
Tell they have met. Thus from the height
The torrent rushes in its might.
With the lightning's speed, the thunder's peal,
Flashes the lance, and strikes the steel.
Many a steed to the earth is borne,
Many a banner trampled and torn ;
Or ever its brand could strike a blow,
Many a gallant arm lies low :—
Many a scarf, many a crest,
Float with the leaves on the river's breast ;
And strange it is to see how around
Buds and flowers strew the ground,
For the banks were cover'd with wild rose trees,
O ! what should they do amid scenes like these.

In the blue stream, as it hover'd o'er,
A hawk was mirror'd, and before
Its wings could reach yon pine, which stands
A bow-shot off from the struggling bands,

The stain of death was on the flood,
And the red waters roll'd dark with blood.—
RAYMOND's spear was the first that flew,
He the first who dash'd the deep river through :
His step the first on the hostile strand,
And the first that fell was borne down by his hand.

The fight is ended :—the same sun
Has seen the battle lost and won ;
The field is cover'd with dying and dead,
With the valiant who stood, and the coward who
fled.
And a gallant salute the trumpets sound,
As the warriors gather from victory around.

On a hill that skirted the purple flood,
With his peers around, DE VALENCE stood,
And with bended knee, and forehead bare,
Save its cloud of raven hair,
And beautiful as some wild star
Come in its glory and light from afar,
With his dark eyes flashing stern and bright,
And his cheek o'erflooded with crimson light
And the foeman's banner over his head,
His first field's trophy proudly spread,
Knelt RAYMOND down his boon to name,—
The knightly spurs he so well might claim ;
And a softness stole to DE VALENCE's eyes,
As he bade the new-made knight arise.—
From his own belt he took the brand,
And gave it into RAYMOND's hand,
And said it might a memory yield
Of his father's friend, and his own first field.

Pleasant through the darkening night,
Shines from Clarin's towers the light.
Home from the battle the warriors ride,
In the soldiers' triumph, and soldiers' pride :
The drawbridge is lower'd, and in they pour,
Like the sudden rush of a summer shower,
While the red torch-light bursts through the gloom
Over banner and breast-plate, helm, and plume.

Sudden a flood of lustre play'd
Over a lofty balustrade,
Music and perfume swept the air,
Messengers sweet for the spring to prepare ;
And like a sunny vision sent
For worship and astonishment,
Aside a radiant ladye flung
The veil that o'er her beauty hung.
With stately grace to those below,
She bent her gem encircled brow,
And bade them welcome in the name,
Of her they saved, the castle's dame,
Who had not let another pay
Thanks, greeting to their brave array,—

But she had vow'd the battle night
To fasting, prayer, and holy rite.

On the air the last tones of the music die,
The odour passes away like a sigh,
The torches flash a parting gleam,
And she vanishes as she came, like a dream.
But many an eye dwelt on the shade,
Till fancy again her form display'd,
And still again seem'd many an ear
The softness of her voice to hear.
And many a heart had a vision that night,
Which future years never banish'd quite.

And sign and sound of festival
Are ringing through that castle hall;
Tapers, whose flame send a perfumed cloud,
Flash their light o'er a gorgeous crowd;
With a thousand colours the tapestry falls
Over the carved and gilded walls,
And, between, the polish'd oak pannels bear,
Like dark mirrors, the image of each one there.
At one end the piled up hearth is spread
With sparkling embers of glowing red:
Above the branching antlers have place,
Sign of many a hard won chase;
And beneath, in many a polish'd line,
The arms of the hunter and warrior shine;
And around the fire, like a laurell'd arch,
Raised from some victor's triumphal march,
The wood is fretted with tracery fair,
And green boughs and flowers are waving there.
Lamps, like faery planets shine,
O'er massive cups of the genial wine,
And shed a ray more soft and fair
Than the broad red gleam of the torch's glare;
And, flitting like a rainbow, plays
In beautiful and changing rays,
When from the pictured windows fall
The colour'd shadows o'er the hall;
As every pane some bright hue lent
To vary the lighted element.

The ladye of the festive board
Was ward to the castle's absent lord;
The Ladye *ADRIANE*,—the same
Bright vision that with their greeting came
Maidens four stood behind her chair,
Each one was young, and each one fair;
Yet they were but as the stars at night
When the moon shines forth in her fullness of
light

On the knot of her wreathed hair was set
A blood-red ruby coronet;
But among the midnight cloud of curls
That hung o'er her brow were eastern pearls,
As if to tell their wealth of snow;
How white her forehead could look below.

Around her floated a veil of white,
Like the silvery rack round the star of twilight;
And down to the ground her mantle's fold
Spread its length of purple and gold;
And sparkling gems were around her arm,
That shone like marble, only warm,
With the blue veins wandering tide,
And the hand with its crimson blush inside.
A zone of precious stones embraced
The graceful circle of her waist,
Sparkling as if they were proud
Of the clasp to them allow'd.
But yet there was 'mid this excess
Of soft and dazzling loveliness,
A something in the eye, and hand,
And forehead, speaking of command:
An eye whose dark flash seem'd allied
To even more than beauty's pride,—
A hand as only used to wave
Its sign to worshipper and slave,—
A forehead, but that was too fair
To read of aught but beauty there!

And *RAYMOND* had the place of pride,
The place so envied by her side,—
The victor's seat,—and overhead
The banner he had won was spread.
His health was pledged!—he only heard
The murmur of one silver word;
The pageant seem'd to fade away,
Vanish'd the board and glad array,
The gorgeous hall around grew dim,
There shone one only light for him,
That radiant form, whose brightness fell
In power upon him like a spell,
Laid in its strength by Love to reign
Despotic over heart and brain.
Silent he stood amid the mirth,
Oh, love is timid in its birth!
Watching her lightest look or stir,
As he but look'd and breathed with her.
Gay words were passing, but he leant
In silence; yet, one quick glance sent,—
His secret is no more his own,
When has woman her power not known?

The feast broke up:—that midnight shade
Heard many a gentle serenade
Beneath the ladye's lattice. One
Breathed after all the rest were gone.

SERENADE.

SLEEP, ladye! for the moonlit hour,
Like peace, is shining on thy bower;
It is so late, the nightingale
Has ended even his love tale.

Sleep, ladye! 'neath thy turret grows,
Cover'd with flowers, one pale white rose
I envy its sweet sighs, they steep
The perfumed airs that lull thy sleep.

Perchance, around thy chamber floats
The music of my lone lute notes,—
Oh, may they on thine eyelids fall,
And make thy slumbers musical!

Sleep, ladye! to thy rest be given
The gleamings of thy native heaven,
And thoughts of early paradise,
The treasures of thy sleeping eyes.

I NEED not say whose was the song
The sighing night winds bore along,
RAYMOND had left the maiden's side
And was too dizzy with the tide
To breast the stream, or strive, or shrink,
Enough for him to feel, not think;
Enough for him the dim sweet fear,
The twilight of the heart, or ere
Awakening hope has named the name
Of love, or blown its spark to flame.
Restlessness, but as the winds range
From leaf to leaf, from flower to flower;
Changefulness, but as rainbows change,
From colour'd sky to sunlit hour.
Ay, well indeed may minstrel sing,—
What have the heart and year like spring!

Her vow was done: the castle dame
Next day to join the revellers came;
And never had a dame more gay
O'er hall or festival held away.
And youthful knight, and ladye fair,
And juggler quaint, and minstrel rare,
And mirth, and crowds, and music, all
Of pleasure gather'd at her call.

And RAYMOND moved as in a dream
Of song and odour, bloom and beam,
As he dwelt in a magic bower,
Charm'd from all by fairy power.
—And ADELINE rode out that morn,
With hunting train, and hawk, and horn;
And broider'd rein, and curb of gold,
And housings with their purple fold
Deck'd the white steed o'er which she leant
Graceful as a young cypress, bent
By the first summer wind: she wore
A cap the heron plume waved o'er,
And round her wrist a golden band,
Which held the falcon on her hand.
The bird's full eye, so clear, so bright,
Match'd not her own's dark flashing light.

And RAYMOND, as he watch'd the dyes
Of her cheek rich with exercise,
Could almost deem her beauty's power
Was now in its most potent hour;
But when at night he saw her glance
The gayest of the meteor dance,
The jewels in her braided hair,
Her neck, her arms of ivory bare,
The silver veil, the broider'd vest,—
Look'd she not then her loveliest?
Ah, every change of beauty's face
And beauty's shape has its own grace!
That night his heart throbb'd when her hand
Met his touch in the saraband:
That night her smile first bade love live
On the sweet life that hope can give,—
Beautiful, but thrice wayward wild,
Capricious as a petted child,
She was all chance, all change; but now
A smile is on her radiant brow,—
A moment and that smile is fled,
Coldness and scorn are there instead.

Ended the dance, and ADELINE
Flung herself, like an eastern queen,
Upon the cushions which were laid
Amid a niche of that gay hall,
Hid from the lamps; around it play'd
The softness of the moonlight fall.
And there the gorgeous shapes past by
But like a distant pageantry,
In which you have yourself no share,
For all its pride, and pomp, and cate.

She pass'd her hand across the chords
Of a lute near, and with soft words
Answer'd; then said, "No, thou shalt sing
Some legend of the fair and brave."
To RAYMOND's hand the lute she gave,
Whose very soul within him burn'd
When her dark eye on his was turn'd:
One moment's pause, it slept not long,—
His spirit pour'd itself in song.

ELENORE.

THE lady sits in her lone bower,
With cheek wan as the white rose flower
That blooms beside, 'tis pale and wet
As that rose with its dew pearls set.
Her cheek burns with a redder dye,
Flashes light from her tearful eye;
She has heard pinions beat the air,
She sees her white dove floating there;
And well she knows its faithful wing,
The treasure of her heart will bring;
And takes the gentle bird its stand
Accustom'd on the maiden's hand,

With glancing eye and throbbing breast,
 As if rejoicing in its rest.
 She read the scroll,—dear love, to-night
 By the lake, all is there for flight
 What time the moon is down ;—O, then
 My own life shall we meet again !"
 One upward look of thankfulness,
 One pause of joy, one fond caress
 Of her soft lips, as to reward
 The messenger of EGINHARD.

That night in her proud father's hall
 She shone the fairest one of all ;
 For like the cloud of evening came
 Over her cheek the sudden flame,
 And varying as each moment brought
 Some hasty change of secret thought ;
 As if its colour would confess
 The conscious heart's inmost recess.
 And the clear depths of her dark eye
 Were bright with troubled brilliancy,
 Yet the lips droop'd as with the tear
 Which might oppress but not appear.
 And flatteries, and smile and sigh
 Loaded the air as she past by.
 It sparkled, but her jewell'd vest
 Was crost above a troubled breast :
 Her curls, with all their sunny glow,
 Were braided o'er an aching brow :
 But well she knew how many sought
 To gaze upon her secret thought ;—
 And Love is proud,—she might not brook
 That other's on her heart should look.
 But there she sate, cold, pale, and high,
 Beneath her purple canopy ;
 And there was many a mutter'd word,
 And one low whisper'd name was heard,—
 The name of EGINHARD,—that name
 Like some forbidden secret came.

The theme went, that he dared to love
 One like a star his state above ;
 Here to the princess turn'd each eye,—
 And it was said, he did not sigh
 With love that pales the pining cheek,
 And leaves the slighted heart to break.
 And then a varying tale was told,
 How a page had betray'd for gold ;
 But all was rumour light and vain,
 That all might hear, but none explain,

Like one that seeks a festival,
 Early the princess left the hall ;
 Yet said she, sleep dwelt on her eyes,
 That she was worn with revelries.
 And hastily her maidens' care
 Unbinds the jewels from her hair.

Odours are round her chamber strown
 And ELENORE is left alone.

With throbbing heart, whose pulses beat
 Louder than fall her ivory feet,
 She rises from her couch of down ;
 And, hurriedly, a robe is thrown
 Around her form, and her own hand
 Lets down her tresses golden band.
 Another moment she has shred
 Those graceful tresses from her head,
 There stands a plate of polish'd steel,
 She folds her cloak as to conceal
 Her strange attire, for she is drest
 As a young page in dark green vest.
 Softly she steps the balustrade,
 Where myrtle, rose, and hyacinth made
 A passage to the garden shade.

It was a lovely summer night,
 The air was incense fill'd, the light
 Was dim and tremulous, a gleam,
 When a star, mirror'd on the stream,
 Sent a ray round just to reveal
 How gales from flower to flower steal.
 "It was on such a night as this,
 When even a single breath is bliss,
 Such a soft air, such a mild heaven,
 My vows to EGINHARD were given.
 Sigh'd ELENORE, "O, might it be
 A hope, a happy augury !"

She reach'd the lake,—a blush, a smile,
 Contended on her face the while ;
 And safely in a little cove,
 Shelter'd by willow trees above,
 An ambuscade from all secured,
 Her lover's little boat lay moor'd.—
 One greeting word, with muffled oar
 And silent lip, they left that shore.

It was most like a phantom dream
 To see that boat flit o'er the stream,
 So still, that but yet less and less
 It grew, it had seem'd motionless.
 And then the silent lake, the trees
 Visible only when the breeze
 Aside the shadowy branches threw,
 And let one single star shine through,
 While the faint glimmer scarcely gave
 To view the wanderers of the wave.

The breeze has borne the clouds away
 That veil'd the blushes of young day ;
 The lark has sung his morning song ;
 Surely the princess slumbers long.
 And now it is the accustom'd hour
 Her royal father seeks her bower,

When her soft voice and gentle lute,
The snowfall of her fairy foot,
The flowers she has cull'd, with dew
Yet moist upon each rainbow hue;
The fruits with bloom upon their cheek,
Fresh as the morning's first sun streak;
Each, all conspired to wile away
The weariness of royal sway.

But she is gone : there hangs her lute,
And there it may hang lone and mute :
The flowers may fade, for who is there
To triumph now if they are fair :
There are her gems,—O, let them twine
An offering rotund some sainted shrine !
For she who wore them may not wear
Again those jewels in her hair.

At first the monarch's rage was wild ;
But soon the image of his child,
In tenderness rose on his heart,
How could he bear from it to part ?
And anger turn'd to grief : in vain
Ambition had destroy'd the chain
With which love had bound happiness.
In vain remorse, in vain redress,—
Fruitless all search. And years past o'er,
To tidings came of ELENORE,
Although the king would have laid down
His golden sceptre, purple crown,
His pomp, his power, but to have prest
His child one moment to his breast.

And where was ELENORE ? her home
Was now beneath the forest dome ;—
A hundred knights had watch'd her hall,
Her guards were now the pine trees tall :
For harps waked with the minstrel tale,
Sang to her sleep the nightingale :
For silver vases, where were blent
Rich perfumes from Arabia sent,
Were odours when the wild-thyme flower
Wafted its sweets on gale and shower :
For carpets of the purple loom
The violets spread their cloud of bloom,
Starr'd with primroses ; and around
Boughs like green tapestry swept the ground.
—And there they dwelt apart from all
That gilds and mocks ambition's thrall ;
Apart from cities, crowds, and care,
Hopes that deceive, and toils that wear ;
For they had made themselves a world
Like that or ever man was hur'd
From his sweet Eden, to begin
His bitter course of grief and sin.—
And happy ; EGINHARD
Had won the prize for which he dared

Dungeon and death ; but what is there
That the young lover will not dare ?
And she, though nurtured as a flower,
The favourite bud of a spring bower,
Daughter of palaces, yet made
Her dwelling place in the green shade ;
Happy, as she remember'd not,
Her royal in her peasant lot,—
With gentle cares, and smiling eyes
As love could feel no sacrifice.
Happy her ivory brow to lave
Without a mirror but the wave,
As one whose sweetness could dispense
With all save its own excellence ;—
A fair but gentle creature, meant
For heart, and hearth, and home content.

It was at night the chase was over,
And ELENORE sat by her lover,—
Her lover still, though years had fled
Since their first word of love was said,—
When one sought, at that darksome hour,
The refuge of their lonely bower,
A hunter, who, amid the shade,
Had from his own companions stray'd.
And ELENORE gazed on his face,
And knew her father ! In the chase
Often the royal mourner sought
A refuge from his one sad thought.
He knew her not,—the lowly mien,
The simple garb of forest green,
The darken'd brow, which told the spoil
The sun stole from her daily toil,
The cheek where woodland health had shed
The freshness of its morning red,—
All was so changed. She spread the board,
Her hand the sparkling wine cup pour'd ;
And then around the hearth they drew,
And cheerfully the woodfire threw
Its light around.—Bent o'er her wheel
Scarcely dared ELENORE to steal
A look, half tenderness, half fear,
Yet seem'd he as he loved to hear
Her voice, as if it had a tone
Breathing of days and feelings gone.

" Ah ! surely," thought she, " Heaven has sent
My father here, as that it meant
Our years of absence ended now !"
She gazed upon his soften'd brow ;
And the next moment, all revealing
ELENORE at his feet is kneeling !—
Need I relate, that, reconciled,
The father bless'd his truant child.

WHERE is the heart that has not bow'd
A slave, eternal Love, to thee :

Look on the cold, the gay, the proud,
And is there one among them free?
The cold, the proud,—O! Love has turn'd
The marble till with fire it burn'd;
The gay, the young,—alas that they
Should ever band beneath thy sway!
Look on the cheek the rose might own,
The smile around like sunshine thrown;
The rose, the smile, alike are thine,
To fade and darken at thy shrine.
And what must love be in a heart
All passion's fiery depths concealing,
Which has in its minutest part
More than another's whole of feeling.

And RAYMOND's heart; love's morning sun
On fitter altar never shone;
Loving with all the snow-white truth,
That is found but in early youth;
Freshness of feeling as of flower,
That lives not more than spring's first hour;
And loving with that wild devotion,
That deep and passionate emotion,
With which the minstrel soul is thrown
On all that it would make its own.

And RAYMOND loved; the veriest slave
That e'er his life to passion gave:
Upon his ear no murmur came
That seem'd not echoing her name;
The lightest colour on her cheek
Was lovelier than the morning break.
He gazed upon her as he took
His sense of being from her look:—
Sometimes it was idolatry,

Like homage to some lovely star,
Whose beauty though for hope too high,
He yet might worship from afar.
At other times his heart would swell
With tenderness unutterable:
He would have borne her to an isle
Where May and June had left their smile;
And there, heard but by the lone gale,
He would have whisper'd his love tale;
And without change, or cloud, or care,
Have kept his bosom's treasure there.
And then, with all a lover's pride,
He thought it shame such gem to hide:
And imaged he a courtly scene
Of which she was the jewell'd queen,—
The one on whom each glance was bent
The beauty of the tournament,
The magnet of the festival,
The grace, the joy, the life of all.—
But she, alas for her false smile!
ADELINE loved him not the while.

And it is thus that woman's heart
Can trifle with its dearest part,

Its own pure sympathies!—can fling
The poison'd arrow from the string
In utter heartlessness around,
And mock, or think not of the wound!
And thus can woman barter all
That makes and gilds her gentle thrall,—
The blush which should be like the one
White violets hide from the sun,—
The soft, low sighs, like those which breathe
In secret from a twilight wreath,—
The smile like a bright lamp, whose shine
Is vow'd but only to one shrine;
All these sweet spells,—and can they be
Weapons of reckless vanity?
And woman, in whose gentle heart
From all save its sweet self apart,
Love should dwell with that purity
Which but in woman's love can be:
A sacred fire, whose flame was given
To shed on earth the light of heaven,—
That she can fling her wealth aside
In carelessness, or sport, or pride!

It was not form'd for length of bliss,
A dream so fond, so false as this;
Enough for ADELINE to win
The heart she had no pleasure in,—
Enough that bright eyes turn'd in vain
On him who bow'd beneath her chain:—
Then came the careless word and look,
All the fond soul so ill can brook,
The jealous doubt, the burning pain,
That rack the lover's heart and brain;
The fear that will not own its fear,
The hope that cannot disappear;
Faith clinging to its visions past,
And trust confiding to the last.
And thus it is: ay, let Love throw
Aside his arrows and his bow;
But let him not with one spell part,
The yell that binds his eyes and heart.
Wo for Love when his eyes shall be
Open'd upon reality!

One day a neighbouring baron gave
A revel to the fair and brave,—
And knights upon their gallant steeds,
And ladies on their palfreys gray,
All shining in their gayest weeds,
Held for the festival their way.
A wanderer on far distant shores,
That baron had brought richest stores
To his own hall, and much of rare
And foreign luxury was there:
Pages, with colour'd feathers, fann'd
The odours of Arabia's land;
The carpets strewn around each room
Were all of Persia's purple loom;

And dark slaves waited on his guests,
 Each habited in Moorish vests,
 With turbann'd brows, and bands of gold
 Around their arms and ancles roll'd.
 And gazed the guests o'er many a hoard,
 Like Sinbad's, from his travel-stored.
 They look'd upon the net work dome,
 Where found the stranger birds a home,
 With rainbow wings and gleaming eyes,
 Seen only beneath Indian skies.
 At length they stood around the ring,
 Where stalk'd, unchain'd, the forest king,
 With eyes of fire and mane erect,
 As if by human power uncheck'd.

Full ill had RAYMOND's spirit borne
 The wayward mood, the careless scorn,
 With which his mistress had that day
 Trifled his happiness away.—
 His very soul within him burn'd,
 When, as in chance, her dark eye turn'd
 On him, she spoke in reckless glee,—
 "Is there a knight who, for love of me,
 Into the court below will spring,
 And bear from the lion the glove I fling?"

A shriek!—a pause,—then loud acclaim
 Rose to the skies with RAYMOND's name.
 O, worthy of a lady's love!
 RAYMOND has borne away the glove.
 He laid the prize at the maiden's feet,
 Then turn'd from the smile he dared not meet:
 A moment more he is on the steed,
 The spur has urged to its utmost speed,
 As that he could fly from himself, and all
 The misery of his spirit's thrall.

The horse sank down, and RAYMOND then
 Started to see the foaming rein,
 The drops that hung on the courser's hide,
 And the rowel's red trace on its panting side;
 And deep shame mingled with remorse,
 As he brought the cool stream to his fallen horse.

The spot where he paused was a little nook,
 Like a secret page in nature's book,—
 Around were steepes where the wild vine
 Hung, wreath'd in many a serpentine,
 Wearing each the colour'd sign
 Of the autumn's pale decline.

Like a lake in the midst was spread

A grassy sweep of softest green,
 Smooth, flower-dropt, as no human tread

Upon its growth had ever been.
 Limes rose around, but lost each leaf,
 Like hopes luxuriant but brief;
 And by their side the sycamore
 Grew prouder of its scarlet store:
 The air was of that cold clear light
 That heralds in an autumn night,—

The amber west had just a surge
 Of crimson on its utmost verge;
 And on the east were piled up banks
 Where darkness gather'd with her ranks
 Of clouds, and in the midst a zone
 Of white with transient brightness shone
 From the young moon, who scarcely yet
 Had donn'd her lighted coronet.

With look turn'd to the closing day,
 As he watch'd every hue decay,
 Sat RAYMOND; and a passer by
 Had envied him his revery;—
 But nearer look had scann'd his brow,
 And started at its fiery glow,
 As if the temples' burning swell
 Had made their pulses visible.
 Too glazed, too fix'd, his large eyes shone
 To see aught that they gazed upon.
 Not his the paleness that may streak
 The lover's or the minstrel's cheek,
 As it had its wan colour caught
 From moods of melancholy thought;
 'Twas that cold, dark, unearthly shade,
 But from a corpse's death-look made;
 Speaking that desperateness of pain,
 As one more pang, and the rack'd brain
 Would turn to madness; one more grief
 And the swollen heart breaks for relief.

O, misery! to see the tomb
 Close over all our world of bloom;
 To look our last in the dear eyes
 Which made our light of paradise;
 To know that silent is the tone
 Whose tenderness was all our own;
 To kiss the cheek which once had burn'd
 At the least glance, and find it turn'd
 To marble; and then think of all
 Of hope, that memory can recall.
 Yes, misery! but even here
 There is a somewhat left to cheer,
 A gentle treasuring of sweet things
 Remembrance gathers from the past,
 The pride of faithfulness, which clings
 To love kept sacred to the last.
 And even if another's love
 Has touch'd the heart to us above
 The treasures of the east, yet still
 There is a solace for the ill.
 Those who have known love's utmost spell
 Can feel for those who love as well;
 Can half forget their own distress,
 To share the loved one's happiness
 O, but to know our heart has been,
 Like the toy of an Indian queen,
 Torn, trampled, without thought or care,—
 Where is despair like this despair!—

All night beneath an oak he lay,
Till nature blush'd bright into day ;
When, at a trumpet's sudden sound,
Started his courser from the ground :
And his loud neigh waked RAYMOND's dream,
And, gazing round, he saw the gleam
Of arms upon a neighbouring height,
Where helm and cuirass stream'd in light.
As RAYMOND rose from his unrest
He knew DE VALENCE's falcon crest ;
And the red cross that shone like a glory afar,
Told the warrior was vow'd to the holy war.

" Ay, this," thought RAYMOND, " is the strife
To make, my sacrifice of life ;
What is it now to me that fame
Shall brighten over RAYMOND's name ;
There is no gentle heart to bound,
No cheek to mantle at the sound :
Lady's favour no more I wear,—
My heart, my helm—O ! what are there ?
A blighted hope, a wither'd rose.
Surely this warfare is for those
Who only of the victory crave
A holy but a nameless grave."

Short greeting past, DE VALENCE read
All that the pale lip left unsaid ;
On the wan brow, in the dimm'd eye,
The whole of youth's despondency,
Which at the first shock it has known
Deems its whole world of hope o'erthrown.
And it was fix'd, that at Marseilles,
Where the fleet waited favouring gales,
RAYMOND should join the warrior train,
Leagued 'gainst the infidels of Spain.

They parted:—Over RAYMOND's thought
Came sadness mingled too with shame ;
When suddenly his memory brought
The long forgotten EVA's name.
O ! Love is like the mountain tide,
Sweeping away all things beside,
Till not another trace appears
But its own joys, and griefs, and fears.
He took her cross, he took her chain
From the heart where they still had lain ;
And that heart felt as if its fate
Had sudden grown less desolate,
In thus remembering love that still
Would share and sooth in good and ill.

He spurr'd his steed ; but the night fall
Had darken'd ere he reach'd the hall ;
And gladly chief and vassal train
Welcomed the youthful knight again.
And many praised his stately tread,
His face with darker manhood spread ;

But of those crowding round him now,
Who mark'd the paleness of his brow,
But one, who paused till they were past,
Who look'd the first but spoke the last :
Her welcome in its timid fear
Fell almost cold on RAYMOND's ear ;
A single look,—he felt he gazed
Upon a gentle child no more,
The blush that like the lightning blazed,
The cheek then paler than before,
A something of staid maiden grace,
A cloud of thought upon her face ;
She who had been, in RAYMOND's sight,
A plaything, fancy, and delight,—
Was changed : the depth of her blue eye
Spoke to him now of sympathy,
And seem'd her melancholy tone
A very echo of his own ;
And that pale forehead, surely care
Has grav'd an early lesson there.

They roved through many a garden scene
Where other, happier days had been ;
And soon had RAYMOND told his all
Of hopes, like stars but bright to fall ;
Of feelings, blighted, changed, and driven
Like exiles from their native heaven ;
And of an aimless sword, a lute,
Whose chords were now uncharm'd and mute.
But EVA's tender blandishing
Was as the April rays, that fling
A rainbow till the thickest rain
Melts into blue and light again.

There is a feeling in the heart
Of woman which can have no part
In man ; a self-devotedness,
As victims round their idols press,
And asking nothing, but to show
How far their zeal and faith can go.
Pure as the snow the summer sun
Never at noon hath look'd upon,—
Deep as is the diamond wave,
Hidden in the desert cave,—
Changeless as the greenest leaves
Of the wreath the cypress weaves,—
Hopeless often when most fond,
Without hope or fear beyond
Its own pale fidelity,—
And this woman's love can be !

And RAYMOND although not again
Dreaming of passion's burning chain,
Yet felt that life had still dear things
To which the lingering spirit clings.
More dear, more lovely EVA shone
In thinking of that faithless one ;
And read he not upon the cheek
All that the lip might never speak,

All the heart cherish'd yet conceal'd,
 Scarce even to itself reveal'd.
 And RAYMOND, though with heart so torn
 By anger, agony, and scorn,
 Might ill bear even with love's name,
 Yet felt the maiden's hidden flame.
 Come like the daystar in the east,
 When every other light has ceased
 Sent from the bosom of the night
 To harbinger the morning light.

Again they parted: she to brood
 O'er dreaming hopes in solitude,
 And every pitying saint to pray
 For RAYMOND on the battle day.
 And he no longer deem'd the field
 But death to all his hopes could yield.
 To other, softer dreams allied,
 He thought upon the warrior's pride.
 But as he pass'd the castle gate
 He left so wholly desolate,
 His throbbing pulse, his burning brain,
 The sudden grasp upon the rein,
 The breast and lip that gasp'd for air,
 Told Love's shaft was still rankling there.

That night, borne o'er the bounding seas,
 The vessel swept before the breeze,
 Loaded the air the war-cry's swell,
 Wo to the Moorish infidel;
 And raising their rich hymn, a band
 Of priests were kneeling on the strand,
 To bless the parting ship, and song
 Came from the maidens ranged along
 The sea wall, and who incense gave
 And flowers, like offerings to the wave
 That bore the holy and the brave.

And RAYMOND felt his spirit rise,
 And burn'd his cheek and flash'd his eyes
 With something of their ancient light,
 While plume and pennon met his sight;
 While o'er the deep swept the war-cry,
 And peal'd the trumpet's voice on high,
 While the ship rode the waves as she
 Were mistress of their destiny.
 And muster'd on the deck the band,
 Till died the last shout from the strand;
 But when the martial pomp was o'er,
 And, like the future, dim the shore
 On the horizon hung, again
 Closed RAYMOND's memory, like a chain
 The spirit struggles with in vain.

The sky with its delicious blue,
 The stars like visions wandering through:
 Surely, if Fate had treasured there
 Her rolls of life, they must be fair;

The mysteries their glories hide
 Must be but of life's brightest side,
 It cannot be that Fate would write
 Her dark decrees in lines of light.
 And RAYMOND mused upon the hour
 When, comrade of the star and flower,
 He watch'd beside his lady's bower;
 He number'd every hope and dream,
 Like blooms that threw upon life's stream
 Colours of beauty, and then thought
 On knowledge, all too dearly bought;
 Feelings lit up in waste to burn,
 Hopes that seem but shadows fair,
 All that the heart so soon must learn,
 All that it finds so hard to bear.

The young moon's vestal lamp that hour
 Seem'd pale as that it pined for love;
 No marvel such a night had power
 So calm below, so fair above,
 To wake the spirit's finest chords
 Till minstrel thoughts found minstrel words

THE LAST SONG.

It is the latest song of mine
 That ever breathes thy name,
 False idol of a dream-raised shrine,
 Thy very thought is shame,—
 Shame that I could my spirit bow
 To one so very false as thou.

I had past years where the greenwood
 Makes twilight of the noon,
 And I had watch'd the silver flood
 Kiss'd by the rising moon;
 And gazed upon the clear midnight
 In all its luxury of light.

And, thrown where the blue violets dwell,
 I would pass hours away,
 Musing o'er some old chronicle
 Fill'd with a wild love lay;
 Till beauty seem'd to me a thing
 Made for all nature's worshipping.

I saw thee, and the air grew bright
 In thy clear eyes' sunshine;
 I oft had dream'd of shapes of light,
 But not of shape like thine.
 My heart bow'd down,—I worshipp'd thee,
 A woman and a deity.

I may not say how thy first look
 Turn'd my whole soul to flame,
 I read it as a glorious book
 Fill'd with high deeds of fame,

I felt a hero's spirit rise,
Unknown till lighted at thine eyes.

False look, false hope, and falsest love!
All meteors sent to me
To show how they the heart could move,
And how deceiving be:
They left me, darken'd, crush'd, alone,
My bosom's household gods o'erthrown.

The world itself was changed, and all
That I had loved before
Seem'd as if gone beyond recall,
And I could hope no more;
The scar of fire, the dint of steel,
Are easier than Love's wounds to heal.

But this is past, and I can cope
With what I'd fain forget;
I have a sweet, a gentle hope
That lingers with me yet,—
A hope too fair, too pure to be
Named in the words that speak of thee.

Henceforth within the last recess
Of my heart shall remain
Thy name in all its bitterness,
But never named again;
The only memory of that heart
Will be to think how false thou art.

And yet I fain would name thy name,
My heart's now gentle queen,
E'en as they burn the perfumed flame
Where the plague spot has been;
Methinks that it will cleanse away
The ills that on my spirit prey.

Sweet EVA! the last time I gazed
Upon thy deep blue eyes,
The cheek whereon my look had raised
A blush's crimson dyes,
I marvell'd, love, this heart of mine
Had worshipp'd at another shrine.

I will think of thee when the star,
That lit our own fair river,
Shines in the blue sky from afar,
As beautiful as ever;
That twilight star, sweet love, shall be
A sign and seal with thee and me!

CANTO III.

LAND of the olive and the vine,
The saint and sailor, sword and shrine!

How glorious to young RAYMOND's eye
Swell'd thy bold heights, spread thy clear sky
When first he paused upon the height
Where, gather'd, lay the Christian might.
Amid a chestnut wood were raised
Their white tents, and the red cross blazed
Meteor-like, with its crimson shine,
O'er many a standard's scutcheon'd line.

On the hill opposite there stood
The warriors of the Moorish blood,—
With their silver crescents gleaming,
And their horsetail pennons streaming;
With cymbals and the clanging gong,
The muezzin's unchanging song,
The turbans that like rainbows shone,
The coursers' gay caparison,
As if another world had been
Where the small rivulet ran between.

And there was desperate strife next day
The little vale below that lay
Was like a slaughter-pit, of green
Could not one single trace be seen;
The Moslem warrior stretch'd beside
The Christian chief by whom he died;
And by the broken falchion blade
The crooked cimeter was laid.

And gallantly had RAYMOND borne
The red cross through the field that morn,
When suddenly he saw a knight
Oppress'd by numbers in the fight:
Instant his ready spear was flung,
Instant amid the band he sprung;—
They fight, fly, fall,—and from the fray
He leads the wounded knight away!
Gently he gain'd his tent, and there
He left him to the leech's care;
Then sought the field of death anew,—
Little was there for knight to do.

That field was strewn with dead and dying,
And mark'd he there DE VALENCE lying
Upon the turbann'd heap, which told
How dearly had his life been sold.
And yet on his curl'd hip was worn
The impress of a soldier's scorn;
And yet his dark and glazed eye
Glared its defiance stern and high:
His head was on his shield, his hand
Held to the last his own red brand.
Felt RAYMOND all too proud for grief
In gazing on the gallant chief:
So, thought he, should a warrior fall,
A victor dying last of all.
But sadness moved him when he gave
DE VALENCE to his lowly grave,—

The grave where the wild flowers were sleeping,
And one pale olive tree was weeping,—
And placed the rude stone cross to show
A Christian hero lay below.

With the next morning's dawning light
Was **RAYMOND** by the wounded knight.
He heard strange tales,—none knew his name,
And none might say from whence he came;
He wore no cognizance, his steed
Was raven black, and black his weed.
All own'd his fame, but yet they deem'd
More desperate than brave he seem'd;
Or as he only dared the field
For the swift death that it might yield.

Leaning beside the curtain, where
Came o'er his brow the morning air,
He found the stranger chief; his tone,
Surely 'twas one **RAYMOND** had known!
He knew him not, what chord could be
Thus waken'd on his memory?

At first the knight was cold and stern,
As that his spirit shunn'd to learn
Aught of affection; as it brought
To him some shaft of venom'd thought:
When one eve **RAYMOND** chanced to name
Durance's castle, whence he came;
And speak of **EVA**, and her fate,
So young and yet so desolate,
So beautiful! Then heard he all
His father's wrongs, her mother's fall:
For **AMIRALD** was the knight whose life
RAYMOND had saved amid the strife;
And now he seem'd to find relief
In pouring forth his hidden grief
Which had for years been as the stream
Cave-lock'd from either air or beam.

LORD AMIRALD'S HISTORY.

I **LOVED** her! ay, I would have given
A death-bed certainty of heaven
If I had thought it could confer
The least of happiness on her!
How proudly did I wait the hour
When hid no more in lowly bower,
She should shine, loveliest of all,
The lady of my heart and hall;—
And soon I deem'd the time would be,
For many a chief stood leagued with me.

It was one evening we had sat,
In my tower's secret council late,
Our bands were number'd, and we said
That the pale moon's declining head

Should shed her next full light o'er bands
With banners raised, and sheathless brands.
We parted; I to seek the shade
Where my heart's choicest gem was laid;
I flung me on my fleetest steed
I urged it to its utmost speed,—
On I went, like the hurrying wind,
Hill, dale, and plain were left behind,
And yet I thought my courser slow—
Even when the forest lay below.

As my wont, in a secret nook
I left my horse,—I may not tell
With what delight my way I took
Till I had reach'd the oak-hid dell.
The trees which hitherto had made
A more than night, with lighten'd shade
Now let the stars and sky shine through,
Rejoicing, calm, and bright, and blue.

There did not move a leaf that night
That I cannot remember now,
Nor yet a single star whose light
Was on the royal midnight's brow:
Wander'd no cloud, sigh'd not a flower,
That is not present at this hour.
No marvel memory thus should press
Round its last light of happiness!
I paused one moment where I stood,
In all a very miser's mood,
As if that thinking of its store
Could make my bosom's treasure more.
I saw the guiding lamp which shone
From the wreath'd lattice, pale and lone;
Another moment I was there,
To pause, and look—upon despair.

I saw her!—on the ground she lay,
The lifeblood ebbing fast away;
But almost as she could not die
Without my hand to close her eye!
When to my bosom press'd, she raised
Her heavy lids, and feebly gazed,
And her lip moved: I caught its breath,
Its last, it was the gasp of death!
I leant her head upon my breast,
As I but soothed her into rest;—
I do not know what time might be
Past in this stony misery,
When I was waken'd from my dream
By my forgotten infant's scream.
Then first I thought upon my child;
I took it from its bed, it smiled,
And its red cheek was flush'd with sleep:
Why had it not the sense to weep?
I laid its mother on the bed,
O'er her pale brow a mantle spread,
And left the wood. Calm, stern, and cold,
The tale of blood and death I told;

Gave my child to my brother's care
As his, not mine, were this despair.
I flung me on my steed again,
I urged him with the spur and rein,—
I left him at the usual tree,
But left him there at liberty.

With maddening step I sought the place,
I raised the mantle from her face,
And knelt me down beside, to gaze
On all the mockery death displays,
Until it seem'd but sleep to me.
Death,—O, no! death it could not be.

The cold gray light the dawn had shed
Changed gradual into melting red;
I watch'd the morning colour streak
With crimson dye her marble cheek;
The freshness of the stirring air
Lifted her curls of raven hair;
Her head lay pillow'd on her arm,
Sweetly, as if with life yet warm;—
I kiss'd her lips: O, God, the chill!
My heart is frozen with it still:—
It was as suddenly on me
Open'd my depths of misery.
I flung me on the ground, and raved,
And of the wind that past me craved
One breath of poison, till my blood
From lip and brow gush'd in one flood.
I watch'd the warm stream of my veins
Mix with the death wound's clotted stains;
O! how I pray'd that I might pour
My heart's tide, and her life restore!

And night came on:—with what dim fear
I mark'd the darkling hours appear,—
I could not gaze on the dear brow,
And seeing was all left me now.
I grasp'd the cold hand in mine own,
Till both alike seem'd turn'd to stone.
Night, morn, and noontide pass'd away,
Then came the tokens of decay.

'Twas the third night that I had kept
My watch, and, like a child, had wept
Sorrow to sleep, and in my dream
I saw her as she once could seem,
Fair as an angel: there she bent
As if sprung from the element,
The bright clear fountain, whose pure wave
Her soft and shadowy image gave.
Methought that conscious beauty threw
Upon her cheek its own sweet hue,
Its loveliness of morning red;
I woke, and gazed upon the dead.
I mark'd the fearful stains which now
Were darkening o'er the once white brow,

The livid colours that declare
The soul no longer dwelleth there.
The gaze of even my fond eye
Seem'd almost like impiety,
As it were sin for looks to be
On what the earth alone should see.
I thought upon the loathsome doom
Of the grave's cold, corrupted gloom;—
O, never shall the vile worm rest
A lover on thy lip and breast!
O, never shall a careless tread
Soil with its step thy sacred bed!
Never shall leaf or blossom bloom
With vainest mockery o'er thy tomb!

And forth I went, and raised a shrine
Of the dried branches of the pine,—
I laid her there, and o'er her flung
The wild flowers that around her sprung
I tore them up, and root and all,
I bade them wait her funeral,
With a strange joy that each fair thing
Should, like herself, be withering.
I lit the pyre,—the evening skies
Rain'd tears upon the sacrifice;
How did its wild and awful light
Struggle with the fierce winds of night;
Red was the battle, but in vain.
Hiss'd the hot embers with the rain,
It wasted to a single spark;
That faded, and all around was dark:
Then, like a madman who has burst
The chain which made him doubly curst,
I fled away. I may not tell—
The agony that on me fell:—
I fled away, for fiends were near,
My brain was fire, my heart was fear!

I was borne on an eagle's wing,
Till with the noon-sun perishing;
Then I stood in a world alone,
From which all other life was gone,
Whence warmth, and breath, and light were fled
A world o'er which a curse was said:
The trees stood leafless all, and bare,
The sky spread, but no sun was there:
Night came, no stars were on her way,
Morn came without a look of day,—
As night and day shared one pale shroud
Without a colour or a cloud.
And there were rivers, but they stood
Without a murmur on the flood,
Waveless and dark, their task was o'er,—
The sea lay silent on the shore,
Without a sign upon its breast
Save of interminable rest:
And there were palaces and halls
But silence reign'd amid their walls,

Though crowds yet fill'd them ; for no sound
 Rose from the thousands gather'd round ;
 All wore the same white, bloodless hue,
 All the same eyes of glassy blue,
 Meaningless, cold, corpse-like as those
 No gentle hand was near to close.
 And all seem'd, as they look'd on me,
 In wonder that I yet could be
 A moving shape of warmth and breath
 Alone amid a world of death.

'Tis strange how much I still retain
 Of these wild tortures of my brain,
 Though now they but to memory seem
 A curse, a madness, and a dream ;
 But well I can recall the hour
 When first the fever lost its power ;
 As one whom heavy opiates steep,
 Rather in feverish trance than sleep,
 I waken'd scarce to consciousness,—
 Memory had fainted with excess :
 I only saw that I was laid
 Beneath an olive tree's green shade ;
 I knew I was where flowers grew fair
 I felt their balm upon the air,
 I drank it as it had been wine ;
 I saw a gift of red sunshine
 Glittering upon a fountain's brim ;
 I heard the small birds' vesper hymn,
 As they a vigil o'er me kept,—
 I heard their music, and I wept.
 I felt a friendly arm upraise
 My head, a kind look on me gaze !

RAYMOND, it has been mine to see
 The godlike heads which Italy
 Has given to prophet and to saint,
 All of least earthly art could paint !
 But never saw I such a brow
 As that which gaz'd upon me now ;—
 It was an aged man, his hair
 Was white with time, perhaps with care ;
 For over his pale face were wrought
 The characters of painful thought ;
 But on that lip and in that eye
 Were patience, peace, and piety.
 The hope which was not of this earth,
 The peace which has in pangs, its birth,
 As if in its last stage the mind,
 Like silver seven times refined
 In life's red furnace, all its clay,
 All its dross purified away,
 Paused yet a little while below,
 Its beauty and its power to show.
 As if the tumult of this life,
 Its sorrow, vanity, and strife,
 Had been but as the lightning's shock
 Shedding rich ore upon the rock,

Though in the trial scorch'd and riven,
 The gold it wins is gold from heaven.
 He watch'd, he soothed me day to day,
 How kindly words may never say :
 All angel ministering could be
 That old man's succour was to me ;
 I dwelt with him ; for all in vain
 He urg'd me to return again
 And mix with life :—and months past on
 Without a trace to mark them gone ;
 I had one only wish, to be
 Left to my grief's monotony.
 There is a calm which is not peace,
 Like that when ocean's tempests cease,
 When worn out with the storm, the sea
 Sleeps in her dark tranquillity,
 As dreading that the lightest stir
 Would bring again the winds on her.
 I felt as if I could not brook
 A sound, a breath, a voice a look,
 As I fear'd they would bring again
 Madness upon my heart and brain.
 It was a haunting curse to me,
 The simoom of insanity.
 The links of life's enchanted chain,
 Its hope, its pleasure, fear or pain,
 Connected but with what had been,
 Clung not to any future scene.
 There is an indolence in grief
 Which will not even seek relief :
 I sat me down, like one who knows
 The poison tree above him grows,
 Yet moves not ; my life-task was done
 With that hour which left me alone.

It was one glad and glorious noon,
 Fill'd with the golden airs of June,
 When leaf and flower look to the sun
 As if his light and life were one,—
 A day of those diviner days
 When breath seems only given for praise,
 Beneath a stately tree which shed
 A cool green shadow overhead ;
 I listen'd to that old man's words
 Till my heart's pulses were as chords
 Of a lute waked at the command
 Of some thrice powerful master's hand.
 He paused : I saw his face was bright
 With even more than morning's light,
 As his cheek felt the spirit's glow ;
 A glory eate upon his brow,
 His eye flash'd as to it were given
 A vision of his coming heaven.
 I turn'd away in awe and fear,
 My spirit was not of his sphere ;
 Ill might an earthly care intrude
 Upon such high and holy mood :

I felt the same as I had done
 Had angel face upon me shone,
 When sudden, as sent from on high,
 Music came slowly sweeping by:
 It was not harp, it was not song,
 Nor aught that might to earth belong!
 The birds sang not, the leaves were still,
 Silence was sleeping on the rill;
 But with a deep and solemn sound
 The viewless music swept around.
 O never yet was such a tone
 To hand or lip of mortal known!
 It was as if a hymn were sent
 From heaven's starry instrument,
 In joy, such joy as seraphs feel
 For some pure soul's immortal weal,
 When that its human task is done,
 Earth's trials past, and heaven won.
 I felt, before I fear'd, my dread,
 I turn'd and saw the old man dead!
 Without a struggle or a sigh,
 And is it thus the righteous die?
 There he lay in the sun, calm, pale,
 As if life had been like a tale
 Which, whatso'er its sorrows past,
 Breaks off in hope and peace at last.

I stretch'd him by the olive tree,
 Where his death, there his grave should be;
 The place was a thrice hallow'd spot,
 There had he drawn his golden lot
 Of immortality; 'twas blest,
 A green and holy place of rest.

But ill my burthen'd heart could bear
 Its after loneliness of care;
 The calmness round seem'd but to be
 A mockery of grief and me,—
 The azure flowers, the sunlit sky,
 The rill, with its still melody,
 The leaves, the birds,—with my despair,
 The light and freshness had no share:
 The one unbidden of them all
 To join in summer's festival.

I wander'd first to many a shrine
 By zeal or ages made divine;
 And then I visited each place
 Where valour's deeds had left a trace;
 Or sought the spots renown'd no less
 For nature's lasting loveliness.
 In vain that all things changed around,
 No change in my own heart was found.
 In sad or gay, in dark or fair,
 My spirit found a likeness there.

At last my bosom yearn'd to see
 My Eva's blooming infancy

I saw, myself unseen the while,
 O, God! it was her mother's smile!
 Wherefore, O, wherefore had they flung
 The veil just as her mother's hung!—
 Another look I dared not take,
 Another look my heart would break!
 I rush'd away to the lime grove
 Where first I told my tale of love;
 And leaves and flowers breathed of spring
 As in our first sweet wandering.
 I look'd towards the clear blue sky,
 I saw the gemlike stream run by;
 How did I wish that, like these, fate
 Had made the heart inanimate.
 O! why should spring for others be,
 When there can come no spring to thee.

Again, again, I rush'd away;
 Madness was on an instant's stay!
 And since that moment, near and far,
 In rest, in toil, in peace, in war,
 I've wander'd on without an aim
 In all, save lapse of years the same.
 Where was the star to rise and shine
 Upon a night so dark as mine?—
 My life was as a frozen stream,
 Which shares but feels not the sunbeam,
 All careless where its course may tend,
 So that it leads but to an end.
 I fear my fate too much to crave
 More than it must bestow—the grave.

AND AMIRALD from that hour sought
 A refuge from each mournful thought
 In RAYMOND's sad but soothing smile;
 And listening what might well beguile
 The spirit from its last recess
 Of dark and silent wretchedness.
 He spoke of EVA, and he tried
 To rouse her father into pride
 Of her fair beauty; rather strove
 To waken hope yet more than love.

He saw how deeply AMIRALD fear'd
 To touch a wound not heal'd but scar'd:
 His gentle care was not in vain,
 And AMIRALD learn'd to think again
 Of hope, if not of happiness;
 And soon his bosom pined to press
 The child whom he so long had left
 An orphan doubly thus bereft.
 He mark'd with what enamour'd tongue
 RAYMOND and EVA's mention hung,—
 The soften'd tone, the downward gaze,
 All that so well the heart betrays;

And a reviving future stole
Like dew and sunlight on his soul.

Soon the Crusaders would be met
Where winter's rest from war was set;
And then farewell to arms and Spain;—
Then for their own fair France again.

One morn there swell'd the trumpet's blast,
Calling to battle, but the last;
And AMIRALD watch'd the youthful knight
Spur his proud courser to the fight:
Tall as the young pine yet unbent
By strife with its mountain element,—
His vizor was up, and his full dark eye
Flash'd as its flashing were victory;
And hope and pride sate on his brow
As his earlier war-dreams were on him now.
Well might he be proud, for where was there one
Who had won the honour that he had won?
And first of the line it was his to lead
His band to many a daring deed.

But rose on the breath of the evening gale,
Not the trumpet's salute, but a mournful tale
Of treachery, that had betray'd the flower
Of the Christian force to the Infidel's power.
One came who told he saw RAYMOND fall,
Left in the battle the last of all;
His helm was gone, and his wearied hand
Held a red but a broken brand.—
What could a warrior do alone?
And AMIRALD felt all hope was gone.
Alas for the young! alas for the brave!
For the morning's hope, and the evening's grave!
And gush'd for him hot briny tears,
Such as AMIRALD had not shed for years;—
With heavy step and alter'd heart
Again he turn'd him to depart.
He sought his child, but half her bloom
Was withering in RAYMOND's tomb.

Albeit not with those who fled,
Yet was not RAYMOND with the dead.
There is a lofty castle stands
On the verge of Grenada's lands;
It has a dungeon, and a chain,
And there the young knight must remain.
Day after day,—or rather night,—
Can morning come without its light?
Pass'd on without a sound or sight.
The only thing that he could feel,
Was the same weight of fettering steel,—
The only sound that he could hear,
Was when his own voice mock'd his ear.—
His only sight was the drear lamp
That faintly show'd the dungeon's damp,

When by his side the jailer stood,
And brought his loathed and scanty food.

What is the toil, or care, or pain,
The human heart cannot sustain?
Enough if struggling can create
A change or colour in our fate;
But where's the spirit that can cope
With listless suffering, when hope,
The last of misery's allies,
Sickens of its sweet self, and dies.

He thought on EVA:—tell not me
Of happiness in memory!
O! what is memory but a gift
Within a ruin'd temple left,
Recalling what its beauties were,
And then presenting what they are.
And many hours pass'd by,—each one
Sad counterpart of others gone;
Till even to his dreams was brought
The sameness of his waking thought
And in his sleep he felt again
The dungeon, darkness, damp, and chain.

One weary time, when he had thrown
Himself on his cold bed of stone,
Sudden he heard a stranger hand
Undo the grating's iron band:
He knew 'twas stranger, for no jar
Came from the hastily drawn bar.
Too faintly gleam'd the lamp to show
The face of either friend or foe;
But there was softness in the tread,
And RAYMOND raised his weary head,
And saw a muffled figure kneel,
And loose the heavy links of steel.
He heard a whisper, to which heaven
Had surely all its music given:—
"Vow to thy saints for liberty,
Sir knight, and softly follow me!"
He heard her light step on the stair,
And felt 'twas woman led him there.
And dim and dark the way they past
Till on the dazed sight flash'd at last
A burst of light, and RAYMOND stood
Where censers burn'd with sandal wood,
And silver lamps like moonshine fell
O'er mirrors and the tapestried swell.
Of gold and purple: on they went
Through rooms each more magnificent.

And RAYMOND look'd upon the brow
Of the fair guide who led him now:
It was a pale but lovely face,
Yet in its first fresh spring of grace,
That spring before or leaf or flower
Has known a single withering hour:

With lips red as the earliest rose
That opens for the bee's repose.
But it was not on lip, or cheek
Too marble fair, too soft, too meek,
That aught was traced that might express
More than unconscious loveliness ;
But her dark eyes ! as the wild light
Streams from the stars at deep midnight,
Speaks of the future,—so those eyes
Seem'd with their fate to sympathize,
As mocking with their conscious shade
The smile that on the red lip play'd,
As that they knew their destiny
Was love, and that such love would be
The uttermost of misery.

There came a new burst of perfume,
But different, from one stately room,
Not of sweet woods, water's distill'd,
But with fresh flowers' breathing's fill'd ;
And there the maiden paused, as thought
Some painful memory to her brought.
Around all spoke of woman's hand :
There a guitar lay on a stand
Of polish'd ebony, and raised
In rainbow ranks the hyacinth blazed
Like banner'd lancers of the spring,
Save that they were too languishing.
And gush'd the tears from her dark eyes,
And swell'd her lip and breast with sighs ;
But RAYMOND spoke, and at the sound
The maiden's eye glanced hurried round,

Motioning with her hand she led,
With watching gaze and noiseless tread,
Along a flower-fill'd terrace, where
Flow'd the first tide of open air.
They reach'd the garden ; there was all
That gold could win, or luxury call
From northern or from southern skies
To make an earthly paradise.
Their path was through a little grove,
Where cypress branches met above,
Green, shadowy, as nature meant
To make the rose a summer tent,
In fear and care, lest the hot noon
Should kiss her fragrant brow too soon.
O ! passion's history, ever thus
Love's light and breath were perilous !
On the one side a fountain play'd
As if it were a Fairy's shade,
Who shower'd diamonds to streak
The red pomegranate's ruby cheek.
The grove led to a lake, one side
Sweet scented shrubs and willows hide :
There winds a path, the clear moonshine
Pierces not its dim serpentine.
The garden lay behind in light,
With flower and with fountain bright ;

The lake like sheeted silver gave
The stars a mirror in each wave ;
And distant far the torchlight fell,
Where paced the walls the sentinel :
And as each scene met RAYMOND'S view
He deem'd the tales of magic true,—
With such a path, and such a night,
And such a guide, and such a flight.

The way led to a grotto's shade,
Just for a noon in summer made ;
For scarcely might its arch be seen
Through the thick ivy's curtain green,
And not a sunbeam might intrude
Upon its twilight solitude.
It was the very place to strew
The latest violets that grew
Upon the feathery moss, then dream,—
Lull'd by the music of the stream,—
Fann'd by those scented gales which bring
The garden's wealth upon their wing,
Till languid with its own delight,
Sleep steals like love upon the sight,
Bearing those visionings of bliss
That only visit sleep like this.

And paused the maid,—the moonlight shed
Its light where leaves and flowers were spread,
As there she had their sweetness borne,
A pillow for a summer morn ;
But when those leaves and flowers were raised,
A lamp beneath their covering blazed.
She led through a small path whose birth
Seem'd in the hidden depths of earth,—
'Twas dark and damp, and on the ear
There came a rush of waters near.
At length the drear path finds an end,—
Beneath a dark low arch they bend ;
" Safe, safe ! " the maiden cried, and prest
The red cross to her panting breast !
" Yes, we are safe !—on, stranger, on,
The worst is past, and freedom won !
Somewhat of peril yet remains,
But peril not from Moorish chains :—
With hope and heaven be our lot ! "
She spoke, but RAYMOND answer'd not :
It was as he at once had come
Into some star's eternal home,—
He look'd upon a spacious cave,
Rich with the gifts wherewith the wave
Had heap'd the temple of that source
Which gave it to its daylight course.
Here pillars crowded round the hall,
Each with a glistening capital :—
The roof was set with thousand spars,
A very midnight heaven of stars ;
The walls were bright with every gem
That ever graced a diadem ;

Snow turn'd to treasure,—crystal flowers
 With every hue of summer hours.
 While light and colour round him blazed,
 It seem'd to RAYMOND that he gazed
 Upon a fairy's palace, raised
 By spells from ore and jewels, that shine
 In Afric's stream and Indian mine;
 And she, his darkeyed guide, were queen
 Alone in the enchanted scene.

They past the columns, and they stood
 By the depths of a pitchy flood,
 Where silent, leaning on his oar,
 An Ethiop slave stood by the shore.
 "My faithful ALI!" cried the maid,
 And then to gain the boat essay'd,
 Then paused, as in her heart afraid
 To trust that slight and fragile bark
 Upon a stream so fierce, so dark;
 Such sullen waves, the torch's glare
 Fell wholly unreflected there.
 'Twas but a moment; on they went
 Over the gravelike element;
 At first in silence, for so drear
 Was all that met the eye and ear,—
 Before, behind, all was like night,
 And the red torch's cheerless light,
 Fitful and dim, but served to show
 How the black waters roll'd below;
 And how the cavern roof o'erhead
 Seem'd like the tomb above them spread.
 And ever as each heavy stroke
 Of the oar upon these waters broke,
 Ten thousand echoes sent the sound
 Like omens through the hollows round,
 Till RAYMOND, who awhile subdued
 His spirit's earnest gratitude,
 Now pour'd his hurried thanks to her,
 Heaven's own loveliest minister.
 E'en by that torch he could espy
 The burning cheek, the downcast eye,—
 The faltering lip, which owns too well
 All that its words might never tell;—
 Once her dark eye met his, and then
 Sank 'neath its silken shade again;
 She spoke a few short hurried words,
 But indistinct, like those low chords
 Waked from the lute or ere the hand
 Knows yet what song it shall command.
 Was it in maiden fearfulness
 He might her bosom's secret guess,
 Or but in maiden modesty
 At what a stranger's thought might be
 Of this a Moorish maiden's flight
 In secret with a Christian knight.
 And the bright colour on her cheek
 Was various as the morning break,—
 Now spring-rose red, now lily pale.
 As thus the maiden told her tale.

MOORISH MAIDEN'S TALE.

ALBEIT on my brow and breast
 Is Moorish turban, Moorish vest;
 Albeit too of Moorish line,
 Yet Christian blood and faith are mine
 Even from earliest infancy
 I have been taught to bend the knee
 Before the sweet Madonna's face,
 To pray from her a Saviour's grace!
 My mother's youthful heart was given
 To one an infidel to heaven;
 Alas! that ever earthly love
 Could turn her hope from that above;
 Yet surely 'tis for tears, not blame,
 To be upon that mother's name.

Well can I deem my father all
 That holds a woman's heart in thrall,—
 In truth his was as proud a form
 As ever stemm'd a battle storm,
 As ever moved first in the hall
 Of crowds and courtly festival.
 Upon each temple the black hair
 Was mix'd with gray, as early care
 Had been to him like age,—his eye,
 And lip, and brow, were dark and high;
 And yet there was a look that seem'd
 As if at other times he dream'd
 Of gentle thoughts he strove to press
 Back to their unsunn'd loneliness.
 Your first gaze cower'd beneath his glance,
 Keen like the flashing of a lance,
 As forced a homage to allow
 To that tall form, that stately brow;
 But the next dwelt upon the trace
 That time may bring, but not efface,
 Of cares that wasted life's best years,
 Of griefs sear'd more than soothed by tears,
 And homage changed to a sad feeling
 For a proud heart its grief concealing.
 If such his brow, when griefs that wear,
 And hopes that waste, were written there,
 What must have been, at the hour
 When in my mother's moonlit bower,
 If any step moved, 'twas to take
 The life he ventured for her sake!
 He urged his love; to such a suit
 Could woman's eye or heart be mute?
 She fled with him,—it matters not,
 To dwell at length upon their lot.
 But that my mother's frequent sighs
 Swell'd at the thoughts of former ties,
 First loved, then fear'd she loved too well,
 Then fear'd to love an Infidel;
 A struggle all, she had the will
 But scarce the strength to love him still:—
 But for this weakness of the heart
 Which could not from its love depart,

Rebell'd, but quickly clung again,
Which broke and then renew'd its chain,
Without the power to love, and be
Repaid by love's fidelity :—
Without this contest of the mind,
Though yet its early fetters bind,
Which still pants to be unconfin'd,
They had been happy.

"Twas when first

My spirit from its childhood burst,
That to our roof a maiden came,
My mother's sister, and the same
In form, in face, in smiles, in tears,
In step, in voice, in all but years,
Save that there was upon her brow
A calm my mother's wanted now ;
And that ELVIRA's loveliness
Seem'd scarce of earth, so passionless,
So pale, all that the heart could paint
Of the pure beauty of a saint.
Yes, I have seen ELVIRA kneel,
And seen the rays of evening steal,
Lighting the blue depths of her eye
With so much of divinity,
As if her every thought was raised
To the bright heaven on which she gazed !
Then often I have deem'd her form
Rather with light than with life warm.

My father's darken'd brow was glad,
My mother's burthen'd heart less sad
With her, for she was not of those
Who all the heart's affections close
In a drear hour of grief or wrath,—
Her path was as an angel's path,
Known only by the flowers which spring
Beneath the influence of its wing ;
And that her high and holy mood
Was such as suited solitude.
Still she had gentle words and smiles,
And all that sweetness which beguiles,
Like sunshine on an April day,
The heaviness of gloom away.
It was as the soul's weal were sure
When prayer rose from lips so pure.

She left us ;—the same evening came
Tidings of wo, and death, and shame.
Her guard had been attack'd by one
Whose love it had been hers to shun.
Fierce was the struggle, and her flight
Meanwhile had gain'd a neighbouring height,
Which dark above the river stood,
And look'd upon the rushing flood ;
'Twas compass'd round, she was bereft
Of the vague hope that flight had left.
One moment, and they saw her kneel,
And then, as Heaven heard her appeal,

She flung her downwards from the rock :
Her heart was nerved by death to mock
What that heart never might endure,
The slavery of a godless Moor.

And madness in its burning pain
Seized on my mother's heart and brain :
She died that night, and the next day
Beheld my father far away.
But wherefore should I dwell on all
Of sorrow memory can recall,
Enough to know that I must roam
An orphan to a stranger home.—
My father's death in battle field
Forced me a father's rights to yield
To his stern brother ; how my heart
Was forced with one by one to part
Of its best hopes, till life became
Existence only in its name ;
Left but a single wish,—to share
The cold home where my parents were.

At last I heard, I may not say
How my soul brighten'd into day,
ELVIRA lived ; a miracle
Had surely saved her as she fell !
A fisherman who saw her float,
Bore her in silence to his boat.
She lived ! how often had I said
To mine own heart she is not dead ;
And she remember'd me, and when
They bade us never meet again,
She sent to me an Ethiop slave,
The same who guides us o'er the wave,
Whom she had led to that pure faith
Which sains and saves in life and death,
And plann'd escape.

It was one morn
I saw our conquering standards borne,
And gazed upon a Christian knight
Wounded and prisoner from the fight ;
I made a vow that he should be
Redeem'd from his captivity.
Sir knight, the Virgin heard my vow,—
Yon light,—we are in safety now !

The arch was past, the crimson gleam
Of morning fell upon the stream,
And flash'd upon the dazzled eye
The daybreak of a summer sky ;
And they are sailing amid ranks
Of cypress on the river banks :
They land where water-lilies spread
Seem almost too fair for the tread ;
And knelt they down upon the shore,
The heart's deep gratitude to pour.

Led by their dark guide on they press
 Through many a green and lone recess :
 The morning air, the bright sunshine,
 To **RAYMOND** were like the red wine,—
 Each leaf, each flower seem'd to be
 With his own joy in sympathy,
 So fresh, so glad ; but the fair Moor,
 From peril and pursuit secure,
 Though hidden by her close-drawn veil,
 Yet seem'd more tremulous, more pale ;
 The hour of dread and danger past,
 Fear's timid thoughts came thronging fast ;
 Her cold hand trembled in his own,
 Her strength seem'd with its trial gone,
 And downcast eye, and faltering word,
 But dimly seen, but faintly heard,
 Seem'd scarcely hers that just had been
 His dauntless guide through the wild scene.

At length a stately avenue
 Of ancient chestnuts met their view,
 And they could see the time-worn walls
 Of her they sought, **ELVIRA**'s halls.
 A small path led a nearer way
 Through flower-beds in their spring array.
 They reach'd the steps, and stood below
 A high and marble portico ;
 They enter'd, and saw kneeling there
 A creature even more than fair.
 On each white temple the dusk braid
 Of parted hair made twilight shade,
 That brow whose blue veins shone to show
 It was more beautiful than snow.
 Her large dark eyes were almost hid
 By the nightfall of the fringed lid ;
 And tears which fill'd their orbs with light,
 Like summer showers blent soft with bright.
 Her cheek was saintly pale, as nought
 Were there to flush with earthly thought ;
 As the heart which in youth had given
 Its feelings and its hopes to Heaven,
 Knew no emotions that could spread
 A maiden's cheek with sudden red,—
 Made for an atmosphere above,
 Too much to bend to mortal love.

And **RAYMOND** watch'd as if his eye
 Were on a young divinity,—
 As her bright presence made him feel
 Awe that could only gaze and kneel :
 And **LEILA** paused, as if afraid
 To break upon the recluse maid,
 As if her heart took its rebuke
 From that cold, calm, and placid look.

"**ELVIRA** !"—though the name was said
 Low as she fear'd to wake the dead,
 Yet it was heard, and, all revealing,
 Of her most treasured mortal feeling,

(11)

Fondly the Moorish maid was prest
 To her she sought, **ELVIRA**'s breast.
 "I pray'd for thee, my hope, my fear
 My **LEILA** ! and now thou art near.
 Nay, weep not, welcome as thou art
 To my faith, friends, and home and heart !"

And **RAYMOND** almost deem'd that earth
 To such had never given birth
 As the fair creatures, who, like light,
 Floated upon his dazzled sight :—
 One with her bright and burning cheek,
 All passion, tremulous and weak,
 A woman in her woman's sphere
 Of joy and grief, of hope and fear,
 The other, whose mild tenderness
 Seem'd as less made to share than bless ;
 One to whom human joy was such
 That her heart fear'd to trust too much,
 While her wan brow seem'd as it meant
 To soften rapture to content ;—
 To whom all earth's delight was food
 For high and holy gratitude.

Gazed **RAYMOND** till his burning brain
 Grew dizzy with excess of pain ;
 For unheal'd wounds his strength had worn,
 And all the toil his flight had borne ;
 His lip, and cheek, and brow were flame ;
 And when **Elvira**'s welcome came,
 It fell on a regardless ear,
 As bow'd beside a column near,
 He leant insensible to all
 Of good or ill that could befall.

CANTO IV.

It was a wild and untrain'd bower,
 Enough to screen from April shower,
 Or shelter from June's hotter hour,
 Tapestried with starry jessamines,
 The summer's gold and silver mines ;
 With a moss seat, and its turf set
 With crowds of the white violet.
 And close beside a fountain play'd,
 Dim, cool, from its encircling shade ;
 And lemon trees grew round, as pale
 As never yet to them the gale
 Had brought a message from the sun
 To say their summer task was done.
 It was a very solitude
 For love in its despairing mood,
 With just enough of breath and bloom,
 With just enough of calm and gloom,

To suit a heart where love has wrought
His wasting work, with saddest thought
Where all its sickly fantasies
May call up suiting images :
With flowers like hopes that spring and fade
As only for a mockery made,
And shadows of the boughs that fall
Like sorrow drooping over all.

And *LEILA*, loveliest ! can it be
Such destiny is made for thee ?
Yes, it is written on thy brow
The all thy lip may not avow,—
All that in woman's heart can dwell,
Save by a blush unutterable.
Alas ! that ever *RAYMOND* came
To light thy cheek and heart to flame,—
A hidden fire, but not the less
Consuming in its dark recess.

She had leant by his couch of pain,
When throbbing pulse and bursting vein
Fierce spoke the fever, when fate near
Rode on the tainted atmosphere ;
And though that parch'd lip spoke alone
Of other love, in fondest tone,
And though the maiden knew that death
Might be upon his lightest breath,
Yet never by her lover's side
More fondly watch'd affianced bride,—
With pain or fear more anxious strove,
Than *LEILA* watch'd another's love.

But he was safe !—that very day
Farewell, it had been hers to say ;
And he was gone to his own land,
To seek another maiden's hand.

Who that had look'd on her that morn,
Could dream of all her heart had borne ;
Her cheek was red, but who could know
'Twas flushing with the strife below ;—
Her eye was bright, but who could tell
It shone with tears she strove to quell ;
Her voice was gay, her step was light ;
And, beaming, beautiful, and bright,
It was as if life could confer
Nothing but happiness on her.
Ah ! who could think that all so fair
Was semblance, and but misery there.

'Tis strange with how much power and pride
The softness is of love allied ;
How much of power to force the breast
To be in outward show at rest,—
How much of pride that never eye
May look upon its agony !

Ah ! little will the lip reveal
Of all the burning heart can feel.
But this was past, and she was now
With clasp'd hands prest to her brow,
And head bow'd down upon her knee,
And heart-pulse throbbing audibly,
And tears that gush'd like autumn rain,
The more for that they gush'd in vain.
O ! why should woman ever love,
Trusting to one false star above ;
And fling her little chance away
Of sunshine for its treacherous ray.

At first *ELVIRA* had not sought
To break upon her lonely thought.
But it was now the vesper time,
And she return'd not at the chime
Of holy bells,—she knew the hour :—
At last they search'd her favourite bower ;
Beside the fount they found the maid
On head bow'd down, as if she pray'd ;
Her long black hair fell like a veil,
Making her pale brow yet more pale.
'Twas strange to look upon her face,
Then turn and see its shadowy trace
Within the fountain ; one like stone,
So cold, so colourless, so lone,—
A statue nymph, placed there to show
How far the sculptor's art could go.
The other, and that too the shade,
In light and crimson warmth array'd ;
For the red glow of day declining,
Was now upon the fountain shining,
And the shape in its mirror bright
Of sparkling waves caught warmth and light.
ELVIRA spoke not, though so near,
Her words lay mute in their own fear :
At last she whisper'd *LEILA*'s name,—
No answer from the maiden came.
She took one cold hand in her own,
Started, and it dropp'd lifeless down !
She gazed upon the fixed eye,
And read in it mortality.

And fingers yet that maiden's tale
A legend of the lemon vale :
They say that never from that hour
Has flourish'd there a single flower,—
The jasmine droop'd, the violets died,
Nothing grew by that fountain side,
Save the pale pining lemon trees,
And the dark weeping cypresses.—
And now when to the twilight star
The lover wakes his lone guitar,
Or maiden bids a song impart
All that is veil'd in her own heart,
The wild and mournful tale they tell
Of her who loved, alas ! too well.

And where was **RAYMOND**, where was he?
 Borne homeward o'er the rapid sea,
 While sunny days and favouring gales
 Brought welcome speed to the white sails—
 With bended knee and upraised hand,
 He stood upon his native land,
 With all that happiness can be
 When resting on futurity.
 On, on he went, and o'er the plain
 He rode an armed knight again;
 He urged his steed with hand and heel,
 It bounded conscious of the steel.
 And never yet to **RAYMOND**'s eye
 Spread such an earth, shone such a sky.
 Blew such sweet breezes o'er his brow,
 As those his native land had now.

He thought upon young **EVA**'s name,
 And felt that she was still the same;
 He thought on **AMIRALD**, his child
 Had surely his dark cares beguiled;
 He thought upon the welcome sweet
 It would be his so soon to meet:
 And never had the star of hope
 Shone on a lovelier horoscope.

And evening shades were on the hour
 When **RAYMOND** rode beneath the tower
 Remember'd well, for **ADELINE**
 Had there been his heart's summer queen.
 Could this be it?—he knew the heath
 Which, lake-like, spread its walls beneath,—
 He saw the dark old chestnut wood
 Which had for ages by it stood;
 And but for these the place had been
 As one that he had never seen.
 The walls were rent, the gates were gone,
 No red light from the watch tower shone.
 He enter'd, and the hall was bare,
 It show'd the spoiler had been there;
 Even upon the very hearth
 The green grass found a place of birth.
 O, vanity! that the stone wall
 May sooner than a blossom fall!
 The tower in its strength may be
 Laid low before the willow tree.
 There stood the wood, subject to all
 The autumn wind, the winter fall,—
 There stood the castle which the rain
 And wind had buffeted in vain,—
 But one in ruins stood beside
 The other green in its spring pride.

And **RAYMOND** paced the lonely hall
 As if he fear'd his own footfall.
 It is the very worst, the gloom
 Of a deserted banquet-room,
 To see the spider's web outvie
 The torn and faded tapestry,—

To shudder at the cold damp air,
 Then think how once were burning there
 The incense vase with odour glowing,
 The silver lamp its softness throwing
 O'er cheeks as beautiful and bright
 As roses bathed in summer light,—
 How through the portals sweeping came
 Proud cavalier and high-born dame,
 With gems like stars 'mid raven curls,
 And snow-white plumes and wreathed pearls
 Gold cups, whose lighted flames made dim
 The sparkling stones around the brim;—
 Soft voices answering to the lute,
 The swelling harp, the sigh-waked flute,—
 The glancing lightness of the dance,—
 Then, starting sudden from thy trance,
 Gaze round the lonely place and see
 Its silence and obscurity:
 Then commune with thine heart, and say
 These are the footprints of decay,—
 And I, even thus shall pass away.

And **RAYMOND** turn'd him to depart,
 With darken'd brow and heavy heart.
 Can outrage or can time remove
 The sting, the scar of slighted love?
 He could not look upon the scene
 And not remember **ADELINE**,
 Fair queen of gone festivity,—
 O, where was it, and where was she!

At distance short a village lay
 And thither **RAYMOND** took his way,
 And in its hostel shelter found,
 While the dark night was closing round,
 It was a cheerful scene, the hearth
 Was bright with woodfire and with mirth,
 And in the midst a harper bent
 O'er his companion instrument:
 'Twas an old man, his hair was gray,—
 For winter tracks in snow its way,—
 But yet his dark, keen eye was bright,
 With somewhat of its youthful light;
 Like one whose path of life had been
 Its course through mingled sheen and shade
 But one whose buoyant spirit still
 Pass'd lightly on through good or ill,—
 One reckless if borne o'er the sea
 In storm or in tranquillity;
 The same to him, as if content
 Were his peculiar element,
 'Tis strange how the heart can create
 Or colour from itself its fate;
 We make ourselves our own distress,
 We are ourselves our happiness.

And many a song and many a lay,
 Had pass'd the cheerful hour away,

When one pray'd that he would relate,
His tale of the proud ladye's fate,—
The lady ADELINÉ ;—the name
Like lightning upon RAYMOND came !
And swept the harper o'er his chords
As that he paused for minstrel words,
Or stay'd till silence should prevail,
When thus the old man told the tale.

THE PROUD LADY.

O, what could the ladye's beauty match,
An it were not the ladye's pride ;
An hundred knights from far and near
Woo'd at that ladye's side.

The rose of the summer slept on her cheek,
Its lily upon her breast,
And her eye shone forth like the glorious star
That rises the first in the west.

There are some that woo'd for her land and gold,
And some for her noble name,
And more that woo'd for her loveliness ;
But her answer was still the same.

"There is a steep and lofty wall,
Where my warders trembling stand,
He who at speed shall ride round its height,
For him shall be my hand."

Many turn'd away from the deed,
The hope of their wooing o'er ;
But many a young knight mounted the steed
He never mounted more.

At last there came a youthful knight,
From a strange and far countrie,
The steed that he rode was white as the foam
Upon a stormy sea.

And he who had scorn'd the name of love,
Now bow'd before its might,
And the ladye grew meek as if disdain
Were not made for that stranger knight.

She sought at first to steal his soul
By dance, song, and festival ;
At length on bended knee she pray'd
He would not ride the wall.

But gayly the young knight laugh'd at her fears,
And flung him on his steed,—
There was not a saint in the calendar
That she pray'd not to in her need.

She dared not raise her eyes to see
If heaven had granted her prayer,
Till she heard a light step bound to her side,—
The gallant knight stood there !

And took the ladye ADELINÉ
From her hair a jewell'd band,
But the knight repell'd the offer'd gift,
And turn'd from the offer'd hand.

And deemest thou that I dared this deed,
Ladye, for love of thee ;
The honour that guides the soldier's lance
Is mistress enough for me.

Enough for me to ride the ring,
The victor's crown to wear ;
But not in honour of the eyes
Of any ladye there.

I had a brother whom I lost
Through thy proud crueltye,
And far more was to me his love,
Than woman's love can be.

I came to triumph o'er the pride
Through which that brother fell,
I laugh to scorn thy love and thee,
And now, proud dame, farewell !

And from that hour the ladye pined,
For love was in her heart,
And on her slumber there came dreams
She could not bid depart.

Her eye lost all its starry light,
Her cheek grew wan and pale,
Till she hid her faded loveliness
Beneath the sacred veil

And she cut off her long dark hair,
And bade the world farewell,
And she now dwells a veil'd nun
In Saint Marie's cell.

And what were RAYMOND's dreams that night ?
The morning's gift of crimson light
Waked not his sleep, for his pale cheek
Did not of aught like slumber speak ;
Though not upon a morn like this
Should RAYMOND turn to aught but bliss.
To-day, when EVA will be prest,
Ere evening, to his throbbing breast.—
To day, when all his own will be
That cheer'd his long captivity.
Care to the wind of heaven was flung
As the young knight to stirrup sprung.

He reach'd the castle ; save one, all
Rush'd to his welcome in the hall.
He gazed, but there no EVA came,
Scarce his low voice named EVA's name !

"Our EVA, she is far away
Amid the young, the fair, the gay.
At Thoulouse, now the bright resort
Of beauty and the Minstrel Court;
For this time it is hers to set
The victor's brow with violet.
Her father,—but you're worn and pale,—
Come, the wine cup will aid my tale."
The greeting of the elder knight,
The cheerful board, the vintage bright,
Not all could chase from RAYMOND'S soul,
The cloud that o'er its gladness stole;
And soon, pretending toil, he sought
A solitude for lonely thought.—
'Tis strange how much of vanity
Almost unconsciously will be
With our best feelings mix'd, and now
But that, what shadows RAYMOND'S brow.

He had deem'd a declining flower,
Pining in solitary bower,
He should find EVA, sad and lone,—
He sought the cage, the bird had flown,
With burnish'd plume, and careless wing,
A follower of the sunny Spring.
He pictured her the first of all
In masque, and dance, and festival,—
With cheek at its own praises burning,
And eyes but on adorners turning,
The lady of the tournament,
For whose bright sake the lance was sent;
While minstrels borrow'd from her name
The beauty which they paid by fame:
Beloved! not even his hot brain
Dared whisper,—loving too again.

But the next morn, and RAYMOND bent
His steps to that fair Parliament,
While pride and hasty anger strove
Against his memory and his love.
But leave we him awhile to rave
Against the faith which, like the wave,
By every grain of sand can be
Moved from its own tranquillity,
Till settled he that woman's mind
Was but a leaf before the wind,—
Left to remain, retreat, advance,
Without a destiny but chance.—

And where is EVA? on her cheek
Is there ought that of love may speak?
Amid the music and perfume
That, mingling, fill yon stately room
A maiden sits, around her chair
Stand others who, with graceful care,
Bind Indian jewels in her hair.
'Tis EVA! on one side a stand
Of dark wood from the Ethiop's land
Is cover'd with all gems that deck
A maiden's arm, or maiden's neck

The diamond with its veins of light,
The sapphire like a summer night,
The ruby rich as it had won
A red gift from the setting sun,
And white pearls, such as might have been
A bridal offering for a queen.
On the side opposite were thrown,
Rainbow-like mix'd, a sparkling zone,
A snow-white veil, a purple vest
Embroider'd with a golden crest.
Before, the silver mirror's trace
Is the sweet shadow of her face,
Placed as appealing to her eyes
For the truth of the flatteries,
With which her gay attendants seek
To drive all sadness from her cheek.—
She heard them not; she reck'd not how
They wreath'd the bright hair o'er her
brow,
Whate'er its sunny grace might be
There was an eye that would not see.
They told of words of royal praise,
They told of minstrel's moonlight lays,
Of youthful knights who swore to die
For her least smile, her lightest sigh.
But he was gone, her young, her brave,
Her heart was with him in the grave.

Wearied, for ill the heart may bear
Light words in which it has no share,
She turn'd to a pale maid, who, mute;
Dreaming of song, leant o'er her lute;
And at her sign, that maiden's words
Came echolike to its sweet chords,—
It was a low and silver tone,
And very sad, like sorrow's own;
She sang of love as it will be,
And has been in reality,—
Of fond hearts broken and betray'd,
Of roses opening but to fade,
Of wither'd hope, and wasted bloom,
Of the young warrior's early tomb;
And the while her dark mournful eye
Held with her words deep sympathy.

And EVA listen'd;—music's power
Is little felt in sunlit hour;
But hear its voice when hopes depart,
Like swallows, flying from the heart
On which the summer's late decline
Has set a sadness and a sign;
When friends whose commune once we sought
For every bosom wish and thought,
Have given in our hour of need
Such a support as gives the reed,—
When we have seen the green grass grow
Over what once was life below;
How deeply will the spirit feel
The lute, the song's sweetvoiced appeal:

And how the heart drink in their sighs
As echoes they from Paradise.

'Tis done: the last bright gem is set
In EVA's sparkling coronet;
A soil on her rich veil appears,—
Unsuited here—and is it tears!

Her father met her, he was proud
To lead his daughter through the crowd,
And see the many eyes that gazed,
Then mark the blush their gazing raised;
And for his sake, she forced away
The clouds that on her forehead lay,
The sob rose in her throat, 'twas all;
The tears swam, but they dared not fall;
And the pale lip put on a smile,
Alas it was too sad for guile!

A beautiful and festal day
Shone summer bright o'er the array,
And purple banners work'd in gold,
And azure pennons spread their fold,
O'er the rich awnings which were round
The galleries that hemm'd in the ground,
The green and open space, where met
The Minstrels of the Violet;
And two or three old stately trees
Softened the sun, screened from the breeze.
And there came many a lovely dame,
With cheek of rose, and eye of flame;
And many a radiant arm was raised,
Whose rubies in the sunshine blazed;
And many a white veil swept the air
Only than what they hid less fair:
And placed at his own beauty's feet
Found many a youthful knight his seat,
And flung his jewell'd cap aside,
And wore his scarf with gayer pride,
And whisper'd soft and gallant things,
And bade the bards' imaginings
Whenever love awoke the tone,
With their sweet passion plead his own.

Beneath an azure canopy,
Blue as the sweep of April's sky,
Upon a snowy couch recline
Like a white cloud before the wind,
Leant EVA:—there was many a tent
More royal, more magnificent,
With purple, gold, and crimson swelling,
But none so like a fairy dwelling:
One curtain bore her father's crest,
But summer flowers confined the rest;
And, at her feet, the ground was strew'd
With the June's rainbow multitude:
Beside her knelt a page, who bore
A vase with jewels sparkling o'er,
And in that shining vase was set
The prize,—THE GOLDEN VIOLET.

Alas for her whom every eye
Worshipp'd like a divinity!
Alas for her whose ear was fill'd
With flatteries like sweet woods distill'd!
Alas for EVA! bloom and beam,
Music and mirth, came like a dream,
In which she mingled not,—apart
From all in heaviness of heart.
There were soft tales pour'd in her ear,
She look'd on many a cavalier,
Wander'd her eye round the glad scene,
It was as if they had not been:—
To ear, eye, heart, there only came
Her RAYMOND's image, RAYMOND's name!

There is a flower, a snow-white flower,
Fragile as if a morning shower
Would end its being, and the earth
Forget to what it gave a birth;
And it looks innocent and pale,
Slight as the least force could avail
To pluck it from its bed, and yet
Its root in depth and strength is set.
The July sun, the autumn rain,
Beat on its slender stalk in vain:—
Around it spreads, despite of care,
Till the whole garden is its share;
And other plants must fade and fall
Beneath its deep and deadly thrall.
This is love's emblem; it is nursed
In all unconsciousness at first,
Too slight, too fair, to wake distrust;
No sign how that an after hour
Will rue and weep its fatal power.
'Twas thus with EVA; she had dream'd
Of love as his first likeness seem'd,
A sweet thought o'er which she might
 brood,
The treasure of her solitude;
But tidings of young RAYMOND's fate
Waken'd her from her dream too late,
Even her timid love could be
The ruling star of destiny.
And when a calmer mood prevail'd
O'er that whose joy her father hail'd
Too well he saw how day by day
Some other emblem of decay
Came on her lip and o'er her brow,
Which only she would disallow;
The cheek the lightest word could flush
Not with health's rose, but the heart's gush
Of feverish anxiousness; he caught
At the least hope, and vainly sought
By change, by pleasure, to dispel
Her sorrow from its secret cell.
In vain;—what can reanimate
A heart too early desolate!
It had been his, it could not save,
But it could follow to his grave.

The trumpets peal'd their latest round,
 Stole from the flutes a softer sound,
 Swell'd the harp to each master's hand,
 As onward came the minstrel band!
 And many a bright cheek grew more bright,
 And many a dark eye flash'd with light,
 As bent the minstrel o'er his lute,
 And urged the lover's plaining suit,
 Or swept a louder chord, and gave
 Some glorious history of the brave.

At last from 'mid the crowd one came,
 Unknown himself, unknown his name,
 Both knight and bard,—the stranger wore
 The garb of a young Troubadour;
 His dark green mantle loosely flung,
 Conceal'd the form o'er which it hung;
 And his cap, with its shadowy plume,
 Hid his face by its raven gloom.
 Little did EVA's careless eye
 Dream that it wander'd RAYMOND by,
 Though his first tone thrill'd every vein,
 It only made her turn again,
 Forget the scene, the song, and dwell
 But on what memory felt too well.

THE SONG OF THE TROUBADOUR.

In some valley low and lone,
 Where I was the only one
 Of the human dwellers there,
 Would I dream away my care:
 I'd forget how in the world
 Snakes lay amid roses curl'd,
 I'd forget my once distress
 For young Love's insidiousness.
 False foes, and yet falser friends,
 Seeming but for their own ends;
 Pleasures known but by their wings,
 Yet remember'd by their stings;
 Gold's decrease, and health's decay,
 I will fly like these away,
 To some lovely solitude,
 Where the nightingale's young brood
 Lives amid the shrine of leaves,
 Which the wild rose round them weaves,
 And my dwelling shall be made
 Underneath the beech tree's shade.
 Twining ivy for the walls
 Over which the jasmine falls,
 Like a tapestry work'd with gold
 And pearls around each emerald fold:
 And my couches shall be set
 With the purple violet,
 And the white ones too, inside
 Each a blush to suit a bride.
 That flower which of all that live,
 Lovers, should be those who give,

Primroses, for each appears
 Pale and wet with many tears.
 Alas tears and pallid cheek
 All too often love bespeak!
 There the gilderoose should fling
 Silver treasures to the spring,
 And the bright laburnum's tresses
 Seeking the young wind's caresses;
 In the midst an azure lake,
 Where no oar e'er dips to break
 The clear bed of its blue rest,
 Where the halcyon builds her nest;
 And amid the sedges green,
 And the water-flag's thick screen,
 The solitary swan resides;
 And the bright kingfisher hides,
 With its colours rich like those
 Which the bird of India shows.—
 Once I thought that I would seek
 Some fair creature, young and meek,
 Whose most gentle smile would bless
 My too utter loneliness;
 But I then remember'd all
 I had suffer'd from love's thrall,
 And I thought I'd not again
 Enter in the lion's den;
 But, with my wrung heart now free,
 So I thought I still will be.
 Love is like a kingly dome,
 Yet too often, sorrow's home;
 Sometimes smiles, but oftener tears,
 Jealousies, and hopes, and fears,
 A sweet liquor sparkling up,
 But drank from a poison'd cup.
 Would you guard your heart from care
 Love must never enter there.
 I will dwell with summer flowers,
 Fit friends for the summer hours,
 My companions honey-bees,
 And birds, and buds, and leaves, and trees,
 And the dew of the twilight,
 And the thousand stars of night:
 I will cherish that sweet gift,
 The least earthly one now left
 Of the gems of Paradise,
 Poesy's delicious sighs.
 Ill may that soft spirit bear
 Crowds' or cities' healthless air;
 Was not her sweet breathing meant
 To echo the low murmur sent
 By the flowers, and by the rill,
 When all save the wind is still?
 As if to tell of those fair things
 High thoughts, pure imaginings,
 That recall how bright, how fair
 In our other state we were.
 And at last, when I have spent
 A calm life in mild content,

May my spirit pass away
 As the early leaves decay :
 Spring shakes her gay coronal,
 One sweet breath, and then they fall.
 Only let the red-breast bring
 Moss to strew me with, and sing
 One low mournful dirge to tell
 I have bid the world farewell.

AND praise rang forth, and praise is won,
 Young minstrel, thou hast equal none !
 They led him to the lady's seat,
 And knelt he down at EVA's feet ;
 She bent his victor brow to deck,
 And, fainting, sunk upon his neck !
 The cap and plume aside were thrown,
 'Twas as the grave restored its own,
 And sent its victim forth to share
 Light, life, and hope, and sun, and air.

That day the feast spread gay and bright
 In honour of the youthful knight,
 And it was EVA's fairy hand
 Met RAYMOND's in the saraband,
 And it was EVA's ear that heard
 Many a low and lovetuned word.—
 And life seem'd as a sunny stream,
 And hope awaken'd as from a dream ;
 But what has minstrel left to tell
 When love has not an obstacle ?
 My lute is hush'd, and mute its chords,
 The heart and happiness have no words !

My tale is told, the glad sunshine
 Fell over its commencing line,—
 It was a morn in June, the sun
 Was blessing all it shone upon,
 The sky was clear as not a cloud
 Were ever on its face allow'd ;
 The hill whereon I stood was made
 A pleasant place of summer shade
 By the green elms which seem'd as meant
 To make the noon a shadowy tent.
 I had been bent half sleep, half wake,
 Dreaming those rainbow dreams that take
 The spirit prisoner in their chain,
 Too beautiful to be quite vain,—
 Enough if they can soothe to cheer
 One moment's pain or sorrow here.
 And I was happy ; hope and fame
 Together on my visions came,
 For memory had just dipp'd her wings
 In honey dews, and sunlit springs,—

My brow burnt with its early wreath,
 My soul had drank its first sweet breath
 Of praise, and yet my cheek was flushing,
 My heart with the full torrent gushing
 Of feelings whose delighted mood
 Was mingling joy and gratitude.
 Scarce possible it seem'd to be
 That such praise could be meant for me.—
 Enured to coldness and neglect,
 My spirit chill'd, my breathing check'd,
 All that can crowd and crush the mind,
 Friends, even more than fate unkind,
 And fortunes stamp'd with the pale sign
 That marks and makes autumn's decline.
 How could I stand in the sunshine,
 And marvel not that it was mine ?
 One word, if ever happiness
 In its most passionate excess
 Offer'd its wine to human lip,
 It has been mine that cup to sip.
 I may not say with what deep dread
 The words of my first song were said,
 I may not say how much delight
 Has been upon my minstrel flight.—
 'Tis vain, and yet my heart would say
 Somewhat to those who made my way
 A path of light, with power to kill,
 To check, to crush, but not the will.
 Thanks for the gentleness that leant
 My young lute such encouragement,
 When scorn had turn'd my heart to stone,
 O, theirs be thanks and benison !

Back to the summer hill again,
 When first I thought upon this strain,
 And music rose upon the air,
 I look'd below, and, gather'd there,
 Rode soldiers with their breastplates glancing,
 Helmets and snow-white feathers dancing,
 And trumpets at whose martial sound,
 Prouder the war horse trod the ground,
 And waved their flag with many a name
 Of battles and each battle fame.
 And as I mark'd the gallant line
 Pass through the green lane's serpentine,
 And as I saw the boughs give way
 Before the crimson pennons' play ;
 To other days my fancy went,
 Call'd up the stirring tournament,
 The darkeyed maiden who for years
 Kept the vows seal'd by parting tears,
 While he who own'd her plighted hand
 Was fighting in the Holy Land.
 The youthful knight with his gay crest,
 His lady's scarf upon a breast
 Whose truth was kept, come life, come death,—
 Alas ! has modern love such faith !

I thought how in the moonlit hour
 The minstrel hymn'd his maiden's bower,
 His helm and sword changed for the lute
 And one sweet song to urge his suit.
 Floated around me moated hall,
 And donjon keep, and frowning wall;
 I saw the marshal'd hosts advance,
 I gazed on banner, brand, and lance;
 The murmur of a low song came
 Bearing one only worshipp'd name;
 And my next song, I said, should be
 A tale of gone-by chivalry.

My task is done, the tale is told,
 The lute drops from my wearied hold;
 Spreads no green earth, no summer sky
 To raise fresh visions for my eye,
 The hour is dark, the winter rain
 Beats cold and harsh against the pane,
 Where, spendthrift like, the branches twine,
 Worn, knotted, of a leafless vine;
 And the wind howls in gusts around,
 As omens were in each drear sound,—
 Omens that bear upon their breath
 Tidings of sorrow, pain, and death.
 Thus should it be,—I could not bear
 The breath of flowers, the sunny air
 Upon that ending page should be
 Which ONE will never, never see.
 Yet who will love it like that one,
 Who cherish as he would have done,
 My father! albeit but in vain
 This clasping of a broken chain,
 And albeit of all vainest things
 That haunt with sad imaginings,
 None has the sting of memory;
 Yet still my spirit turns to thee,
 Despite of long and lone regret,
 Rejoicing it cannot forget.
 I would not lose the lightest thought
 With one remembrance of thine fraught,—
 And my heart said no name, but thine
 Should be on this last page of mine.

My father, though no more, thine ear
 Censure or praise of mine can hear,
 It soothes me to embalm thy name
 With all my hope, my pride, my fame,
 Treasure's of Fancy's fairy hall,—
 Thy name most precious far of all.

My page is wet with bitter tears,—
 I cannot but think of those years
 When happiness and I would wait
 On summer evenings by the gate,
 And keep o'er the green fields our watch
 The first sound of thy step to catch,
 Then run for the first kiss, and word,—
 An unkind one I never heard.

(12)

But these are pleasant memories,
 And later years have none like these:
 They came with griefs, and pains, and cares,
 All that the heart breaks while it bears;
 Desolate as I feel alone
 I should not weep that thou art gone.
 Alas! the tears that still will fall
 Are selfish in their fond recall;—
 If ever tears could win from Heaven
 A loved one, and yet be forgiven,
 Mine surely might; I may not tell
 The agony of my farewell!
 A single tear I had not shed,—
 'Twas the first time I mourn'd the dead;—
 It was my heaviest loss, my worst,—
 My father!—and was thine the first!

Farewell! in my heart is a spot
 Where other griefs and cares come not,
 Hallow'd by love, by memory kept,
 And deeply honour'd, deeply wept.
 My own dead father, time may bring
 Chance, change, upon his rainbow wing,
 But never will thy name depart
 The household god of thy child's heart,
 Until thy orphan girl may share
 The grave where her best feelings are.
 Never, dear father, love can be,
 Like the dear love I had for thee!

NOTES TO THE TROUBADOUR.

Page 57.

The spent stag on the grass is laid,
 But over him is bent a maid,
 Her arms and fair hair glistening
 With the bright waters of the spring.

THE foundation of this tale was taken from the
 exquisite and wild legend in the *Bride of Lam-
 mermuir*. It is venturing on hallowed ground;
 but I have the common excuse for most human er-
 rors,—I was tempted by beauty.

Page 58.

Bends not the mountain cedar trees,
 Folding their branches from the breeze.

Some ancient travellers assert, that in winter the
 cedars of Lebanon fold their branches together, and
 in this spiral form defy the storms which would
 otherwise destroy their outstretched limbs. I be-
 lieve the fact is not well authenticated, but enough
 for the uses of poetry.

Page 65.

Elenore.

This tale is the versification of an old tradition
 in Russell's *Tour through Germany*. I have ven-

tured on one or two alterations: the original makes Nero the father; and somewhat similar to the discovery of Bedreddin by his cream-tarts, in the Arabian Nights, the emperor recognises his daughter by the flavour of a dish she alone knew how to prepare.

Page 69.

Is there a knight who for love of me,
Into the court below will spring,
And bear from the lion the glove I fling.

This is an anecdote told of De Lorge, a knight of Francis the First's, in whose presence it took place.

Page 73.

And soon I deem'd the time would be,
For many a chief stood leagued with me.

I knew not whether it may be necessary to remark, that the period I suppose in this poem is that of the later time of chivalry in Provence, when the spirit of religious inquiry was springing, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of the Albigenses.

Page 75.

Had been but as the lightning's shock,
Shedding rich ore upon the rock.

It is a belief among some savage nations,—the North American Indians, I believe,—that where the lightning strikes it melts into gold.

Page 84.

This ballad is also taken, with some slight change, from a legend in Russell's Germany.

Page 85.

Thoulouse, now the bright resort
Of beauty and the minstrel court.
For this time it is here to set
The victor's brow with violet.

I have here given to an early age what in reality

belongs to a later one; the Golden Violet was a prize given rather for the revival than the encouragement of the Troubadours. The following is Sismondi's account:

"A few versifiers of little note, had assumed, at Thoulouse, the name of Troubadours, and were accustomed to assemble together, in the gardens of the Augustine Monks, where they read their compositions to one another. In 1323, these persons resolved to form themselves into a species of academy *del Gai Sabir*, and they gave it the title of *La Sobrigaza Companhia dels septs Trobadors de Tolosa*. This "most gay society" was eagerly joined by the Capitouls, or venerable magistrates of Thoulouse, who wished, by some public festival, to reanimate the spirit of poetry. A circular letter was addressed to all the cities of Languedoc, to give notice that, on the first of May, 1324, a Golden Violet would be decreed, as a prize, to the author of the best poem in the Provençal language."—*Sismondi on the Literature of the Troubadours*.

But there is a more romantic though less true account of the origin of the Golden Violet; the foundress of this picturesque ceremony was said to have been Clemence Isaure; but Sismondi seems to doubt even her existence.

"If the celebrated Clemence Isaure, whose eulogy was pronounced every year in the assembly of the Floral Games, and whose statue, crowned with flowers, ornamented their festivals, be not merely an imaginary being, she appears to have been the soul of these little meetings before either the magistrates had noticed them, or the public were invited to attend them. But neither the circulars of the *Sobrigaza Companhia*, nor the registers of the magistrates, make any mention of her; and notwithstanding all the zeal with which, at a subsequent period, the glory of founding the Floral Games has been attributed to her, her existence is still problematical."—*Sismondi*.

POETICAL SKETCHES OF MODERN PICTURES.

Beautiful art! my worship is for thee,—
The heart's entire devotion. When I look
Upon thy radiant wonders, every pulse
Is thrill'd as in the presence of divinity!
Pictures, bright pictures, O! they are to me
A world for mind to revel in. I love
To give a history to every face, to think,—
As I thought with the painter,—as I knew
What his high communing had been.—L. E. L.

PORTUGAL CATALOGUE OF PICTURES,
IN LIT. GAZ. 1823.

JULIET AFTER THE MASQUE- RADE.

BY THOMPSON.

SHE left the festival, for it seem'd dim
Now that her eye no longer dwelt on him,
And sought her chamber,—gazed, (then turn'd
away.)

Upon a mirror that before her lay,
Half fearing, half believing her sweet face
Would surely claim within his memory place.
The hour was late, and that night her light foot
Had been the constant echo of the lute;
Yet sought she not her pillow, the cool air
Came from the casement, and it lured her there.
The terrace was beneath, and the pale moon
Shone o'er the couch which she had press'd at
noon,

Soft-lingering o'er some minstrel's lovelorn
page,—

Alas, tears are the poet's heritage!

She flung her on that couch, but not for
sleep;

No, it was only that the wind might steep
Her fever'd lip in its delicious dew:
Her brow was burning, and aside she threw
Her cap and plume, and, loosen'd from its fold,
Came o'er her neck and face a shower of gold,
A thousand curls. It was a solitude
Made for young heart's in love's first dreaming
mood:—

Beneath the garden lay, fill'd with rose trees
Whose sighings came like passion on the breeze.
Two graceful statues of the Parian stone
So finely shaped, that as the moonlight shone
The breath of life seem'd to their beauty given,
But less the life of earth than that of heaven.

'Twas PSYCHE and her boy-god, so divine
They turn'd the terrace to an idol shrine,
With its white vases and their summer share
Of flowers, like altars raised to that sweet pair.

And there the maiden leant, still in her ear
The whisper dwelt of that young cavalier;
It was no fancy, he had named the name
Of love, and at that thought her cheek grew
flame:

It was the first time her young ear had heard
A lover's burning sigh, or silver word;
Her thoughts were all confusion, but most
sweet,—

Her heart beat high, but pleasant was its beat.
She murmur'd over many a snatch of song
That might to her own feelings now belong;
She thought upon old histories she had read,
And placed herself in each high heroine's stead,
Then woke her lute,—O! there is little known
Of music's power till aided by love's own.
And this is happiness: O! love will last
When all that made it happiness is past,—
When all its hopes are as the glittering toys
Time present offers, time to come destroys,—
When they have been too often crush'd to
earth,

For further blindness to their little worth,—
When fond illusions have dropt one by one,
Like pearls from a rich carkanet, till none
Are left upon life's soil'd and naked string,—
And this is all what time will ever bring.
—And that fair girl,—what can the heart fore-
see

Of her young love, and of its destiny?
There is a white cloud o'er the moon, its form
Is very light, and yet there sleeps the storm:
It is an omen, it may tell the fate
Of love known all too soon, repented all too
late.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

LADY, thy lofty brow is fair,
Beauty's sign and seal are there ;
And thy lip is like the rose
Closing round the bee's repose ;
And thine eye is like a star,
But blue as the sapphires' are.
Beautiful patrician ! thou
Wearest on thy stately brow
All that suits a noble race,
All of high-born maiden's grace,—
Who is there could look on thee
And doubt thy nobility ?

Round thee satin robe is flung,
Pearls upon thy neck are hung,
And upon thy arm of snow
Rubies like red sun-gifts glow ;
Yet thou wearest pearl and gem
As thou hadst forgotten them.—
'Tis a step, but made to tread
O'er Persian web, or flower's head,—
Soft hand that might only move
In the broider'd silken glove,—
Cheek unused to ruder air
Than what hothouse rose might bear,—
One whom nature only meant
To be queen of the tournament,—
Courtly fete, and lighted hall,—
Grace and ornament of all !

THE COMBAT.

BY ETTY.

THEY fled,—for there was for the brave
Left only a dishonour'd grave.
The day was lost ; and his red hand
Was now upon a broken brand,
The foes were in his native town,
The gates were forced, the walls were down,
The burning city lit the sky,—
What had he then to do but fly ;
Fly to the mountain-rock, where yet
Revenge might strike, or peace forget !

They fled,—for she was by his side,
Life's last and loveliest link, his bride,—
Friends, fame, hope, freedom, all were gone,
Or linger'd only with that one.
They hasten'd by the lonely way
That through the winding forest lay,

Hearth, home, tower, temple, blazed behind,
And shout and shriek came on the wind ;
And twice the warrior turn'd again
And curs'd the arm that now in vain,
Wounded and faint, essay'd to grasp
The sword that trembled in its clasp.

At last they reach'd a secret shade
Which seem'd as for their safety made ;
And where they paused, for the warm tide
Burst in red gushes from his side,
And hung the drops on brow and cheek,
And his gasp'd breath came thick and weak.
She took her long dark hair, and bound
The cool moss on each gaping wound,
And in her closed-up hands she brought
The water which his hot lip sought,—
And anxious gaz'd upon his eye,
As asking, shall we live or die ?
Almost as if she thought his breath
Had power o'er his own life and death.

But, hark !—'tis not the wind deceives,
There is a step among the leaves :
Her blood runs cold, her heart beats high,
It is their fiercest enemy ;
He of the charm'd and deadly steel,
Whose strokes was never known to heal,—
He of the sword sworn not to spare,
She flung her down in her despair !

The dying chief sprang to his knee,
And the staunch'd wounds well'd fearfully ;
But his gash'd arm, what is it now ?
Livid his lip, and black his brow,
While over him the slayer stood,
As if he almost scorn'd the blood
That cost so little to be won,—
He strikes,—the work of death is done !

THE FAIRY QUEEN SLEEPING.

BY STOTHARD.

She lay upon a bank, the favourite haunt
Of the spring wind in its first sunshine hour,
For the luxuriant strawberry blossoms spread
Like a snow-shower there, and violets
Bow'd down their purple vases of perfume
About her pillow,—link'd in a gay band
Floated fantastic shapes, these were her guards,
Her lithe and rainbow elves.

We have been o'er land and sea,
Seeking lovely dreams for thee,—
Where is there we have not been
Gathering gifts for our sweet queen !

We are come with sound and sight
 Fit for fairy's sleep to-night,—
 First around thy couch shall sweep
 Odours, such as roses weep
 When the earliest spring rain
 Calls them into life again ;
 Next upon thine ear shall float
 Many a low and silver note,
 Stolen from a darkeyed maid
 When her lover's serenade,
 Rising as the stars grew dim,
 Waken'd from her thoughts of him.
 There shall steal o'er lip and cheek
 Gales, but all too light to break
 Thy soft rest,—such gales as hide
 All day orange-flowers inside,
 Or that, while hot noontide, dwell
 In the purple hyacinth bell ;
 And before thy sleeping eyes
 Shall come glorious pageantries,
 Palaces of gems and gold,
 Such as dazzle to behold,—
 Gardens, in which every tree
 Seems a world of bloom to be,—
 Fountains, whose clear waters show
 The white pearls that lie below.—
 During slumber's magic reign
 Other times shall live again ;
 First thou shalt be young and free
 In thy days of liberty,—
 Then again be woo'd and won
 By the stately OBERON.
 Or thou shalt descend to earth,
 And see all of mortal birth.
 No, that world's too full of care
 For e'en dreams to linger there.
 But, behold, the sun is set,
 And the diamond coronet
 Of the young moon is on high
 Waiting for our revelry ;
 And the dew is on the flower,
 And the stars proclaim our hour ;
 Long enough thy rest has been,
 Wake, **TITANIA**, wake our queen !

THE ORIENTAL NOSEGAY.

BY PICKERSGILL.

THROUGH the light curtains came the perfumed
 air,
 And flung them back and show'd a garden, where
 The eye could just catch glimpses of those trees
 Which send sweet messages upon the breeze
 To lull a maiden's sleep, and fan her cheek,
 When inward thoughts in outward blushes speak.

Beneath's a silken couch, just fit to be
 A snowy shrine for some fair deity ;
 And there a beauty rests, lovely as those
 Enchanted visions haunting the repose
 Of the young poet, when his eyelids shut
 To dream that love they have but dream'd as
 yet ;—
 But dream'd ! Alas, that love should ever be
 A happiness but made for phantasia !
 And flowers are by her side, and her dark eye
 Seems as it read in them her destiny.
 She knew whose hand had gather'd them, she
 knew
 Whose sigh and touch were on their scent and
 hue.

Beautiful language ! Love's peculiar own,
 But only to the spring and summer known.
 Ah ! little marvel in such clime and age
 As that of our two earth-bound pilgrimage,
 That we should daily hear that love is fled
 And hope grown pale, and lighted feelings dead.
 Not for the cold, the careless to impart,
 By such sweet signs, the silence of the heart :
 But surely in the countries where the sun
 Lights loveliness in all he shines upon,—
 Where love is as a mystery and a dream,
 One single flower upon life's troubled stream ;
 There, there, perchance, may the young bosom
 thrill,
 Feeling and fancy linger with love still.

She look'd upon the blossoms, and a smile,
 A twilight one, lit up her lip the while.
 Surely her love is blest, no leaves are there
 That aught of lover's misery declare.
 True, 'mid them is that pale and pining flower,
 Whose dim blue colour speaks an absent hour ;
 Yet it is nothing but that tender sorrow
 Of those who part to-day to meet to-morrow :
 For there are hope and constancy beside,
 And are not these to happiness allied ;
 And yet upon that maiden's cheek is caught
 A summer evening's shade of pensive thought.
 As if these large soft eyes knew all their fate,
 How the heart would its destiny create,—
 At once too tender, and too passionate ;—
 Too made for happiness to be happy here,
 An angel fetter'd to an earthly sphere.—
 And those dark eyes, so large, so soft, so bright,
 So clear as if their very tears were light ;
 They tell that destiny, art thou not one
 To whom love will be like the summer sun
 That feeds the diamond in the secret mine,
 Then calls it from its solitude to shine,
 And piece by piece be broken. Watch the bloom
 And mark its fading to an early tomb,
 And read in the decay upon 't stealing

Of thy own wasted hope and wither'd feeling,—
 Ay, sitting messengers for love! as fair,
 As quickly past as his own visions are;—
 Fling, fling the flowers away!

A CHILD SCREENING A DOVE FROM A HAWK.

BY STEWARDSON.

Ax, screen thy favourite dove, fair child,
 Ay, screen it if you may,—
 Yet I misdoubt thy trembling hand
 Will scare the hawk away.

That dove will die, that child will weep,—
 Is this their destinie?
 Ever amid the sweets of life
 Some evil thing must be.

Ay, moralize,—is it not thus
 We've mourn'd our hope and love?
 Alas! there's tears for every eye,
 A hawk for every dove

THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

BY DANBY.

AND there the island lay, the waves around
 Had never known a storm: for the north wind
 Was charm'd from coming, and the only airs
 That blew brought sunshine on their azure wings,
 Or tones of music from the sparry caves,
 Where the sea-maids make lutes of the pink
 conch.
 These were sea breezes,—those that swept the
 land
 Brought other gifts,—sighs from blue violets,
 Or from June's sweet Sultana, the bright rose,
 Stole odours. On the silver mirror's face
 Was but a single ripple that was made
 By a flamingo's beak, whose scarlet wings
 Shone like a meteor on the stream: around,
 Upon the golden sands, were coral plants,
 And shells of many colours, and sea weeds,
 Whose foliage caught and chain'd the Nautilus,
 Where lay they as at anchor. On each side
 Were grottoes, like fair porticoes with steps
 Of the green marble; and a lovely light,
 Like the far radiance of a thousand lamps,
 Half-shine, half-shadow, or the glorious track
 Of a departing star but faintly seen

In the dim distance, through those caverns shone,
 And play'd o'er the tall trees which seem'd to
 hide

Gardens, where hyacinths rang their soft bells
 To call the bees from the anemone,
 Jealous of their bright rivals' golden wealth.
 —Amid those arches floated starry shapes,
 Just indistinct enough to make the eye
 Dream of surpassing beauty; but in front,
 Borne on a car of pearl, and drawn by swans,
 There lay a lovely figure,—she was queen
 Of the Enchanted Island, which was raised
 From ocean's bosom but to pleasure her:
 And spirits, from the stars, and from the sea,
 The beautiful mortal had them for her slaves.

She was the daughter of a king, and loved
 By a young Ocean Spirit from her birth,—
 He hover'd o'er her in her infancy,
 And bade the rose grow near her, that her cheek,
 Might catch its colour,—lighted up her dreams
 With fairy wonders, and made harmony
 The element in which she moved; at last,
 When that she turn'd away from earthly love,
 Enamour'd of her visions, he became
 Visible with his radiant wings, and bore
 His bride to the fair island.

CUPID AND SWALLOWS FLYING FROM WINTER.

BY DAGLEY.

"We fly from the cold."

AWAY, away, o'er land and sea,
 This is now no home for me;
 My light wings may never bear
 Northern cloud or winter air.
 Murky shades are gathering fast,
 Sleet and snow are on the blast,
 Trees from which the leaves are fled,
 Flowers whose very roots are dead,
 Grass of its green blade bereft,
 These are all that now are left.
 —Linger here another day,
 I shall be as sad as they;
 My companions fly with spring,
 I too must be on the wing.

Where are the sweet gales whose song
 Went to waft my darts along?
 Scented airs! O, not like these,
 Rough as they which sweep the seas;

But those sighs of rose which bring
Incense from their wandering.
Where are the bright flowers that kept
Guard around me while I slept?
Where the sunny eyes whose beams
Waken'd me from my soft dreams!—
These are with the swallows gone,—
Beauty's heart is chill'd to stone.

O! for some sweet southern clime,
Where 'tis ever summer time,—
Where, if blossoms fall, their tomb
Is amid new birth of bloom,—
Where green leaves are ever springing,
Where the lark is always singing,—
One of those bright isles which lie
Fair beneath an azure sky,
Isles of cinnamon and spice,
Shadow each of Paradise,—
Where the flowers shine with dyes,
Tinted bright from the sunrise,—
Where the birds which drink their dew,
Wave wings of yet brighter hue,
And each river's course is roll'd
Over bed of pearl and gold!

O! for those lime-scented groves
Where the Spanish lover roves,
Tuning to the western star,
His soft song and light guitar,—
Where the dark hair'd girls are dancing,
Fairies in the moonlight glancing,
With pencil'd brows, and radiant eyes,
Like their planet-lighted skies!
Or those clear Italian lakes
Where the silver cygnet makes
Its soft nest of leaf and flower,
A white lily for its bower!
Each of these a home would be,
Fit for beauty and for me:
I must seek their happier sphere
While the Winter lords it here.

LOVE NURSED BY SOLITUDE.

BY W. I. THOMSON, EDINBURGH.

Ax, surely, it is here that Love should come,
And find, (if he may find on earth,) a home;
Here cast off all the sorrow and the shame
That cling like shadows to his very name.

Young Love, thou art belied: they speak of
thee,
And couple with thy mention misery;

Talk of the broken heart, the wasted bloom,
The spirit blighted, and the early tomb;
As if these waited on thy golden lot,—
They blame thee for the faults which thou hast
not.

Art thou to blame for that they bring on thee
The soil and weight of their mortality?
How can they hope that ever links will hold
Form'd, as they form them now, of the harsh
gold!

Or worse than even this, how can they think
That vanity will bind the failing link?
How can they dream that thy sweet life will bear
Crowds', palaces', and cities' heartless air?
Where the lip smiles while the heart's desolate,
And courtesy lends its deep mask to hate;
Where looks and thoughts alike must feel the
chain,

And nought of life is real but its pain;
Where the young spirit's high imaginings
Are scorn'd and cast away as idle things;
Where, think or feel, you are foredoom'd to be
A marvel and a sign for mockery;
Where none must wander from the beaten road,—
All alike champ the bit, and feel the goad.
It is not made for thee, young Love! away
To where the green earth laughs to the clear day,
To the deep valley, where a thousand trees
Keep a green court for fairy revelries,—
To some small island on a lonely lake,
Where only swans the diamond waters break
Where the pines hang in silence o'er the tide
And the stream gushes from the mountain side;
These, Love, are haunts for thee; where canst
thou brood

With thy sweet wings furl'd but in Solitude.

FAIRIES ON THE SEA SHORE.

BY HOWARD.

FIRST FAIRY.

My home and haunt are in every leaf,
Whose life is a summer day, bright and brief,—
I live in the depths of the tulip's bower,
I wear a wreath of the cistus flower,
I drink the dew of the blue harebell,
I know the breath of the violet well,—
The white and the azure violet:
But I know not which is the sweetest yet,—
I have kiss'd the cheek of the rose,
I have watch'd the lily uncloze,
My silver mind is the almond tree,
Who will come dwell with flower and me!

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

Dance we our round, 'tis a summer night,
And our steps are led by the glowworm's light.

SECOND FAIRY.

My dwelling is on the serpentine
Of the rainbow's colour'd line,—
See how its rose and amber clings
To the many hues of my radiant wings;
Mine is the step that bids the earth
Give to the iris flower its birth,
And mine the golden cup to hide,
Where the last faint hue of the rainbow died.
Search the depths of an Indian mine,
Where are the colours to match with mine ?

CHORUS.

Dance we round, for the gale is bringing
Songs the summer rose is singing.

THIRD FAIRY.

I float on the breath of a minstrel's lute,
Or the wandering sounds of a distant flute,
Linger I over the tones that swell
From the pink-vein'd chords of an ocean-shell;
I love the skylark's morning hymn,
Or the nightingale heard at the twilight dim,
The echo, the fountain's melody,—
These, O ! these are the spells for me !

CHORUS.

Hail to the summer knight of June;
See ! yonder has risen our ladye moon.

FOURTH SPIRIT.

My palace is in the coral cave
Set with spars by the ocean wave;
Would ye have gems, then seek them there,—
There found I the pearls that bind my hair.
I and the wind together can roam
Over the green waves and their white foam,—
See, I have got this silver shell,
Mark how my breath will its smallness swell,
For the Nautilus is my boat
In which I over the waters float,—
The moon is shining over the sea,
Who is there will come sail with me !

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

Our noontide sleep is on leaf and flower,
Our revels are held in a moonlit hour,—
What is there sweet, what is there fair,
And we are not the dwellers there ?
Dance we round for the morning light,
Will put us and our glowworm lamps to flight !

A GIRL AT HER DEVOTIONS

BY NEWTON.

SHE was just risen from her bended knee,
But yet peace seem'd not with her piety ;
For there was paleness upon her young cheek,
And thoughts upon the lips which never speak,
But wring the heart that at the last they break.
Alas ! how much of misery may be read
In that wan forehead, and that bow'd down
head :—

Her eye is on a picture, wo that ever
Love should thus struggle with a vain endeavour
Against itself : it is a common tale,
And ever will be while earth soils prevail
Over earth's happiness ; it tells she strove
With silent, secret, unrequited love.

It matters not its history ; love has wings
Like lightning, swift and fatal, and it springs
Like a wild flower where it is least expected,
Existing whether cherish'd or rejected ;
Living with only but to be content,
Hopeless, for love is its own element,—
Requiring nothing so that it may be
The martyr of its fond fidelity.
A mystery thou art, thou mighty one !
We speak thy name in beauty, yet we shun
To own thee, Love, a guest ; the poet's songs
Are sweetest when their voice to thee belongs,
And hope, sweet opiate, tenderness, delight,
Are terms which are thy own peculiar right ;
Yet all deny their master,—who will own
His breast thy footstool, and his heart thy throne ?

'Tis strange to think if we could fling aside
The masque and mantle that love wears from
pride,
How much would be, we now so little guess,
Deep in each heart's undream'd, unsought recess.
The careless smile, like a gay banner borne,
The laugh of merriment, the lip of scorn,—
And for a cloak what is there that can be
So difficult to pierce as gayety ?
Too dazzling to be scann'd, the haughty brow
Seems to hide something it would not avow ;
But rainbow words, light laugh, and thoughtless
jest,

These are the bars, the curtain to the breast,
That shuns a scrutiny : and she, whose form
Now bends in grief beneath the bosom's storm,
Has hidden well her wound,—now none are nigh
To mock with curious or with careless eye,
(For love seeks sympathy, a chilling yes,
Strikes at the root of its best happiness,
And mockery is wormwood,) she may dwell
On feelings which that picture may not tell.

NYMPH AND ZEPHYR:

A STATUARY GROUP, BY WESTMACOTT.

AND the summer sun shone in the sky,
And the rose's whole life was in its sigh,
When her eyelids were kiss'd by a morning beam,
And the Nymph rose up from her moonlit
dream;
For she had watch'd the midnight hour
Till her head had bow'd like a sleeping flower;
But now she had waken'd, and light and dew
Gave her morning freshness and morning hue,—
Up she sprang, and away she fled
O'er the lithe grass stem and the blossom's head,

From the lilies' bells she dash'd not the spray,
For her feet were as light and as white as they
Sudden upon her arm there shone
A gem with the hues of an Indian stone,
And she knew the insect bird whose wing
Is sacred to PSYCHE and to spring;
But scarce had her touch its captive prest
Ere another prisoner was on her breast,
And the Zephyr sought his prize again.—
"No," said the Nymph, thy search is vain
And her golden hair from its braided yoke
Burst like the banner of hope as she spoke,
"And instead, fair boy, thou shalt morahze
Over the pleasure that from thee flies;
Then it is pleasure,—for we possess
But in the search, not in the success,"

SKETCHES FROM HISTORY.

THE SULTANA'S REMONSTRANCE.

It suits thee well to weep,
As thou lookest on the fair land,
Whose sceptre thou hast held
With less than woman's hand.

On yon bright city gaze,
With its white and marble halls,
The glory of its lofty towers,
The strength of its proud walls.

And look to yonder palace,
With its garden of the rose,
With its groves and silver fountains,
Fit for a king's repose.

There is weeping in that city,
And a cry of wo and shame,
There's a whisper of dishonour,
And that whisper is thy name.

And the stranger's feast is spread,
But it is no feast of thine;
In thine own halls accursed lips
Drain the forbidden wine.

And aged men are in the streets,
Who mourn their length of days,
And young knights stand with folded arms,
And eyes they dare not raise.

(13)

There is not one whose blood was not
As the waves of ocean free,—
Their fathers died for thy fathers,
They would have died for thee.

Weep not, 'tis mine to weep
That ever thou wert born;
Alas, that all a mother's love
Is lost in a queen's scorn!

Yet weep, thou less than woman, weep,
Those tears become thine eye,—
It suits thee well to weep the land
For which thou darest not die.*

HANNIBAL'S OATH.

AND the night was dark and calm,
There was not a breath of air,
The leaves of the grove were still,
As the presence of death were there;

Only a moaning sound
Came from the distant sea,
It was as if, like life,
It had no tranquillity.

A warrior and a child
Pass'd through the sacred wood,

* These lines allude to the flight of the last king of
Grenada.

Which, like a mystery,
Around the temple stood.

The warrior's brow was worn
With the weight of casque and plume,
And sunburnt was his cheek,
And his eye and brow were gloom.

The child was young and fair,
But the forehead large and high,
And the dark eyes' flashing light
Seem'd to feel their destiny.

They enter'd in the temple,
And stood before the shrine,
It stream'd with the victim's blood,
With incense and with wine.

The ground rock'd beneath their feet,
The thunder shook the dome,
But the boy stood firm, and swore
Eternal hate to Rome.

There's a page in history
O'er which tears of blood were wept,
And that page is the record
How that oath of hate was kept.

ALEXANDER AND PHILLIP.

He stood by the river's side
A conqueror and a king,
None match'd his step of pride
Amid the armed ring.
And a heavy echo rose from the ground,
As a thousand warriors gather'd round.

And the morning march had been long,
And the noontide sun was high,
And weariness bow'd down the strong,
And heat closed every eye;
And the victor stood by the river's brim
Whose coolness seem'd but made for him.

The cypress spread their gloom
Like a cloak from the noontide beam,
He flung back his dusty plume,
And plunged in the silver stream;
He plunged like the young steed, fierce and wild,
He was borne away like the feeble child.

They took the king to his tent
From the river's fatal banks,
A cry of terror went
Like a storm through the Grecian ranks:
Was this the fruit of their glories won,
Was this the death for AMMON'S son?

Marty a leech heard the call,
But each one shrank away;
For heavy upon all
Was the weight of fear that day:
When a thought of treason, a word of death,
Was in each eye and on each breath.

But one with the royal youth
Had been from his earliest hour,
And he knew that his heart was truth,
And he knew that his hand was power;
He gave what hope his skill might give,
And bade him trust to his faith and live.

ALEXANDER took the cup,
And from beneath his head a scroll,
He drank the liquor up,
And bade PHILLIP read the roll;
And PHILLIP look'd on the page, where shame,
Treason, and poison were named with his name.

An angry flush rose on his brow,
And anger darken'd his eye,
What I have done I would do again now!
If you trust my fidelity.
The king watch'd his face, he felt he might dare
Trust the faith that was written there.

Next day the conqueror rose
From a greater conqueror free;
And again he stood amid those
Who had died his death to see:
He stood there proud of the lesson he gave
That faith and trust were made for the brave.

THE RECORD.

He sleeps, his head upon his sword,
His soldier's cloak a shroud;
His churchyard is the open field,—
Three times it has been plough'd:

The first time that the wheat sprung up
'Twas black as if with blood,
The meanest beggar turn'd away
From the unholy food.

The third year, and the grain grew fair,
As it was wont to wave;
None would have thought that golden corn
Was growing on the grave.

His lot was but a peasant's lot,
His name a peasant's name,
Not his the place of death that turns
Into a place of fame.

He fell as other thousands do,

Trampled down where they fall,
While on a single name is heap'd
The glory gain'd by all.

Yet even he whose common grave

Lies in the open fields,
Died not without a thought of all
The joy that glory yields.

That small white church in his own land,
The lime trees almost hide,

Bears on the walls the names of those
Who for their country died.

His name is written on those walls,
His mother read it there,
With pride,—O! no, there could not be
Pride in the widow's prayer.

And many a stranger who shall mark
That peasant roll of fame,
Will think on prouder ones, yet say
This was a hero's name.

THE VENETIAN BRACELET
THE LOST PLEIAD,
A HISTORY OF THE LYRE,
AND OTHER POEMS.

PREFACE.

DIFFIDENCE of their own abilities, and fear, which heightens the anxiety for public favour, are pleas usually urged by the youthful writer: may I, while venturing for the first time to speak of myself, be permitted to say they far more truly belong to one who has had experience of both praise and censure. The feelings which attended the publication of the "*Improvisatrice*," are very different from those that accompany the present volume. I believe I *then* felt little beyond hope, vague as the timidity which subdued it, and that excitement which every author must know: *now* mine is a "farther looking hope;" and the timidity which apprehended the verdict of others, is now deepened by distrust of my own powers. Or, to claim my poetical privilege, and express my meaning by a simile, I should say, I am no longer one who springs forward in the mere energy of exercise and enjoyment; but rather like the Olympian racer, who strains his utmost vigour, with the distant goal and crown in view. I have devoted my whole life to one object: in society I have but sought the material for solitude. I can imagine but one interest in existence,—that which has filled my past, and haunts my future,—the perhaps vain desire, when I am nothing, of leaving one of those memories at once a good and a glory. Believing, as I do, in the great and excellent influence of poetry, may I hazard the expression of what I have myself sometimes trusted to do? A highly cultivated state of society must ever have for concomitant evils, that selfishness, the result of indolent indulgence; and that heartlessness attendant on refinement, which too often hardens while it polishes. Aware that to elevate I must first soften, and that if I wished to purify I must first touch, I have ever endeavoured to bring forward grief, disappointment, the fallen leaf, the faded flower, the broken heart, and the early grave. Surely we must be less worldly, less interested, from this sympathy with the sorrow in which our unselfish feelings alone can take part. And now a few words on a subject, where the variety of the

opinions offered have left me somewhat in the situation of the prince in the fairy tale, who, when in the vicinity of the magic fountain, found himself so distracted by the multitude of voices that directed his way, as to be quite incapable of deciding which was the right path. I allude to the blame and eulogy which have been equally bestowed on my frequent choice of love as my source of song. I can only say, that for a woman, whose influence and whose sphere must be in the affections, what subject can be more fitting than one which it is her peculiar province to refine, spiritualize, and exalt? I have always sought to paint it self-denying, devoted, and making an almost religion of its truth; and I must add, that such as I would wish to draw her, woman actuated by an attachment as intense as it is true, as pure as it is deep, is not only more admirable as a heroine, but also in actual life, than one whose idea of love is that of light amusement, or at worst of vain mortification. With regard to the frequent application of my works to myself, considering that I sometimes portrayed love unrequited, then betrayed, and again destroyed by death—may I hint the conclusions are not quite logically drawn, as assuredly the same mind cannot have suffered such varied modes of misery. However, if I must have an unhappy passion, I can only console myself with my own perfect unconsciousness of so great a misfortune. I now leave the following poems to their fate: they must speak for themselves. I could but express my anxiety, an anxiety only increased by a popularity beyond my most sanguine dreams.

With regard to those whose former praise encouraged, their best recompense is the happiness they bestowed. And to those whose differing opinion expressed itself in censure, I own, after the first chagrin was past, I never laid down a criticism by which I did not benefit, or trust to benefit. I will conclude by apostrophizing the hopes and fears they excited, in the words of the Mexican king—"Ye have been the feathers of my wings."

THE VENETIAN BRACELET.

Those subtle poisons which made science crime,
And knowledge a temptation; could we doubt
One moment the great curse upon our world,
We must believe, to find that even good
May thus be turn'd to evil.

THE VENETIAN BRACELET.

ANOTHER tale of thine! fair Italie—
What makes my lute, my heart, aye turn to thee?
I do not know thy language,—that is still
Like the mysterious music of the rill;—
And neither have I seen thy cloudless sky,
Where the sun hath his immortality;
Thy cities crown'd with palaces, thy halls
Where art's great wonders light the storied walls;
Thy fountains' silver sweep, thy groves, where
 dwell
The rose and orange, summer's citadel;
Thy songs that rise at twilight on the air,
Wedding the breath thy thousand flowers sigh
 there;
Thy tales of other times, thy marble shrines,
Lovely, though fallen,—for the ivy twines
Its graceful wreath around each ruin'd fane,
As still in some shape beauty would remain.
I know them not, yet, Italie, thou art
The promised land that haunts my dreaming
 heart.
Perchance it is as well thou art unknown:
I could not bear to lose what I have thrown
Of magic round thee,—but to find in thee
 What hitherto I still have found in all—
Thou art not stamp'd with that reality
 Which makes our being's sadness, and its
 thrall!
But now, whenever I am mix'd too much
With worldly natures till I feel as such;—
(For these are as the waves that turn to stone,
Till feeling's keep their outward show alone)—
When wearied by the vain, chill'd by the cold,
Impatient of society's set mould—
The many meannesses, the petty cares,
The long avoidance of a thousand snares,
The lip that must be chain'd, the eye so taught
To image all but its own actual thought;—
(Deceit is this world's passport: who would
 dare
However pure the breast, to lay it bare?)—

When worn, my nature struggling with my fate,
Checking my love, but, O, still more my hate;—
(Why should I love? flinging down pearl and gem
To those who scorn, at least care not for them:
Why should I hate? as blades in scabbards melt,
I have no power to make my hatred felt;
Or, I should say, my sorrow:—I have borne
So much unkindness, felt so lone, so lorn,
I could but weep, and tears may not redress,
They only fill the cup of bitterness)—
Wearied of this, upon what eager wings
My spirit turns to thee, and birdlike flings
Its best, its breath, its spring, and song o'er thee,
My lute's enchanted world, fair Italie.
To me thou art a vision half divine,
Of myriad flowers lit up with summer shine:
The passionate rose, the violet's Tyrian dye,
The wild bee loves them not more tenderly;
Of vineyards like Aladdin's gem set hall,
Fountains like fairy ones with music's fall;
Of sorrows, too; for e'en on this bright soil
Grief has its shadow, and care has its coil,
But e'en amid its darkness and its crime,
Touch'd with the native beauty of such clime,
Till wonder rises with each gushing tear:—
And hath the serpent brought its curse even here?
Such is the tale that haunts me: I would fain
Wake into pictured life the heart's worst pain;
And seek I if pale cheek and tearful eye
Answer the notes that wander sadly by.
And say not this is vain, in our cold world,
Where feelings sleep like wither'd leaves unurl'd.
'Tis much to wash them with such gentle rain,
Calling their earlier freshness back again.
The heart of vanity, the head of pride,
Touch'd by such sorrow, are half purified;
And we rise up less selfish, having known
Part in deep grief, yet that grief not our own.

I.

They stood beside the river, that young pair—
She with her eyes cast down, for tears were there,
Glittering upon the eyelash, though unshed;
He murmuring those sweet words so often said

By parting lover, still as fondly spoken
As his could be, the only ones not broken.
The girl was beautiful; her forehead high
Was white as are the marble fanes that lie
On Grecian lands, making a fitting shrine
Where the mind spoke; the arch'd and raven line

Was very proud, but that was soften'd now,—
Only sad tenderness was on her brow.
She wore the peasant dress,—the snowy lawn
Closely around her whiter throat was drawn,
A crimson bodice, and the skirt of blue
So short, the fairy ankle was in view;
The arm was hidden by the long loose sleeve,

But the small hand was snow; around her hair
A crimson net, such as the peasants weave,

Bound the rich curls, and left the temples bare.
She wore the rustic dress, but there was not
Aught else in her that mark'd the rustic's lot:
Her bearing seem'd too stately, though subdued
By all that makes a woman's gentlest mood—
The parting hour of love. And there they leant,
Mirror'd below in the clear element

That roll'd along, with wild shrubs overhung,
And colour'd blossoms that together clung—
That peasant girl, that high-born cavalier,
Whispering those gentle words so sweet to hear,
And answer'd by flush'd cheek, and downcast eye,
And rosely parted, with half smile, half sigh.

Young, loving, and beloved,—these are brief
words,

And yet they touch on all the finer chords,
Whose music is our happiness: the tone
May die away and be no longer known
In the harsh wisdom brought by after years,
Lost in that worldliness which scars and sears,
And makes the misery of life's troubled scene;—
Still it is much to think that it has been.

They loved with such deep tenderness and truth,—
Feelings forsaking us as does our youth,—

They did not dream that love like theirs could die,
And such belief half makes eternity.

Yes, they were parting; still the fairy hope
Had in their clear horizon ample scope
For her sweet promises without the showers
That are their comrades in life's after hours.
They parted trustingly; they did not know
The vanity of youthful trust and vow;
And each believed the other,—for each read
In their own hearts the truth of what each said.

The dews are drying rapidly:—away,
Young warrior! those far banners chide thy stay.
Hark! the proud trumpet swells upon the wind,—
His first of fields, he must not be behind.

The maiden's cheek flush'd crimson, and her
eye

Flash'd as the martial music floated by.
She saw him spring upon his snow-white steed,—
& dash'd across the plain with arrowy speed.

The beat of heart, the flush of cheek, are gone,
AMENAÏDE but felt she was alone.
The vow which soothed her, and the hope which
cheer'd,

The pride which nerved, with him had disappear'd.

“LEONI, dear LEONI!”—’twas in vain:—

The mocking echo answer’d her again.

—It is deep wretchedness, this passionate burst
Of parting’s earlier grief, but not the worst;
It is the lingering days of after care,
That try the wasted spirit most to bear.

Now listless, languid, as the world had left

Nothing to interest, of him bereft;

Now lull’d by opiate thoughts that but restore

The mind its tone, to make it sink the more;

Now fever’d by anxiety, for rife

Are fears when fancy calls them into life;

And then that nameless dread of coming wo,

Which only those who’ve felt it ere can know:

These still have been in absence, still will be,

And these, AMENAÏDE, were all for thee.

The valley in a summer twilight lay—

That fairy confine of the night and day—

When leant AMENAÏDE behind the shade

The fragrant shrubs around her lattice made,

’Scaped from her nurse and each consoling phrase

Sinking the spirit that it fain would raise.

The room was small and dark; but when the
wind

Moved the green branches of the myrtle-blind,

A crimson beauty woo’d the maiden’s eye:—

She look’d and saw, where, dark against the sky,

His father’s battlement’s rose on the air;—

Alas, how haughty and how high they were!

An orphan she, a rustic’s nursing child,

O, how could hope have ever so beguiled!

“AMENAÏDE!” her kind old nurse’s voice;

“Nay, come to me, dear child, come and rejoice.”

Wondering, she enters, strangers round her
stand,

And kindly takes their lordly chief her hand.

“So fair a peasant, sooth, but it is shame

To tell thee, maiden of another name.

In the wild troubles which have rent our state

Thy noble father met an exile’s fate:—

Nay, not that anxious look; he is no more,

And sorrowing Genoa can but restore

His honours to his child: I was aware

Thanks to that faithful creature’s parent care,

His daughter lived; and dear the task to me

To bring these words, and let AREZZI be

The first to greet and honour, countess, mine,

Loveliest, and last of ALFIONI’s line.

II.

Fit for a palace was that lovely room,
Hung with the azure of an eastern loom,

And carpeted with velvet, where the flowers
Companion'd those whereon the April hours
Had shed their beauty; numbers stood around
Of vases where each varying hue was found,
From the white myrtle-bud and lily-bell,
Like pearls that in the ocean waters dwell,
To those rich tints which on the tulip lie,
Telling their southern birth and sunny sky
The wine-cups of the sun :—each silken blind
Waved to and fro upon the scented wind,
Now closing till the twilight haunted room
Was in an atmosphere of purple gloom,
First scarcely letting steal one crimson ray,
Then flung all open to the glowing day.
{ Pictures were hung above; how more than fair!
The changing light made almost life seem there.
A faint rose-colour wander'd o'er the cheek,
Seem'd the chance beams from each dark eye to
break;

And you could deem each braided auburn wave
Moved, as its gold the glancing sunlight gave.
And fitting mistress had the charmed scene :
Leant, like a beautiful and eastern queen,
Upon a purple couch—how soft and warm
Clung the rich colour to her ivory arm !—
AMENAÏDE reclined. Awhile she lay,—
Then, as if movement hurried time away,
She paced the room, gazed on each pictured face,—
Then wreath'd the flowers,—then watch'd, as if to
trace

The evening close : again the couch was press'd,
But feverish, restless, more for change than rest :
And yet all this was only the excess
Of overmuch impatient happiness.
Many a weary hour and day had past
For that young countess,—this day was the last.
He was return'd, with all war could confer
Of honourable name, to home and her.
LEONI would to-night be in the hall
Where Count AREZZI held his festival,
Would hear her history; how there was now
Nothing to chain the heart or check the vow.
—And must they meet first in a careless crowd ?
This was a moment's grief; though she felt proud
That he should see how well she could beseech
Her present rank, yet keep her early dream;
See her the worshipp'd of the courtly throng,
Sigh of each lip, and idol of each song;
Hear the fair flatteries offer'd, yet behold
Her courtesy so graceful, but so cold;
And know it was for him her heart's young throne
Was ever kept, the lovely and the lone.

III.

O pleasant was that night the toilet's care—
What broider'd robe to don, what gems to wear!
Her hair was parted on her brow, each braid
Black as the darkwing'd raven's darkest shade,

(14)

And gather'd up with diamonds,—few there
were—

Just stars to light the midnight of her hair.
Well did the sweeping robe of emerald green,
Wrought in rich gold, suit with her stately mien.
“How beautiful she looks this evening!” burst
From every lip, when that fair countess first
Enter'd AREZZI's hall: her heart's content
To every lighted look its lustre lent.
Her beauty's fault had been, it was too cold;
Features too tranquil in their perfect mould,
A cheek somewhat too pale; but not to-night—
The eye was sparkling, and the cheek was bright.
Gently she glided to a balustrade,
Where jessamine a pleasant shadow made;
It raised no marvel; never had her hand
With its white beauty link'd the saraband;
And seldom did she join the converse gay,
Where the light flattery gains its gilded way;
They seldom won more than a few cold words,
As when unskilful hands awake the chords
Of some lorn lute, the music of whose tone
Lives for one touch, and only for that one.
She dwelt within the circle of her heart,
A charm'd world, lovely, lonely, and apart,
Where it had seem'd to her as sin and shame
Aught there had enter'd, not in his dear name.
—It was a spell-touch'd hour. That gorgeous
hall,

With perfume floating and with music's fall,
Light steps, and gentle laugh, and whispers
bland,—

Was in their words or the sweet airs that fann'd
The beauty's cheek into a redder rose ?—
And starry eyes, like what the clear night shows,
But wandering ones; and there were golden curls
Like sudden sunshine; and dark braids, whose
pearls
Were lost on the white neck when there they
fell;

And there were shapes, such as in pictures dwell;
It look'd like fairy land. With eager glance
She watch'd the door, and counted every dance;
Then time grew long, hope caught a shade of
fear—

“LEONI—but they said he would be here!”
When sudden came AREZZI to her side,—
“Look there, the Count LEONI and his bride!
She with the violet wreath in her bright hair;
Sooth but to say, that English bride is fair!
But I must go and have my welcome paid.”
Alone AMENAÏDE stood in the shade,—
Alone! ay, utterly. A couch was nigh,
And there she sank—O, had it been to die!

IV.

Alas for the young heart thus early thrown
Back on itself, the unloved and the lone!

For this should be the lesson of long years,
The weary knowledge taught and traced by tears,
Till even those are frozen, and we grow
Cold as the grave that yawns for us below :
But this was like those sudden blasts that fling
Unlook'd-for winter on the face of spring,—
And worst wo for the heart, whose early fate
Leaves it so young, and, O, so desolate.
She had one feeling left—it was of pride—
O, misery, how much she had to hide !
And steps were now approaching her: she
sprung

From off the couch, and every nerve was strung
For that worst rack, the rack of outward show,
Still haunts such vanity the deepest wo.
The heart may swell to bursting, but the while
The features wear the seeming of a smile :
The eye be lesson'd, and the lip be seal'd,
And wretchedness be, like the plague, conceal'd.
—It was the Count Anezzi: "What still
here !—

Come, thou wild dreamer of another sphere,
I must shut out the sky, if thus it share
My stars, thine eyes, which should be shining
there,

Making yon hall its equal ; but to-night
You have, AMENADE, a rival light.
The English bride,—see round they crowd to
gaze .

On the new loveliness her form displays.
Why, she should bear the name which once you
bore,
—The peasant countess,—it would suit her
more."

A moment, and the group were press'd aside,
She stood before LEONI and his bride.
He knew her history, and each met prepared ;
Cold looks were given, careless converse shared ;
At first LEONI shunn'd to meet her eye,—
A moment's awkwardness,—but that pass'd by.
{ How much we give to other hearts our tone,
And judge of others' feelings by our own !
Himself has alter'd :—all he sought to do
Was to believe that she was alter'd too.
Her cheek was paler than 'twas wont to be,—
That was its round of midnight gayety :
Her smile less frequent, and her brow more
grave,—

'Twas her new rank its stateliness that gave :
New friends press'd round,—their interview is
o'er,—

And he pass'd on, to think of it no more ;
And she to seem as thoughtless. Till to-night,
Like some fair planet in its own far light,
She shone apart ; to-night she sought the crowd,
Join'd in their mirthfulness, and laugh'd aloud ;
Was ready with gay converse,—that light mirth
Which like the meteor has from darkness birth :

She watch'd her circle,—ready smile or sneer,—
Sneers for the absent ones, smiles for the near,
Till every other hall sent forth its tide,
And half the guests were gather'd at her side.
It was an evil feeling that which now
Flush'd on her cheek, and lighted up her brow—
Part bitterness, part vanity, part wo—
The passionate strife which pride and misery
know ;

A burning wish to make a vain regret
In that false one, who now had best forget ;
To show LEONI how that she, the queen,
Made his fair EDITH nothing on the scene ;
Her rival—hers—language has not a word
By woman's ear so utterly abhorr'd.
No marvel, for it robs her only part
Of sweet dominion—empire o'er the heart.

V.

LEONI and his bride have left the hall.
Why does that cheek grow pale, that dark eye
fall ?

Why does that lip its wit, its smiling cease ?—
It only pass'd for beauty's gay caprice.
She left the feast—but, O, not yet alone ;
Many a cavalier has eager flown
Upon her gondola's home course to wait,
And sigh farewell at her own palace gate.
Her maidens gather'd round. What more, yet
more,

To read the breast now throbbing to the core ?
She hurried not their task,—each silken braid
Of raven hair was in set order laid :
But once she show'd her weakness,—when her
hand

Strove vainly to unloose a glittering band,
It trembled like a leaf :—but that pass'd by ;
Struggle she might, but no one heard her sigh ;
And when her last good night was courteous said,
Never more queenlike seem'd that lofty head.
The last step died upon the marble stair,—
She sprang towards the door,—the bolt is there :—
She tried the spring, gave one keen look around,
Mutter'd "alone !" and dash'd her on the ground.
Corpselike she lay,—her dark hair wildly thrown
Far on the floor before her ; white as stone,
As rigid stretch'd each hand,—her face was
press'd

Close to the earth ; and but the heaving vest
Told of some pang the shuddering frame con-
fess'd,
She seem'd as stricken down by instant death.—
Sudden she raised her head, and gasp'd for
breath ;

And nature master'd misery. She sought,
Panting, the air from yonder lattice brought.
Ah, there is blood on that white lip and brow !—
She struggles still—in vain—she must weep now .

She wept, childlike, till sleep began to press
Upon her eyes, for very weariness.
She sleeps!—so sleeps the wretch beside the
stake:
She sleeps!—how dreadful from such sleep to
wake!

VI.

She was both proud and cold: not hers the
heart
Easy to lure, and ready to depart—
A trifle, toy—but that fair countess gave
No common gift when she became a slave;
And only did she hold her gift redeem'd,
By that high worthiness she had but dream'd.
A peasant, yet she felt his equal still;
And when her lofty state besem'd her will,
It was such pride, such pleasure, to have known
LEONI's love was for herself alone.
And in her young romances loftier view
One touch of vanity might mingle too
It was the triumph of her lowlier state.
She had been even then a noble's mate.
AMENAIDE had many faults; her youth
Had seen too soon life's bitterness and truth:
The cutting word, the cold or scornful look,
All that her earlier days had had to brook—
The many slights the humble one receives—
Lay on her memory like wither'd leaves;
And homage from the crowd, and lovers' praise,
Were all too apt disgust and doubt to raise.
There was a something wayward in her mood;
She left her heart too much to solitude:
For kindly thoughts are social; but she held
A scornful creed, and sympathy repell'd.
That sullen barrier had one gentle break—
She loved,—she loved,—and for LEONI's sake
Believed that were some angel steps on earth:—
As truth that keeps the promise of its birth;
As faith that will not change, that will not tire,
And deems its gold the purer for the fire.
Her love was all her nature's better part,
The confidence, the kindness of her heart,
The source of all the sweet or gentle there:
But this was past—what had it left?—despair!

VII.

The wind threw back the curtain fraught with
rose:—
Can sorrow be upon such gales as those?
Yes, for it waked the countess. Up she sprung,
Startled, surprised, to see how she was flung
By the veranda,—and that open, too;
Her hair was heavy with the weight of dew;
Scarcely aroused, painful and slow she raised
Her weary head, and round in wonder gazed.
It was her own fair room,—some frightful dream,
But indistinct,—she struggled with a scream:

Her eye has caught a mirror,—that pale face,—
Why lip and brow are sullied by the trace
Of blood; its stain is on her tangled hair,
Which shroudlike hides the neck that else were
bare.

Around that neck there is a fragile chain,
And memory's flood comes rushing o'er her brain:
LEONI's gift,—its slight gold links are broken,—
So are the vows of which it was the token.
Who has not loathed that worst, that waking
hour,
When grief and consciousness assert their power;
When misery has morn's freshness, yet we fain
Would hold it as a dream, and sleep again;
Then know 'tis not illusion of the night
And sicken at the cold and early light!
How ever shall we pass the weary day,
When thus we shudder at its opening ray?
She gazed upon the glass, then glanced around,
In wonder at the contrast which she found.
The walls were faintly colour'd with the bloom
Which comes when morn has struggled through
the gloom,

And blushes for success; the silken veil
Of the blue hangings seem'd to catch the gale,
Then keep its sweetness prisoner: on the floor
The Persian loom had spread its velvet store:
Vases stood round, each carved with such fine art,
The flowers that fill'd seem'd of themselves a
part:

A sandal lute lay on an inlaid stand,
Whose rich wrought ivory spoke its Indian land.
Shells of bright colours, foreign toys of gold,
And crystals wrought in many a curious mould:
Pictures, a prince's ransom in their worth;
Small alabaster statues—all that earth
Has rich or varied, all that wealth could buy,
Loathing she turn'd. "Yet what a wretch am I!
This must not be!—stain'd cheek and fever'd brow
Too much the secret of my soul avow.
Aye deep as is the grave my heart shall keep
What burning tears AMENAIDE could weep.
O, never let LEONI know the worst;
'Tis well if he believe I changed the first.
Too much e'en to myself has been reveal'd,
—And thus be every trace of tears conceal'd."
She sought the alcove where the fountain play'd,
And wash'd from lip and cheek their crimson shade.
And bathed her long hair, till its glossy curls
Wore not a trace but of the dewy pearls
The waters left, as if in pity shed;
She loosed the bolt, and sought her silken bed;
But easier far had been the rack, the wheel:—
When hath the body felt what mind can feel!

VIII.

The weary day pass'd on—night came again:—
AMENAIDE has join'd the glittering train;

Self-torturer—self-deceiver—cold and high,
 She said it was to mock the curious eye.
 Such strength is weakness. Was it not to be
 Where still, LEONI, she might gaze on thee ?
 —She heard the history of his English bride :
 A patient nurse at her pale mother's side,
 LEONI saw her first :—that mother's hand
 (A stranger she and wanderer in the land)
 Gave the sweet orphan to his care,—and here
 Was all to soften, all that could endear.
 Together wept they o'er the funeral stone,
 His the sole heart she had to lean upon.
 Now months had pass'd away, and he was come
 To bring his beautiful, his dear one home.
 Her beauty was like morning's, breathing, bright,
 Eyes glittering first with tears, and then with
 light,

And blue, too glad to be the violet's blue,
 But that which hangs upon it, lucid dew,—
 Its first clear moment, ere the sun has burst
 The azure radiance which it kindled first ;—
 A cheek of thousand blushes ; golden hair,
 As if the summer sunshine made it fair :
 A voice of music, and such touching smile,
 AMENAIDE sigh'd, " Well might they beguile !"
 —Love, what a mystery thou art !—how strange
 Thy constancy, yet still more so thy change !
 How the same love, born in the selfsame hour,
 Holds over different hearts such different power ;
 How the same feeling lighted in the breast
 Makes one so wretched, and makes one so blest ;
 How one will keep the dream of passion born
 In youth with all the freshness of its morn ;
 How from another will thine image fade !
 Far deeper records on the sand are made.
 —Why hast thou separate being ! why not die
 At once in both, and not leave one to sigh,
 To weep, to rave, to struggle with the chains
 Pride would fling off, but memory retains !
 There are remembrances that will not vanish,—
 Thoughts of the past we would but cannot banish :
 As if to show how impotent mere will,
 We loathe the pang and yet must suffer still :
 For who is there can say they will forget ?
 —It is a power no science teaches yet.
 O love, how sacred thy least words should be,
 When on them hangs such abject misery !

IX.

The fountain's music murmur'd through the
 grove,
 Like the first plaint that sorrow teaches love ;
 The orange boughs shut out the sultry sky,
 While their rich scent, as pass'd the countess by,
 Came homagelike. For hours that chestnut tree—
 The only one that grew there—wont to be
 Her favourite summer-seat ;—but now she paced
 Hurriedly, though 'twas noon ; her memory traced

Her galling wrongs, and many an evil thought
 Envy and hatred in her bosom wrought.
 She felt LEONI had not loved till now ;
 Hers was but youthful fantasy's light vow.
 Had he not trifled with her ?—She, the proud,
 The cold, had of such mocking suit allow'd.
 Her heart was wrung, and worse, her pride was
 bow'd.

—She hears a step : who is it dares intrude
 On this her known and guarded solitude !
 She sees an aged Jew ; a box he bore
 Fill'd with gay merchandise and jewell'd store.
 Ere she could speak, he spread before her eyes
 Those glittering toys that loveliest ladies prize :—
 " Fair dame, in sooth so fair thou seem'st to be,
 That almost it is vain to offer thee
 The many helps for meaner beauty made ;
 But yet these gems would light that dark hair's
 shade ;
 Well would these pearls around that white throat
 show
 Each purple vein that wanders through its snow."
 Angriely turn'd the countess,—“ Fool, away !”—
 “ So young, so fair, has vanity no sway !—
 But I have things most curious, and 'mid these
 Somewhat may chance your wayward fancy
 please.”

—He took a bracelet,—'twas of fine wrought
 gold,
 And twisted as a serpent, whose lithe fold
 Curl'd round the arm :—he spoke in whispering
 tone—
 “ Here, lady, look at this, I have but one :
 Here, press this secret spring ; it lifts a lid,—
 Beneath there is the subtlest poison hid,
 I come from Venice ; of the wonders there
 There is no wonder like this bracelet rare.”
 She started—evil thoughts, at first repress'd,
 Now struggled like a storm within her breast.
 Alas ! alas ! how plague-spot like will sin
 Spread over the wrung heart it enters in !
 Her brow grew dark :—“ Amid thy baubles shine
 This ruby cross,—but be the bracelet mine.”
 Around her arm the fatal band is fast
 Away its seller, like a vision, pass'd.

X.

That night she join'd the revel ; but not long
 AMENAIDE was seen amid the throng.
 No eye beheld her pace her lonely room :
 Fearing the light, yet trembling in the gloom ;
 The ghastly cheek, as marble cold and white ;
 The wild eye flashing with unholy light ;
 The quivering lip, the forehead's dew-moist pore,
 The sudden start, the rapid step once more,—
 As if it would annihilate the time :—
 But who may paint the solitude of crime ?

XI.

That night there was another saddest scene :
Halls where mirth, music, festival had been
Were as the house of mourning ; crowds stood
 nigh,
Horror and pity mark'd in every eye.
—Upon a crimson couch—a contrast strange
To those pale features in that ghastly change—
The young, the beautiful, the happy lay,
Life passing in convulsive sobs away.
Still mid her hair the red rose wreath was hung,
Mocking her cheek with the rich dye it flung ;
The festal robe still sparkled as it flow'd ;
Still on her neck a few fresh flowers glow'd :
The warmth her sandal'd foot hath scarcely left,
Light from the dance, though now of motion rest !
—The agony is over,—and she raised
Her feeble head, and round her faintly gazed :
She saw, she leant upon LEONI'S breast,
Murmur'd his name, and sank as if to rest.
“ EDITH, sweet EDITH, speak to me again ! ”
Thou fond one—even thou must ask in vain :
Ay, kiss those lips, and fancy they have breath,
Till they chill even thee :—they're damp with
 death.

XII.

The night is over,—night which seem'd to be
Endless, O lost AMENADE ! to thee :
Yet what has daylight brought ?—a haunting
 dread.

Hark ! the hall echoes to a stranger's tread—
It is the Count AREZZI :—“ My fair child,
How now !—thy cheek is wan, thine eyes are
 wild.”

Ah, well, the rose is brightening on thy cheek :
I was too hasty with my sudden break
Upon thy solitude ; scarce may I tell
The crime and horror which last night befell.
I have no time. The Count LEONI'S bride—
You saw her—by some sudden poison died ;
And strange suspicions on her husband fall :
There were so many present who recall
He gave her the sherbet :—'twas not all drain'd ;
Part of the venom in the cup remain'd.
Some say 'twas jealousy :—I'm on my way
To the tribunal that will sit to-day.

—AMENADE, dear, thou art very pale,
I would I had not told thee of this tale.—
Ha ! 'tis the summons of the council bell,—
I loathe my task,—sweet, hastily farewell.”
She strove to speak,—to only wave her hand,—
To rise,—her trembling limbs refused to stand :
She sought her cross, she strove to think a
 prayer,—

She gasp'd for breath,—no ruby cross is there ;
But full in view the fatal bracelet shone :
“ LEONI, this is what my love has done ;

I who would willingly have died for thee,
The fiend has triumph'd in my misery.
I'll rush before the judges,—is there time !—
But no, I cannot bear to own the crime !
And there is nought of proof,—there can be
 none,—
And then his known love for that happier one ;—
His noble house,—his brave and stainless name :—
He must escape his doom,—and I my shame.”
Long hours past by, she stirr'd not from her
 place,

A very statue, with that cold set face,
Save that red flushes came at each light sound,
While the wild eyes glanced fearfully around ;
But still she moved not, spoke not,—such distress
Seeks no distraction from its wretchedness.
There rose loud voices in the outer hall :—
She nerves her with despair, she will know all :
Her ear, acute with agony, can hear
A name at once so dreaded and so dear :—
“ Yes, Lady, he is guilty !—” but no more :—
They raise her senseless from the marble floor.
Long did it last, that stony trance like death ;
She' roused, but scarce it seem'd with mortal
 breath.

She show'd no weakness, rose from off the bed
Distinct, though low and few, the words she said.
She took a scroll and wrote,—the phrase was brief ;
But a life's sorrow was upon that leaf.
“ To Count AREZZI this, with all thy speed ;
And here, my page, is gold for present need.
Now all away,—my spirit is oppress : ”
She flung her on the couch as if for rest
They deem'd she slept :—at length her maidens
 came

To ask her will, to light the lamps' sweet flame :—
Where is the countess ? why, the couch is bare,—
They search the halls in vain,—she is not there.

XIII.

“ Gold, O ! take double, so my prayer I win.”
When hath such offer fail'd ?—She enter'd in :
Heavily iron chain and barrier fell,
Ere she could reach the prisoner's midnight cell.
They grated on her very heart. At last
She saw LEONI in his misery cast
Abject upon the ground :—not her strange tread
Brought ought to make him raise his bow'd down
 head.

She gazed upon him :—has it come to this,
Her passionate love, her youth's long dream of
 bliss !

She felt her frame convulsed, her pulse grow weak :
“ LEONI, O LEONI ! hear me speak.”
He started at her voice :—AMENADE !
I did not merit this from thee indeed ;
And yet thy name was heavy on my heart :
I pray thee pardon me before we part.”

He sought to take her hand ; but back she flung
 The shrouding mantle that around her clung.
 " Ah ! start you at my livid lip and brow ?
 You are familiar with such signs ere now !
 O for a few short words ! I've own'd the whole :
 Ere this the Count ARZZI has my scroll.—
 The darkness gathers on my failing eye,—
 LROXI, let me gaze on thee and die !
 O God, unloose this bracelet's fiery clasp !"—
 Her spirit pass'd in that convulsive gasp.
 The struggle's o'er,—that wild heart does not beat ;
 She lies a ghastly corpse before his feet.

XIV.

They show the traveller still a lonely tomb,
 Hid in the darkness of a cloister's gloom ;
 As scarcely worthy of such holy ground,
 No other monument is near it found.
 A figure closely veil'd bends o'er the stone,
 Only the arm with its strange bracelet shown—
 A serpent twining round : beneath are graved
 A few brief words, that passing pity craved—
 " Pray for the wounded heart, the sinful deed ;"
 And, half effaced, a name—" ARZNAIDE."

THE LOST PLEIAD.

A story from the stars ; or rather one
 Of starry fable from the olden time,
 When young Imagination was as fresh
 As the fair world it peopled with itself.
 The Poet's spirit does so love to link
 Its feelings, thoughts, with nature's loveliness :
 And hence the twilight grove, the lonely spring,
 The ocean-caves, the distant planets, all
 Were fill'd with radiant creatures ; and the heart
 Became interpreter, and language made
 From its own warm sad sympathies, for those
 Of whom the dream was beauty.

He was weary of flinging the feather'd reed,
 He was weary of curbing his raven steed ;
 He heard the gay din from the palace hall,
 But he was not in mood for the festival.
 There was that crimson, the last on the sky,
 Blushes that fade in the moon's cold eye ;
 The sigh of the flowers arose sweet on the air,
 For the breath of the twilight was wandering
 there.

He look'd to the west, and the tranquil main
 Was branch'd with many a lifelike vein ;
 Hues of the rosebud the clouds had cast,
 Like a cheek on its-mirror in gliding past.
 It tempted him forth,—to the lulling gale
 Prince CRIS has open'd his silken sail,
 And the little boat went over the sea
 Like foam, for it was of ivory,
 And carved and shaped like a wreathed shell,
 And it was lined with the rose as well ;
 For the couch was made of those plumes that
 fling

The one warm tint neath the wooddove's wing.
 O'er the purple sail the golden flowers run,
 For it was wrought for a monarch's son ;
 And as it past on, the air was fill'd
 With odours, for only waters distill'd

From clove, and sandal, and cinnamon,
 E'er wash'd that boat when its task was done :
 'Twas left in the care of maidens three,
 Lovely they were as maidens should be ;
 And in the soft airs that around it flew,
 Perhaps their own breath left a perfume too.
 —There lay Prince CRIS, and his mood
 Made harmony with the solitude.
 —O pleasant is it for the heart
 To gather up itself apart ;
 To think its own thoughts, and to be
 Free, as none ever yet were free,
 When, prisoners to their gilded thrall,
 Vain crowd meets crowd in lighted hall ;
 With frozen feelings, tutor'd eye,
 And smile which is itself a lie.
 —O, but for lonely hours like these,
 Would every finer current freeze ;
 Those kindlier impulses that glow,
 Those clear and diamond streams that flow
 Only in crystal, while their birth,
 Is all unsoil'd with stain of earth.
 Ever the lover hath gainsay'd
 The creed his once religion made,—
 That pure, that high, that holy creed,
 Without which love is vain indeed ;

While that which was a veiled shrine,
 Whose faith was only not divine,
 Becomes a vague, forgotten dream,—
 A thing of scorn—an idle theme.
 Denied, degraded, and repressed,
 Love dies beneath the heartless jest.
 O vain ! for not with such can be
 One trace of his divinity.
 Ever from poet's lute hath flown
 The sweetness of its early tone,
 When from its wild flight it hath bow'd,
 To seek for homage 'mid the crowd ;
 Be the one wonder of the night,
 As if the soul could be a sight ;
 As all his burning numbers speak
 Were written upon brow and cheek ;
 And he forsooth must learn his part,
 Must choose his words, and school his heart
 To one set mould, and pay again
 Flattery with flattery as vain ;
 Till, mixing with the throng too much,
 The cold, the vain, he feels as such ;
 Then marvels that his silent lute
 Beneath that worldly hand is mute.
 —Away ! these scenes are not for thee :
 Go dream beneath some lonely tree ;
 Away to some far woodland spring,
 Dash down thy tinsel crown, and wring
 The scented unguents from thine hair :
 If thou dost hope that crown to share
 The laurell'd bards immortal wear :
 Muse thou o'er leaf and drooping flower,
 Wander at evening's haunted hour ;
 Listen to stockdove's plaining song
 Until it bear thy soul along ;
 Then call upon thy freed lute's strain,
 And it will answer thee again.
 O mine own song, did I not hold
 Such faith as held the bards of old,—
 That one eternal hope of fame
 Which sanctifies the poet's name,—
 I'd break my lyre in high disdain,
 And hold my gift of song as vain
 As those forced flowers which only bloom
 One hot night for a banquet-room.
 —But I have wander'd from my tale,—
 The ivory bark, the purple sail,
 That bore Prince CYRIS o'er the sea,—
 Content with that slow ebb to be
 Danced on the wave. By nightfall shaded,
 The red lights from the clouds are faded ;
 Leaving one palest amber line
 To mark the last of day's decline ;
 And all o'er heaven is that clear blue
 The stars so love to wander through.
 They're rising from the silent deep,
 Like bright eyes opening after sleep.

Young CYRIS watch'd them till their ray
 Grew sad—so far they were away.
 He felt so earthly, thus to see
 What he might never hope to be.
 He thought upon earth's loveliest eyes ;
 What were they to those shining there !
 He thought upon earth's sweetest sighs :
 What were they to the lulling air ?
 " O no, my heart," he mournful sigh'd,
 " To thee is that dear boon denied ;
 That wildering dream whose fair deceit
 Makes languid earth a temple meet
 For light, such light as dwells above,—
 I have no faith in thee, false love !
 I've knelt at many a beauteous shrine,
 And call'd, but thought them not, divine.
 I've dived in many a beating heart,
 But search'd them only to depart ;
 For selfish care, or heartless pride,
 Were all they ever had to hide.
 I'm weary, weary :—one by one,
 The life charms of my youth are gone.
 I had a dream of stirring fame—
 It was a promise, and a name,
 Thrice glorious, shining from afar,
 But nearer earth had touch'd the star ;
 With toil and trouble won from many,
 Yet trembling on the breath of any.
 The bard, the warrior, and the sage,
 What win they but one lying page,
 Where deeds and words, at hazard thrown,
 May be or may not be their own ?
 And pleasure, lighted halls, red wine,
 Bright smiles, gay words, have all been mine :
 They only left what haunts me now,—
 A wasted heart, a weary brow.
 Ye distant stars, so calm, so bright,
 Would I had portion in your light,
 Could read the secrets of your birth,—
 Aught, any thing but this dull earth !"
 —It was not long, ere, still and deep,
 Those restless eyes were closed in sleep.
 There lay he like a statue pale,
 His canopy that silken sail.
 There lay he as Endymion slept
 When Dian came to him, and wept
 Beside the sleep she might not break.
 Love, thus we sorrow for thy sake.
 There lay he :—well might CYRIS seem
 The being of a poet's dream.
 Ay, beautiful as a star in the sky,
 When the clouds are gloom, and the storm is
 high,
 But still in defiance keeps shining on,
 Till the shades are past, and the wind is done.
 His hair was gold, like the pheasant's wing,
 And curl'd like the hyacinth flower in spring.

And his eye was that blue so clear, so dark,
 Like the falcon's when flying his highest mark.
 And telling a tale of gallant war,
 On his brow was a slight but glorious scar.
 His voice had that low and lutelike sound,
 Whose echo within the heart is found.
 His very faults were those that win
 Too dazzling and ready an entrance in.
 Daring, and fiery, wild to range,
 Reckless of what might ensue from the change;
 Too eager for pleasure to fill up the void,
 Till the very impatience their nature destroy'd;
 Restless, inconstant, he sought to possess,—
 The danger was dared, and the charm grew less.
 But, O! these were only youth's meteor fires,
 The ignis blaze that with youth expires.
 No never!—the heart should childlike be
 train'd,
 And its wilful waywardness somewhat enchain'd.
 —Was it the spell of morning dew
 That o'er his lips its influence threw,
 Clearing those earthly mists away,
 That erst like veils before them lay?
 Whether fair dream, or actual sight,
 It was a vision of delight:
 For free to his charm'd eyes were given
 The spirits of the starry heaven.
 It was that hour, when each faint dye
 Of rose upon the morning's cheek
 Warns the bright watchers of the sky
 Their other ocean home to seek.
 He saw the Archer with his bow,
 Guide now his radiant car below;
 He saw the shining Serpent fold
 Beneath the wave his scales of gold.
 —But of all the pageants nigh,
 Only one fix'd CYRIS' eye:
 Borne by music on their way,
 Every chord a living ray,
 Sinking on a songlike breeze,
 The lyre of the Pleiades,
 With its seven fair sisters bent
 O'er their starry instrument;
 Each a star upon her brow,
 Somewhat dim in daylight's glow,
 That clasp'd the flashing coronet
 On their midnight tresses set.
 —All were young, all were fair—
 But one—O! CYRIS gazed but there.
 Each other lip wore sterner mould,—
 Fair, but so proud,—bright, but so cold;
 And clear pale cheek, and radiant eye,
 Wore neither blush, nor smile, nor sigh,
 Those sweet signs of humanity.
 But o'er CYRENE's cheek the rose,
 Like moon-touch'd water, ebbs and flows;
 And eyes that droop like summer flowers
 Told they could change with shine and showers.

—The starry lyre has reach'd the sea,—
 Started young CYRIS to his knee:
 Surely her dark eyes met his own;
 But, ah! the lovely dream is flown.
 —I need not tell how long the day
 Pass'd in its weariness away;
 I need not say how CYRIS' sight
 Pined for the darkness of the night.
 But darkness came, and with it brought
 The vision which the watcher sought.
 He saw the starry lyre arise—
 The seven fair sisters' glittering car—
 Till, lost amid the distant skies,
 Each only look'd a burning star.
 Again, at morning's dewy hour,
 He saw them seek their ocean bower;
 Again those dark eyes met his own—
 Again the lovely dream is flown.
 —Night after night thus pass'd; but now
 The young Moon wears less vestal brow.
 Her silver veil is lined with gold;
 Like a crown'd queen, she comes to hold
 Her empire in the sky alone—
 No rival near her midnight throne.
 Sometimes he fancied o'er the tide
 He saw pale phantoms dimly glide:
 The moonbeams fell o'er sea and sky,
 No other light met CYRIS' eye.
 The night—the moon—he watch'd in vain,
 No starry lyre rose from the main.
 —And who were they the lovely seven,
 With shape of earth, and home in heaven?
 Daughters of King Atlas they—
 He of the enchanted sway;
 He who read the mystic lines
 Of the planets' wondrous signs:
 He the sovereign of the air—
 They were his, these daughters fair.
 Six were brides, in sky and sea,
 To some crown'd divinity;
 But his youngest, loveliest one,
 Was as yet unwoo'd, unwon.
 She's kneeling at her father's side:—
 What the boon could be denied
 To that fair but tear-wash'd cheek,
 That look'd so earnest, yet so meek;
 To that mouth whose gentle words
 Murmur like the wind-lute's chords;
 To that soft and pleading eye
 Who is there could suit deny?
 Bent the king, with look of care,
 O'er the dear one kneeling there;
 Bent and kiss'd his pleading one,—
 Ah, that smile! her suit is won.
 —It was a little fountain made
 A perfect sanctuary of shade;
 The pine boughs like a roof, beneath
 The tapestry of the acacia wreath.

The air was haunted, sounds, and sighs,
 The falling waters' melodies;
 The breath of flowers, the faint perfume
 Of the green pineleaf's early bloom;
 And murmurs from the music hung
 Ever the woodland boughs among;
 His couch of moss, his pillow flowers,
 Dreaming away the listless hours—
 Those dreams so vague, those dreams so vain,
 Yet iron links in lover's chain—
 Prince CRYIS leant: the solitude
 Suited such visionary mood;
 For love hath delicate delights,—
 The silence of the summer nights;
 The leaves and buds, whose languid sighs

Seem like the echo of his own;
 The wind which like a lute note dies;
 The shadow by the branches thrown,
 Although a sweet uncertain smile
 Wanders through those boughs the while,
 As if the young Moon liked to know
 Her fountain mirror bright below;
 Linking his thoughts with all of these,
 For love is full of fantasies.
 —Why starts young CRYIS from his dream?
 There is a shadow on the stream,
 There is an odour on the air;—
 What shape of beauty fronts him there!
 He knows her by her clear dark eye,
 Touch'd with the light that rules the sky;
 The star upon her forehead set,
 Her wild hair's sparkling coronet;
 Her white arms, and her silvery vest,—
 The lovely Pleiad stands confest.
 —I cannot sing as I have sung;
 My heart is changed, my lute unstrung;
 Once said I that my early chords
 Were vow'd to love or sorrow's words:
 But love has like an odour past,
 Or echo, all too sweet to last:
 And sorrow now holds lonely sway
 O'er my young heart, and lute, and lay.
 Be it for those whose unwaked youth
 Believes that hope and love are sooth—
 The loved, the happy—let them dream
 This meeting by the forest stream.
 —No more they parted till the night
 Call'd on her starry host for light,
 And that bright lyre arose on high
 With its fair watchers to their sky.
 Then came the wanderings long and lonely,
 As if the world held them, them only;
 The gather'd flower, which is to bear
 Some gentle secret whisper'd there;
 The seat beneath the forest tree;
 The breathless silence, which to love
 Is all that eloquence can be;
 The looks ten thousand words above;

(15)

The fond deep gaze, till the fix'd eye
 Casts each on each a mingled dye;
 The interest round each little word,
 Though scarcely said, and scarcely heard.
 Little love asks of language aid,
 For never yet hath vow been made
 In that young hour when love is new;
 He feels at first so deep, so true,
 A promise is a useless token,
 When neither dream it can be broken.
 Alas! vows are his after sign!—
 We prop the tree in its decline—
 The ghosts that haunt a parting hour,
 With all of grief, and naught of power;
 A chain half sunder'd in the making,—
 The plighted vows already breaking.
 From such dreams all too soon we wake;
 For like the moonlight on the lake,
 One passing cloud, one waving bough—
 The silver light, what is it now?
 —Said I not, that young prince was one
 Who wearied when the goal was won;
 To whom the charm of change was all
 That bound his heart in woman's thrall?
 And she now lingering at his side,
 His bright, his half-immortal bride,
 Though she had come with him to die,
 Share earthly tear, and earthly sigh;
 Left for his sake her glorious sphere,—
 What matter'd that!—she now was here.
 —At first 'twas like a frightful dream:
 Why should such terror even seem?
 Again—again—it cannot be!
 Wo for such wasting misery!—
 This watching love's o'erclouding sky,
 Though still believing it must clear;
 This closing of the trusting eye;
 The hope that darkens into fear;
 The lingering change of doubt and dread;
 All in the one dear presence fled.
 Till days of anguish past alone,
 Till careless look, and alter'd tone,
 Relieve us from the rack, to know
 Our last of fate, our worst of wo.
 —And she, the guileless, pure, and bright,
 Whose nature was her morning's light;
 Who deem'd of love as it is given
 The sunniest element to heaven;
 Whose sweet belief in it was caught
 Only from what her own heart taught—
 Her woman's heart, that dreamy shrine,
 Of what itself made half divine,—
 CYRENE, when thy shadow came
 With thy first step that touch'd the earth.
 It was an omen how the same
 Doth sorrow haunt all mortal birth.
 Thou hast but left those starry spheres
 For woman's destiny of tears.

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—They parted as all lovers part,—
 She with her wrong'd and breaking heart;
 But he, rejoicing he is free,
 Bounds like the captive from his chain,
 And wilfully believing she
 Hath found her liberty again:
 Or if dark thoughts will cross his mind,
 They are but clouds before the wind.
 —Thou false one, go!—but deep and dread
 Be minstrel curse upon thy head!
 —Go, be the first in battle line,
 Where banners sweep, and falchions shine;
 Go thou to lighted festival,
 Be there the peerless one of all;
 Let bright cheeks wear yet brighter rays
 If they can catch Prince CYRUS' gaze;
 Be thine in all that honour'd name,
 Men hold to emulate is fame;
 Yet not the less my curse shall rest,
 A serpent coiling in thy breast.
 Weariness, like a weed, shall spring
 Wherever is thy wandering.
 Thy heart a lonely shrine shall be,
 Guarded by no divinity.
 Thou shalt be lonely, and shalt know
 It is thyself has made thee so.
 Thou hast been faithless, and shalt dread
 Deceit in aught of fondness said.
 Go, with the doom thou'st made thine own!
 Go, false one! to thy grave—alone.—
 —'Twas the red hue of twilight's hour
 That lighted up the forest bower;
 Where that sad Pleiad look'd her last.
 The white wave of his plume is past;
 She raised her listening head in vain,
 To catch his echoing step again;
 Then bow'd her face upon her hand,
 And once or twice a burning tear
 Wander'd beyond their white command,
 And mingled with the waters clear.
 'Tis said that ever from that day

Those waters caught their diamond ray.
 —The evening shades closed o'er the sky,
 The night winds sang their melody:
 They seem'd to rouse her from the dream
 That chain'd her by that lonely stream.
 She came when first the starry lyre
 Tinged the green wave with kindling fire;
 "Come, sister," sang they, "to thy place"
 The Pleiad gazed, then hid her face.
 Slowly that lyre rose while they sung,—
 Alas! there is one chord unstrung.
 It rose, until CYRENE'S ear
 No longer could its music hear.
 She sought the fountain, and flung there
 The crown that bound her raven hair;
 The starry crown, the sparkles died,
 Darkening within its fated tide.
 She sinks by that lone wave:—'tis past;
 There the lost Pleiad breathed her last.
 No mortal hand e'er made her grave;
 But one pale rose was seen to wave,
 Guarding a sudden growth of flowers,
 Not like those sprung in summer hours,
 But pale and drooping; each appears
 As if their only dew were tears.
 On that sky lyre a chord is mute:
 Haply one echo yet remains,
 To linger on the poet's lute,
 And tell in his most mournful strains,
 —A star hath left its native sky,
 To touch our cold earth, and to die;
 To warn the young heart how it trust
 To mortal vows, whose faith is dust;
 To bid the young cheek guard its bloom
 From wasting by such early doom;
 Warn by the histories link'd with all
 That ever bow'd to passion's thrall;
 Warn by all—above—below,
 By that lost Pleiad's depth of woe,—
 Warn them, Love is of heavenly birth,
 But turns to death on touching earth.

A HISTORY OF THE LYRE.

Sketches indeed, from that most passionate page,
A woman's heart, of feelings, thoughts, that make
The atmosphere in which her spirit moves;
But, like all other earthly elements,
O'ercast with clouds, now dark, now touch'd with light,
With rainbows, sunshine, showers, moonlight, stars,
Chasing each other's change. I fain would trace
Its brightness and its blackness; and these lines
Are consecrate to annals such as those,
That count the pulses of the beating heart.

'Tis strange how much is mark'd on memory,
In which we may have interest, but no part;
How circumstance will bring together links
In destinies the most dissimilar.
This face, whose rudely-pencil'd sketch you hold,
Recalls to me a host of pleasant thoughts,
And some more serious.—This is EULALIE,
Once the delight of Rome for that fine skill
With which she woke the lute when answering
With its sweet echoes and melodious words.
She had the rich perfection of that gift,
Her Italy's own ready song, which seems
The poetry caught from a thousand flowers;
The diamond sunshine, and the lulling air,
So pure, yet full of perfume; fountains tuned
Like natural lutes, from whispering green leaves;
The low peculiar murmur of the pines:
From pictured saints, that look their native
heaven—

Statues whose grace is a familiar thing;
The ruin'd shrine of mournful loveliness;
The stately church, awfully beautiful;
Their climate, and their language, whose least
word

Is melody—these overfill the heart
Till, fountainlike, the lips o'erflow with song,
And music is to them an element.

—I saw EULALIE: all was in the scene
Graceful association, slight surprise,
That are so much in youth. It was in June,
Night, but such night as only is not day,—
For moonlight, even when most clear, is sad:
We cannot but contrast its still repose
With the unceasing turmoil in ourselves.

—We stood beside a cypress, whose green
spire

Rose like a funeral column o'er the dead.
Near was a fallen palace—stain'd and gray
The marble show'd amid the tender leaves
Of ivy but just shooting; yet there stood
Pillars unbroken, two or three vast halls,

Entire enough to cast a deep black shade;
And a few statues, beautiful but cold,—
White shadows, pale and motionless, that seem
To mock the change in which they had no part,—
Fit images of the dead. Pensive enough,
Whatever aspect desolation wears;
But this, the wrecking work of yesterday,
Hath somewhat still more touching; here we
trace

The waste of man too much. When years have
past
Over the fallen arch, the ruin'd hall,
It seems but course of time, the one great doom,
Whose influence is alike upon us all;
The gray tints soften, and the ivy wreath
And wild flowers breathe life's freshness round
but here

We stand before decay; scarce have the walls
Lost music left by human step and voice;
The lonely hearth, the household desolate,
Some noble race gone to the dust in blood;
Man shames of his own deeds, and there we gaze,
Watching the progress not of time, but death.
—Low music floated on the midnight wind,
A mournful murmur, such as opes the heart
With memory's key, recalling other times,
And gone-by hopes and feelings, till they have
An echo sorrowful, but very sweet;
“Hush!” said my comrade,—“it is EULALIE,
Now you may gaze upon the loneliness
Which is her inspiration.” Soft we pass'd
Behind a fragment of the shadowy wall.
—I never saw more perfect loveliness.

It ask'd, it had no aid from dress: her robe
Was white, and simply gather'd in such folds
As suit a statue: neck and arms were bare;
The black hair was unbound, and like a veil
Hung even to her feet; she held a lute,
And, as she paced the ancient gallery, waked
A few wild chords, and murmur'd low sweet
words,

But scarcely audible, as if she thought
Rather than spoke ;—the night, the solitude,
Fill'd the young Pythoness with poetry.
—Her eyes were like the moonlight, clear and
soft,

That shadowy brightness which is born of tears,
And raised towards the sky, as if they sought
Companionship with their own heaven ; her
cheek,—

Emotion made it colourless, that pure
And delicate white which speaks so much of
thought,

Yet flushes in a moment into rose ;
And tears like pearls lay on it, those which come
When the heart wants a language ; but she
pass'd,

And left the place to me a haunted shrine,
Hallow'd by genius in its holiest mood.

—At Count ZARIN's palazzo the next night
We were to meet, and expectation wore
Itself with fancies,—all of them were vain.
I could not image aught so wholly changed.
Her robe was Indian red, and work'd with gold,
And gold the queenlike girdle round her waist.
Here hair was gather'd up in grapelike curls ;
An emerald wreath, shaped into vine leaves, made
Its graceful coronal. Leant on a couch
The centre of a group, whose converse light
Made a fit element, in which her wit
Flash'd like the lightning :—on her cheek the
rose

Burnt like a festal lamp ; the sunniest smiles
Wander'd upon her face.—I only knew
EULALIE by her touching voice again.

—They had been praying her to wake the lute :
She would not, wayward in her mood that night ;
When some one bade her mark a little sketch
I brought from England of my father's hall ;
Himself was outlined leaning by an oak,
A greyhound at his feet. "And is this dog
Your father's sole companion ?"—with these words
She touch'd the strings :—that melancholy song,
I never may forget its sweet reproach.

—She ask'd me how I had the heart to leave
The old man in his age ; she told how lorn
Is solitude ; she spoke of the young heart
Left in its loneliness, where it had known
No kindness but from strangers, forced to be
Wayfarer in this bleak and bitter world,
And looking to the grave as to a home.

—The numbers died in tears, but no one sought
To stay her as she pass'd with veiled face
From the hush'd hall.—One gently whisper'd me,
EULALIE is an orphan ! . . .

Yet still our meetings were 'mid festival,
Night after night. It was both sad and strange,
To see that fine mind waste itself away,
Too like some noble stream, which, unconfined,

Makes fertile its rich banks, and glads the face
Of nature round ; but not so when its wave
Is lost in artificial waterfalls,
And sparkling eddies ; or coop'd up to make
The useless fountain of a palace hall.
—One day I spoke of this ; her eager soul
Was in its most unearthly element.
We had been speaking of the immortal dead.
The light flash'd in her eyes. " 'Tis this which
makes

The best assurance of our promised heaven :
This triumph intellect has over death—
Our words yet live on other's lips ; our thoughts
Actuate others. Can that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind ?
He lives in glory ; and such speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds.
Welcome a grave with memories such as these,
Making the sunshine of our moral world !"

"This proud reward you see, and yet can leave !
Your songs sink on the ear, and there they die,
A flower's sweetness, but a flower's life.
An evening's homage is your only fame ;
'Tis vanity, EULALIE."—Mournfully
She shook the raven tresses from her brow,
As if she felt their darkness omenlike.
"Speak not of this to me, nor bid me think ;
It is such pain to dwell upon myself ;
And know how different I am from all
I once dream'd I could be. Fame ! stirring fame !
I work no longer miracles for thee.

I am as one who sought at early dawn
To climb with fiery speed some lofty hill :
His feet are strong in eagerness and youth ;
His limbs are braced by the fresh morning air,
And all seems possible :—this cannot last.
The way grows steeper, obstacles arise,
And unkind thwartings from companions near.
The height is truer measured, having traced
Part of its heavy length ; his sweet hopes droop
Like prison'd birds that know their cage has bars,
The body wearies, and the mind is worn—
That worst of lassitude :—hot noon comes on ;
There is no freshness in the sultry air,
There is no rest upon the toilsome road ;
There is the summit, which he may not reach,
And round him are a thousand obstacles.

"I am a woman :—tell me not of fame.
The eagle's wing may sweep the stormy path,
And fling back arrows, where the dove would die.
Look on those flowers near yon acacia tree—
The lily of the valley—mark how pure
The snowy blossoms,—and how soft a breath
Is almost hidden by the large dark leaves.
Not only have those delicate flowers a gift
Of sweetness and of beauty, but the root—
A healing power dwells there ; fragrant and fair,
But dwelling still in some beloved shade.

Is not this woman's emblem?—she whose smile
Should only make the loveliness of home—
Who seeks support and shelter from man's heart,
And pays it with affection quiet, deep,—
And in his sickness—sorrow—with an aid
He did not deem in aught so fragile dwelt.
Alas! this has not been my destiny.
Again I'll borrow Summer's eloquence.
Yon Eastern tulip—that is emblem mine;
Ay! it has radiant colours—every leaf
Is as a gem from its own country's mines.
'Tis redolent with sunshine; but with noon
It has begun to wither:—look within,
It has a wasted bloom, a burning heart;
It has dwelt too much in the open day,
And so have I; and both must droop and die!
I did not choose my gift;—too soon my heart,
Watchlike, had pointed to a later hour
Than time had reach'd: and as my years pass'd
on,
Shadows and floating visions grew to thoughts,
And thoughts found words, the passionate words
of song,
And all to me was poetry. The face,
Whose radiance glided past me in the dance,
Awoke a thousand fantasies to make
Some history of her passing smile or sigh.
The flowers were full of song:—upon the rose
I read the crimson annals of true love;
The violet flung me back on old romance;
All was association with some link
Whose fine electric throb was in the mind.
I paid my price for this—'twas happiness.
My wings have melted in their eager flight,
And gleams of heaven have only made me feel
Its distance from our earth more forcibly.
My feelings grow less fresh, my thoughts less
kind:
My youth has been too lonely, too much left,
To struggle for itself; and this world is
A northern clime, where every thing is chill'd.
I speak of my own feelings—I can judge
Of others but by outward show, and that
Is falser than the actor's studied part.
We dress our words and looks in borrow'd robes:
The mind is as the face—for who goes forth
In public walks without a veil at least?
'Tis this constraint makes half life's misery.
'Tis a false rule: we do too much regard
Others' opinions, but neglect their feelings;
Thrice happy if such order were reversed.
O why do we make sorrow for ourselves,
And, not content with the great wretchedness
Which is our native heritage—those ills
We have no mastery over—sickness, toil,
Death, and the natural grief which comrades
death—
Are not all these enough, that we must add

Mutual and moral torment, and inflict
Ingenious tortures we must first contrive?
I am distrustful—I have been deceived
And disappointed—I have hoped in vain.
I am vain—praise is opium, and the lip
Cannot resist the fascinating draught,
Though knowing its excitement is a fraud—
Delirious—a mockery of fame.
I may not image the deep solitude
In which my spirit dwells. My days are past
Among the cold, the careless, and the false.
What part have I in them, or they in me?
Yet I would be beloved; I would be kind;
I would share others' sorrows others' joys;
I would fence in a happiness with friends.
I cannot do this:—is the fault mine own?
Can I love those who but repay my love
With half caprice, half flattery; or trust,
When I have full internal consciousness
They are deceiving me? I may be kind,
And meet with kindness, yet be lonely still;
For gratitude is not companionship.—
We have proud words that speak of intellect;
We talk of mind that magnifies the world,
And makes it glorious: much of this is true,—
All time attests the miracles of man:
The very elements, whose nature seems
To mock dominion, yet have worn his yoke.
His way has been upon the pathless sea;
The earth's dark bosom search'd; bodiless air
Works as his servant; and from his own mind
What rich stores he has won, the sage, the bard,
The painter, these have made their nature proud
And yet how life goes on, its great outline
How noble and ennobling!—but within
How mean, how poor, how pitiful, how mix'd
With base alloy; how Disappointment tracks
The steps of Hope; how Envy dogs success;
How every victor's crown is lined with thorns,
And worn 'mid scoffs! Trace the young poet's
fate:
Fresh from his solitude, the child of dreams,
His heart upon his lips, he seeks the world,
To find him fame and fortune, as if life
Were like a fairy tale. His song has led
The way before him; flatteries fill his ear,
His presence courted, and his words are caught;
And he seems happy in so many friends.
What marvel if he somewhat overrates
His talents and his state? These scenes soon
change.
The vain, who sought to mix their name with his;
The curious, who but live for some new sight;
The idle,—all these have been gratified,
And now neglect stings even more than scorn
Envy has spoken, felt more bitterly,
For that it was not dream'd of; worldliness
Has crept upon his spirit unaware;

Vanity craves for its accustom'd food;
 He has turn'd skeptic to the truth which made
 His feelings poetry; and discontent
 Hangs heavily on the lute, which wakes no more
 Its early music:—social life is fill'd
 With doubts and vain aspirings; solitude,
 When the imagination is dethroned,
 Is turn'd to weariness. What can he do
 But hang his lute on some lone tree, and die?

“Methinks we must have known some former
 state

More glorious than our present, and the heart
 Is haunted with dim memories, shadows left
 By past magnificence; and hence we pine
 With vain aspirings, hopes that fill the eyes
 With bitter tears for their own vanity.

Remembrance makes the poet; 'tis the past
 Lingering within him, with a keener sense
 Than is upon the thoughts of common men
 Of what has been, that fills the actual world
 With unreal likenesses of lovely shapes,
 That were and are not; and the fairer they,
 The more their contrast with existing things,
 The more his power, the greater is his grief.
 —Are we then fallen from some noble star,
 Whose consciousness is as an unknown curse,
 And we feel capable of happiness
 Only to know it is not of our sphere?

“I have sung passionate songs of beating
 hearts;

Perhaps it had been better they had drawn
 Their inspiration from an inward source.
 Had I known even an unhappy love,
 It would have flung an interest round-life
 Mine never knew. This is an empty wish;
 Our feelings are not fires to light at will
 Our nature's fine and subtle mysteries;
 We may control them, but may not create,
 And love less than its fellows. I have fed
 Perhaps too much upon the lotos fruits
 Imagination yields,—fruits which unfit
 The palate for the more substantial food
 Of our own land—reality. I made
 My heart too like a temple for a home;
 My thoughts were birds of paradise, that breathed
 The airs of heaven, but died on touching earth.
 —The knight whose deeds were stainless as his
 crest,

Who made my name his watchword in the field;
 The poet with immortal words, whose heart
 I shared with beauty; or the patriot,
 Whose eloquence was power, who made my smile
 His recompense amid the toil which shaped
 A nation's destiny: these, such as these,
 The glorified—the passionate—the brave—
 In these I might have found the head and heart
 . could have worshipp'd. Where are such as
 these?

—Not mid gay cavaliers, who make the dance
 Pleasant with graceful flatteries; whose words
 A passing moment might light up my cheek,
 But haunted not my solitude. The fault
 Has been my own; perhaps I ask'd too much:—
 Yet let me say, what firmly I believe,
 Love can be—ay, and is. I held that Love
 Which chooseth from a thousand only one,
 To be the object of that tenderness
 Natural to every heart; which can resign
 Its own best happiness for one dear sake;
 Can bear with absence; hath no part in hope,—
 For Hope is somewhat selfish, Love is not,—
 And doth prefer another to itself.
 Unchangeable and generous, what, like Love,
 Can melt away the dross of worldliness;
 Can elevate, refine, and make the heart
 Of that pure gold which is the fitting shrine
 For fire, as sacred as e'er came from Heaven?
 No more of this:—one word may read my heart.
 And that one word is utter weariness!
 Yet sometimes I look round with vain regret,
 And think I will restrain my lute, and nerve
 My woman's hand for nobler enterprise;
 But the day never comes. Alas! we make
 A ladder of our thoughts, where angels step,
 But sleep ourselves at the foot: our high resolves
 Look down upon our slumbering acts.”

I soon left Italy: it is well worth
 A year of wandering, were it but to feel
 How much our England does outweigh the
 world.

A clear cold April morning was it, when I first
 Rode up the avenue of ancient oaks,
 A hundred years upon each stately head.
 The park was bright with sunshine, and the deer
 Went bounding by; freshness was on the wind,
 Till every nerve was braced; and once the air
 Came with Arabian sweetness on its wing,—
 It was the earliest growth of violets.
 A fairy foot had left its trace beside,—
 Ah, EMILY had nursed my favourite flowers.
 Nearer I came, I heard familiar sounds—
 They are the heart's best music; saw the blaze
 Through the wide windows of the dear old hall.
 One moment more, my eager footsteps stood
 Within my father's home, beside his hearth.
 —Three times those early violets had fill'd
 Their turns with April dew, when the changed
 cheek

Of EMILY wore signs of young decay.
 The rose was too inconstant, and the light
 Too clear in those blue eyes; but southern skies
 Might nurse a flower too delicate to bear
 The winds of March, unless in Italy.
 I need not tell thee how the soothing air
 Brought tranquil bloom that fed not on itself.
 To EMILY's sweet face: but soon again

We talk'd of winter by our own wood fire,
With cheerful words, that had no tears to hide.
—We pass'd through Rome on our return, and
there

Sought out EULALIE. Graceful as her wont
Her welcome to my bride; but, O, so changed!
Her cheek was colourless as snow; she wore
The beauty of a statue, or a spirit
With large and radiant eyes:—her thrilling voice
Had lost its power, but still its sweetness kept.
One night, while seated in her favourite hall,
The silken curtains all flung back for air,
She mark'd my EMILY, whose idle gaze
Was fix'd on that fair garden. "Will you come
And wander in the moonlight?—our soft dew
Will wash no colour from thine island cheek."
She led the way by many a bed, whose hues
Vied with the rainbow,—through sweet-scented
groves

Golden with oranges: at length the path
Grew shadowy with darker, older trees,
And led us to a little lonely spot.
There were no blossoming shrubs, but sweeping
pines
Guarded the solitude; and laurel boughs

Made fitting mirrors for the lovely moon,
With their bright shining leaves; the ivy lay
And trail'd upon the ground; and in the midst
A large old cypress stood, beneath whose shade
There was a sculptured form; the feet were
placed

Upon a finely-carved rose wreath; the arms
Were raised to Heaven, as if to clasp the stars
EULALIE leant beside; 'twas hard to say
Which was the actual marble: when she spoke,
You started, scarce it seem'd a human sound;
But the eyes' lustre told life linger'd still;
And now the moonlight seem'd to fill their depths
"You see," she said, "my cemetery here:—
Here, only here, shall be my quiet grave.
Yon statue is my emblem: see, its grasp
Is raised to Heaven, forgetful that the while
Its step has crush'd the fairest of earth's flowers
With its neglect." —

Her prophecy was sooth:
No change of leaf had that green valley known,
When EULALIE lay there in her last sleep.

Peace to the weary and the beating heart,
That fed upon itself!

THE ANCESTRESS,

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

The COUNT of ARDENBURG.

JAROMIR, otherwise COUNT HERMAN, his Nephew.

Guests, Attendants, Officers, &c.

BERTHA, Daughter of the Count.

LEITRA, her Nurse.

Ladies, Attendants, &c.

SCENE I.—JAROMIR. BERTHA.

BERTHA.

It is in this we differ; I would seek
To blend my very being into thine—
I'm even jealous of thy memory:
I wish our childhood had been pass'd together.

JAROMIR.

Bertha, sweet Bertha! would to heaven it had!
What would'st thou with a past that knew thee
not?

BERTHA.

To make that past my own by confidence,
By mingled recollections, I would fain
Our childish sorrows had been wept together;
Our childish joys had been indulged together;
Our childish hopes had been believed together:
But as this cannot be, I speak of them—

The very speaking does associate us—
I speak of them, that, in those coming years,
When youthful hours rise up within the mind,
Like lovely dreams some sudden chance has
brought,
To fill the eyes with long-forgotten tears,
My image may be with them as of one
Who held such sympathy with aught of thine.

JAROMIR.

Sweetest, no more of this: my youth hath pass'd
In harsh and rugged warfare, not the scenes
Of young knights with white plumes, and gallant
steeds,

With lady's favour on each burnish'd crest.
Whose tournaments, in honour of fair dames,
May furnish tales to suit the maiden's ear.
I've had no part in such; I only know
Of war the terrible reality:—
The long-night watch beneath the driving snow:—

The unsoothed pillow where the strong man lay
 Like a weak child, by weary sickness worn
 Even to weeping :—or the ghastly dead,
 By the more ghastly dying, whose last breath
 Pass'd in a prayer for water—but in vain,—
 O'er them their eager comrades hurry on
 To slaughter others. How thy cheek is blanch'd !
 I truly said these were no tales for thee.
 Come, take thy lute, and sing just one sweet song
 To fill my sleep with music.

BERTHA.

Then good night.

I have so much to say to my old nurse,—
 This is her annual visit, and she waits
 Within my chamber,—so one only song.

My lute is tuneless with this damp night air,
 Like to our own glad spirits, its fine chords
 Are soon relax'd.

JAROMIR.

Then sing, love, with the wind,
 The plaining wind, and let that be thy lute.

BERTHA.

How wildly round our ancient battlements
 The air-notes murmur ! Blent with such a wind
 I heard the song which shall be ours to-night.
 She had a strange sweet voice, the maid who
 sang,

But early death was pale upon her cheek ;
 And she had melancholy thoughts, that gave
 Their sadness to her speech : she sat apart
 From all her young companions, in the shade
 Of an old tree—a gloomy tree, whose boughs
 Hung o'er her as a pall :—'twas omenlike,
 For she died young,—of gradual decay,
 As if the heart consumed itself. None knew
 If she had loved ; but always did her song
 Dwell on love's sorrows.

Sleep, heart of mine,—
 Why should love awake thee ?
 Like yon closed rosebud,
 To thy rest betake thee.

Sleep, heart of mine,—
 Wherefore art thou beating ?
 Do dreams stir thy slumbers,
 Vainest hopes repeating ?

Sleep, heart of mine,
 Sleep thou without dreaming :
 Love, the beguiler,
 Weareth such false seeming.

Sleep, heart of mine ;
 But if on thy slumbers
 Breathe one faint murmur
 Of his charm'd numbers ;

Waken, heart of mine,
 From such dangerous sleeping ;
 Love's haunted visions
 Ever end in weeping.

But now no more of song. I will not lose
 Another legend of my nurse's store.
 A whole year must have added to her list
 Of ghastly murders, spiritual visitings :
 At least, 'twill make the ancient ones seem new

JAROMIR.

And you will listen like a frightened child.
 I think I see you ;—when the turret clock
 Has toll'd the night hour heavily ; the hearth
 Has only flickering embers, which send forth
 Gleams of distorting light ; the untrimm'd lamp
 Exaggerates the shadows, till they seem
 Flung by no human shape ; the hollow voice
 Of that old crone, the only living sound ;
 Her face, on which mortality has writ
 Its closing, with the wan and bony hand,
 Raised like a spectre's—and yourself the while,
 Cold from the midnight chill, and white with fear,
 Your large blue eyes darker and larger grown
 With terror's chain'd attention, and your breath
 Suppress'd for very earnestness. Well, love,
 Good night ; and if our haunted air be fill'd
 With Spirits, may they watch o'er thee like Love

BERTHA.

Good night, good night !—the kind Madonna
 shed
 Her blessings o'er thee !

[Exit JAROMIR.]

'Tis his last footfall.—I can catch no more.
 Methinks he pass'd too quickly. Had I left
 This room, I should have counted every step,—
 Have linger'd on the threshold ; but he went
 Rapidly, carelessly. Now out on this,
 The very folly of a loving heart !
 O Jaromir ! it is a fearful thing
 To love as I love thee ; to feel the world—
 The bright, the beautiful, joy-giving world—
 A blank without thee. Never more to me
 Can hope, joy, fear, wear different meanings.

Now

I have no hope that does not dream for thee ;
 I have no joy that is not shared by thee ;
 I have no fear that does not dread for thee.
 All that I once took pleasure in—my lute
 Is only sweet when it repeats thy name ;
 My flowers, I only gather them for thee ;
 The book drops listless down, I cannot read,
 Unless it is to thee ; my lonely hours
 Are spent in shaping forth our future lives
 After my own romantic fantasies.
 He is the star round which my thoughts revolve
 Like satellites. My father, can it be

That thine, the unceasing love of many years,
Doth not so fill my heart as this strange guest ?
I loved thee once so wholly,—now methinks
I love thee for that thou lovest Jaromir.
—It is the lamp gone out,—that dreams like these
Should be by darkness broken ! I am grown
So superstitious in my fears and hopes,
As if I thought that all things must take part
In my great love.—Alas, my poor old nurse,
How she has waited !

[Exit BERTHA.]

SCENE II.—BERTHA. LEITRA.

BERTHA.

The embers cast a cold dim light around,
And the wan lamp seems weary with our watch.—
O Leitra, do not look so fearfully.

LEITRA.

Now, holy saints ! who brought that picture
here !

BERTHA.

That picture—O, now, Leitra, thy strange tales
Made me forget what Jaromir had done.
In the east turret's old deserted rooms
He saw a lovely portrait almost hid
By the gray cobwebs and the gather'd dust ;
That he had clear'd it carefully, and thought
It should be with my favourite pictures hung—
And here it is, my own kind Jaromir.

LEITRA.

He brought it here !—O Bertha, kneel and
pray !—

The shadowy likeness, when the actual shape
Is distant far ; the dream whose prophecy
Comes when we waken terribly distinct ;
The shriek the grave sends up in the still night,
Are not such deadly omens as that face.
My young, my good, my fair, what hath the curse
That is upon thine house to do with thee ?

BERTHA.

What do you mean ! Speak, speak !—the very
sound
Of my own voice is terrible !—what curse—
Whose is this picture ?

LEITRA.

It is The Ancestress !

BERTHA.

My Ancestress ?—and a most lovely one :
Yet is her beauty awful :—the pale cheek
Looks as if passion had fed on its rose ;

(16)

The lips are pale, too, though their graceful curve
Fascinates in its scorn ; her loose dark hair,
Wild as a sibyl's, sweeps as if 't had caught
Its wildness and its darkness from the storm ;
Her eyes, like moonlight melancholy, seem
So deep, so spiritual,—such the far light
Of stars which are a mystery ; like a queen's
For grace, and like a swan's for snow, her neck
Thrown back so haughtily ; and her black robe,
Her golden girdle with strange characters,
Suit her strange loveliness so well.

LEITRA.

Hush, hush !

Your thoughtless words sound like impiety.
I had not meant to tell her history,
But it is best you know it. Never came
That portrait here by but a simple chance.
She was a princess of the olden time,
So beautiful, that kings laid down their crowns
Like flowers before her, and her halls were
throng'd

With lovers, and of life she took no thought,
Save for its pleasures ; but as years pass'd on
She felt her insecurity, and cursed
Her own fair face for fading. Suddenly
She grew more lovely, as if age to her
Were but a second youth ; again her halls
Were fill'd with worshippers, and day and night
Consumed in revels ; when as suddenly
As summer had revisited her face,
She pass'd away. On his death-bed a monk
Told a wild legend, how one autumn eve
He leant in his confessional alone,
And a most radiant lady knelt and wept
Over the one unpardonable sin,
How for the sake of lasting loveliness
Her soul was forfeit to the evil power,
Who tempted her with beauty. Then she said
It was now mock'd by ceaseless tears, which fell,
Although in vain ; how she from shrine to shrine
Had gone in late repentant pilgrimage.
Her knees were worn with many prayers ; but
still

The presence of the demon haunted her.
Then rose a spirit of strong prophecy
Upon that aged monk : he said her crime
Was fearful, so would be its punishment ;
That for her sin a curse was on her race,
Which she would witness :—sorrow, early death,
Sickness, and guilt would be her children's lot ;
That, still bound by her human sympathy,
Although debar'd all human intercourse,
She now was doom'd to wander o'er the earth,
A witness of their misery, till not one
Remain'd of her descendants ; then the grave
Would be her restingplace, and she might hope
That the most infinite mercy of the Cross

Might sanctify a sinner's penitence,—
Bertha, this was your Ancestress. My child,
Yon portrait is an evil omen here.

BERTHA.

There is another where my heart can turn :—
Gentlest Madonna, from my early years
Thou hast been as the mother I have lost,
In patience and in comfort. Leitra,
I am too sad for more of these dark tales :—
Good night !

LEITRA.

Now blessings rest upon thee, my sweet child !
There's not a bead upon my rosary
That shall not count a prayer for thy dear sake.

SCENE III.—*The Castle Chapel.*

JAROMIR. BERTHA.

JAROMIR.

What, Bertha, is it you ? I little thought
The shrouding mantle, and the hurried step,
Which raised my wonder at this midnight hour,
So cold, so damp were those of mine own love ;
I little dream'd this dreary chapel held
So fair a saint.

BERTHA.

I pray thee do not speak to me ; I feel
As if the dead were conscious of our presence ;
And human tenderness, and human hope,
Were impious before them. Nay, but hark !
I hear a strange low sound, like grief suppress'd,
Debar'd from words, and breaking out in sighs.

JAROMIR.

I hear it too ; the wild wind in the pines,
The mournful music of an autumn eve.
What brought thee here, to scare thyself with
thoughts
That make their own reality ?

BERTHA.

To pray.

Alas ! for thee too much have I forgot
My orisons beside my mother's grave :
Till lately, never did a day go past
Without some scatter'd flowers, some holy hymn,
That kept affection fresh with piety.
It is a beautiful, a bless'd belief,
That the beloved dead, grown angels, watch
The dear ones left behind ; and that my prayers
Are welcome to my mother's ears, as when
I knelt a lisping infant at her knee ;

And that her pure and holy spirit now
Doth intercede at the eternal throne :
And thus religion in its love and hope
Unites us still—the mother and her child !

JAROMIR.

Ah, Bertha mine ! thy childhood was thrice
bless'd,

Thy young mind sanctified, and after life
Made holy by the memory of the past.
I knew no mother's care to teach my lips
Those prayers that like good angels keep the heart
From uncurb'd passions, that lay waste and curse.
But Bertha, my sweet Bertha ! thou shalt be
My soul's religion, and my prayers will rise
Welcome and purified when blent with thine.
But come, methinks the funeral urn has lent
Its marble to thy cheek : thy hair is wild ;
The dew has half unloosed its graceful curl.
The lamps around burn dim in the thick air :
Come, let me wrap my cloak around thee, love ;
Thou art too delicate for such a night.
Why didst thou leave thy chamber ?

BERTHA.

My nurse—O Jaromir ! she told to-night
A history of our house. I could not sleep,—
The fear of its deep terror, like a ghost,
So haunted me ; I sought my mother's grave ;
It seem'd a sanctuary,—O Jaromir !
Have you not heard of her—"The Ancestress !"?

JAROMIR.

An excellent ghost story. I have led
A life too stirring for those vague beliefs
That superstition builds in solitude :
But you, my gentle lady of romance,
Whose youth has pass'd in an old castle, dark
With overhanging pines ; whose twilight hours
Are spent in ancient galleries, where the walls
Are hung with pictures of grim ancestors ;
Who art familiar with the plumed knights
Whose effigies keep guard in the old hall,
On whose black panels of the carved oak
The sunshine falls in vain ; no wonder thou
Shouldst yield these marvels such a ready faith :
But, though I fain would share thy every thought,
Feel—hope—fear—any thing like thee—at this
I cannot choose but smile.

BERTHA.

Nay, Jaromir !

Who shall deny the spiritual influence
Of the unquiet dead ?—a mystery
The hidden, and the terrible.

JAROMIR.

Come, come,

This shall be argued by the cheerful fire.

BERTHA.

Look there, look there! My God, it is her face!

[*The ANCESTRESS rises from the tomb, but only visible to BERTHA, as JAROMIR is turned from her.*]

JAROMIR.

What foolish fear is this! My Bertha, speak!
Good saints! but she is senseless.

[*Carries her out.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Count and Jaromir.*

COUNT.

The legends of our house?—I'll tell you one.
There were two brothers who grew up together,
As if they had one heart; their tasks, their sports
Were shared; at evening side by side they slept,
At morning waked together; when they talk'd
With all youth's eagerness of future days,
They imag'd but one plan, for neither knew
Their hopes could be divided. Years pass'd on,
And never brought they with them less of change.
But when the elder came to man's estate,
There was too mark'd a difference in their lot:
The first held wealth and rank,—the younger one
Dependent; 'tis a bitter word, and most
When bred together in equality.
And then the younger brother rashly wed,
And lovely children crowded at his knee,
Foredoom'd to the same life that he had led,
Where pride and poverty contend, and shame
Grows deeper from suppression. Years pass'd on:
At length a deadly sickness smote the Count;
His brother, with a strange unholy joy,
Stood by the dying man; for he was heir
To that proud castle and its wide domain,
And past loves were all lost in future hopes.
Then was a secret told him which destroy'd
Those golden dreams,—that brother had a child!
Death scoffs at worldly vanities, and death
Avow'd the secret marriage pride conceal'd.
He died; and now his lonely orphan's fate
Was in the new count's hands, and he play'd false:
The boy was left in poor obscurity,
The mother's claim put down, and fraud and strife
Grasp'd their inheritance. That unjust lord,
The curse was on him,—one by one they died,
The children, for whose sake he sold his soul.
One only daughter cheer'd his desolate house!
And all search for the orphan was in vain,
Till chance restored him, and her father sought
To make her his atonement.

JAROMIR.

Count, no more!
I know the history, though till now I deem'd

Myself unknown. It was with bitter thoughts
And evil hopes I sought this castle first;
But love and kindness greeted me; I saw
An old man with remorse upon his brow.

COUNT.

Remorse!—for years it has encompass'd me,
Darker and darker as its shadow fell
Nearer the grave: but at your coming, hope
Enter'd the dungeon of my mind like light.
I knew you by your likeness to your father.
For years I have not dared to raise my eyes
Even upon his picture; but to-night,
When all the lighted halls are fill'd with guests,
By blood or amity link'd to our house,
You shall be own'd before them as the heir;
And I will look my brother in the face,
And say, Your son is happy,—pardon me.
And now for the worst penance of my sin,—
To tell my Bertha of her father's crime.
Alas! to think that he who virtue taught,
Who fill'd her heart with piety and truth,
Should be the first to show temptation's strength
To prove that guilt could be within the soul,
While the false words spoke moral loveliness.

JAROMIR.

But, O! there needs not this.—

COUNT.

Hush! hush

I am impatient as a wearied man
Eager to lay a weighty burthen down.
Come to me presently. [*Exit.*]

JAROMIR.

I do not feel as I should feel at this.
Acknowledged heir of a most noble house,
Beloved and loving, wherefore should the past,
Which hitherto had seem'd but as a dream,
Of which I took no heed,—why should the past
Come darkly up like an o'ertaking storm,
Whose heaviness weighs down the atmosphere
Of present hope? Which shall I curse the most
My father's pride, my uncle's avarice?
But for these, bred according to my birth,
Familiar but with honourable deeds,
My fiery youth allow'd an open field,
The name of every gallant ancestor
A bond upon my soul against disgrace,
My name had been as stainless as my crest.
But, nursed in poverty, my infant ears
Listening to curses, how must wrongs have
changed
A mother's nature, when the first lisp'd words
Her child's young lips were taught, were oaths and
threats
Of deep revenge! Brought up to scorn my state,
Yet shut out from all other, while the blood

Of my bold forefathers stirr'd in my veins,
What have they made me? Robber—murderer!
One of the ready sword and reckless hand,
Who values blood by gold. Where art thou
now,

Spirit of enterprise, that urged me on—
Spirit of vengeance, that at midnight rang
My mother's dying words within my brain,—
Where are ye now? Hush'd as the wornout
wave!

And in your stead do fear and sorrow come;
Till, even as a child that dreads the dark,
I dread the future. Bertha, thou hast struck,
As with an angel's hand, my rocky heart,
And call'd forth its pure waters: higher hopes,
Gentle affections, thankfulness to God,
And kindness towards my fellow-men,
Are gushing in my bosom's stony depths;
And all subdued and chasten'd by a sense
Of my unworthiness. No more I hold
A blind and terrible fatality
Is paramount upon this weary life—
This gulf of troubled billows—where the soul,
Like a vex'd bark, is toss'd upon the waves
Of pain and pleasure by the warring breath
Of passions, which are winds that bear it on,
And only to destruction. Never more
Shall I speak recklessly of death; or shun
A quiet thought or solitary hour;
Or drown that consciousness, our moral life,
In the red wine cup: now my better heart
Luxuriates in repose; I can pass days
Stretch'd in the shade of those old cedar trees,
Watching the sunshine like a blessing fall,—
The breeze like music wandering o'er the boughs,—
Each tree a natural harp,—each different leaf
A different note, blent in one vast thanksgiving.

[In leaning from the casement he catches
a sight of BERTHA.]

I see her now. How more than beautiful
She paces yon broad terrace!—The free wind
Has lifted the soft curls from off her cheek,
Which yet it crimson's not,—the pure, the pale,—
Like a young saint. How delicately carved
The Grecian outline of her face!—but touch'd
With a more spiritual beauty, and more meek.
Her large blue eyes are raised up to the heavens,
Whose hues they wear, and seem to grow more
clear
As the heart fills them. There, those parted
lips,—

Prayer could but give such voiceless eloquence,—
Shining like snow her clasp'd and earnest hands,
She seems a dedicated nun, whose heart
Is God's own altar. By her side I feel
As in some holy place. My best love, mine,
Blessings must fall on one like thee!

SCENE V.—BERTHA in her Room.

BERTHA.

The sound of festival is in my ear,
Haunting it with faint music; the red lights
Shine fitfully reflected in the lake,
Where I have never seen aught but the moon
Mirror'd before, or the bright quiet stars.
A weight is on the air, for every breeze
Has, birdlike, folded up its wings for sleep.
It is like mockery of the silent night
To choose her hours for merriment; but thus
We struggle with all natural laws, and make
Our life a strange disorder. Yet how sweet
Comes up the distant music!—though 'tis sad.
A few brief moments, and those notes will be
But echoes to the dancers' joyous steps.
Why should they rouse in me such mournful
thoughts?

Recalling snatches of familiar songs,
I've sung to those sweet airs, all sorrowful.
I see the youthful warrior with his head
Pillow'd upon his shield, but not for sleep;
The maiden with her face upon her hands
Bow'd in its last despair. What are the words?
[Sings a few words in a low tone to herself.]

And fitfully the embers raised
A faint and passing flame;
They miss'd her from her father's hearth,
But call'd not on her name.

They knew that she was weeping
For the loved and for the dead;
In silence and in solitude,
Must such heavy tears be shed!

And can these notes, so long associate
With love and sorrow, thus be turn'd to mirth,
And we shall dance to what brought tears before?

[Leaning from the casement.]

How beautiful it is! though on the air
There is the stillness of a coming storm,
And on the sky its darkness. On the west,
Like a rebellious multitude, the clouds
Are gather'd in huge masses; but the Moon,
Like a young queen, unconscious, brightens still
A little clear blue space; though rapidly
Her comrades, the sweet stars, sink one by one,
Lost in the spreading vapours. Yet the lake
Has not a shadow. Well may the young Moon
Forget her danger, gazing on the face
Its silver water's mirror:—all beyond
Is like the grave's obscurity; more near
All is most tranquil beauty and repose.
The garden flowers are paler than by day,
And sweeter. What an altar of perfume

Is the musk-rose, beneath my casement twined !
 Dipping its golden tresses in the lake,
 Leans the laburnum, and beneath its shade
 Sleep my two swans, as white, as still as snow.
 —The wind is rising, and a yellow haze,
 Like a volcano's smoke, makes heaven less dark
 To be more fearful. I can now discern
 Our ancient avenue of cedar trees,—
 How black they look, and with what heavy
 strength
 The giant branches move !—the weary air
 Like a deep breath comes from them.—Ah, how
 dark !

It is the first cloud that has touch'd the moon :—
 Her loveliness has conquer'd.—O, not yet !—
 One huge cloud, and another. I could deem
 The evil powers did war on high to-night.
 And are there such that o'er humanity
 Hold influence,—the terrible, the wild,—
 Inscrutable as fear,—the ministers
 To our unholy passions ! These are they
 Who dazzle with unrighteous wealth, and make
 Our sleep temptation ; they who fill its dreams
 With passionate strife and guilt, until the mind
 Is grown familiar with the sight of blood.
 I do believe in them :—by those strange crimes
 Man's natural heart would shrink from,—by the
 fear
 That comes with midnight,—by that awful face,
 Which, though they say it was a fantasy,
 I know I saw,—I do believe in them.

Enter JARONIR.

JARONIR.

O Bertha, you are beautiful to-night !
 My fairy Princess, with your golden hair
 Loosed from the braids which almost hid its wealth,
 Descending in a sunny shower of curls,
 And lighted up with diamonds ; and your waist,
 That rainbow girdle of all precious stones,—
 How well it suits its slender gracefulness !
 Our halls are fill'd with guests. There, take one
 glance
 At yonder mirror ; and now let me lead
 My lovely cousin to the festal rooms.
 Come, Bertha.

SCENE VI.—*A Hall filled with Guests.*

The COUNT, JARONIR, and BERTHA.

FIRST LADY.

This is delightful. Why the grim old hall
 Is fill'd with torches ; every shining shield

And gilded helm reflects the light : the crowd
 Of our gay nobles have not left a gem
 Within their ancient coffers.

SECOND LADY.

Yet methinks

There is a shadow on this gayety,
 Flung from departed years ; yon empty helm,
 The last memorial of some mighty chief,
 Now even as the dust upon his plume ;
 Those ghastly portraits bringing back the dead.
 I cannot bear to look upon a face
 Warm with the hues of life, from which long
 since
 All likeness to the human form has pass'd.

FIRST LADY.

This is too fanciful :—come, join the dance.

FIRST NOBLEMAN.

A gallant cavalier this new-found count :
 He'll wear his honours gayly.

SECOND NOBLEMAN.

Such excess
 Of mirth's exuberance visits not for good.
 An evil fate is written on his brow ;
 The dark, the ominous,—his very joy
 Is like a desperate man's :—I like it not.
 He is not one over whose head the curse
 Will pass away that hangs upon his house.

FIRST NOBLEMAN.

Yonder is Bertha ; but how very pale !—
 More like a nun on whom the moonlight falls
 In some lone cell, than a betroth'd bride.
 My gentle Bertha, have you not a smile
 For an old friend to-night ?

BERTHA.

My very kindest, if you did but know
 The happiness of one familiar face.
 Let us rest here awhile, the open air
 Is so refreshing in its natural sweetness.
 My head is dizzy with excess of light
 Let us but join with looks the festival
 Awhile from this alcove.

FIRST NOBLEMAN.

How miserlike
 The wealth of spring is heap'd ! Say, are not
 these
 Among your favourite flowers ?

BERTHA.

Blue hyacinths !
 O, do not show them me ; they fill my eye
 With tears too soft for such a scene as this.

FIRST NOBLEMAN.

Is happiness so wholly past from thee,
That its remembrance is turn'd into pain ?
Or is thy heart, thy woman's heart, so caught
By this gay revel, that a serious thought
Is counted as a pleasure lost ?

BERTHA.

O no !

But now thy words give utterance to mine,
Which else might seem so grave. I've lived too
long
In the deep quiet of our ancient halls ;
Have dwelt too much in solitude, whose fancy
Was broken but by old beloved friends,
To bear this revelry of festival,
And not feel too oppress'd for happiness.
I am spectator, not partaker, here.
To me it seems more like a pageant made
To represent mirth, than the mirth itself.
I have known many that did act a joy
In which they had no part. At first I gazed
In wonder and delight on lips that wore
A smile as if by custom, and on eyes
Which seem'd but made to look bland courtesy.
This did not last. I saw the cheek grow red
With ill-dissembled anger, at some slight ;
The eye flash sudden fire, and the harsh lip
Curve into scorn : then all grow calm again,—
Is it not like those lands, where, I have read,
Beneath an outward show of fairest flowers
The soil has veins of subterranean flame,
Whose fiery sparkles start to sudden life
When we least dream of them. I'd rather breathe
One moment's breath of morning on the hills,
Than all the Indian woods that ever burnt
On silver censers ; and would rather see
One leaf fall from the bough which misses not
Its loss, than look upon the purple sweep
Of these rich tapestries.

Ah, 'tis his voice !

JAROMIR in the distance.

Health and long happiness, my friends.

BERTHA, coming forward.

Who are those strangers ? They are arm'd ;
and see

How rudely do they force their way !

OFFICERS rush up the room, and surround

JAROMIR, exclaiming,

Our prisoner !

FIRST OFFICER.

Count Herman, we are sorry thus to break
Upon your gayety.

COUNT HERMAN.

Off, off ! your prisoner is my nearest kin
The noble heir of these insulted halls.

FIRST OFFICER.

But not the less the robber Udolph, too.

JAROMIR.

Discover'd, baffled—well, I can but die.
I will not shame a name at which so oft
The brave have trembled. I am Udolph : come
I do defy you : one and all come on.
Is there no rescue in my father's house

[Some of the young cavaliers come forward ;
they fight ; when BERTHA flings herself
before JAROMIR, who is mortally wounded
and receives another blow destined for him.

BERTHA.

My father !—

[Dies.

JAROMIR.

There, take my sword ; I cannot see her face.
O, for one hour of life but to revenge !

COUNT HERMAN.

I see her :—'tis the Ancestress !

[The ANCESTRESS glides across the stage
beckoning the COUNT.

COUNT.

The last and the accursed of my house,
Will no one let me touch his hand ?

Enter SERVANTS.

The castle is on fire !—a lightning flash
Has set the eastern turrets in a blaze.
Fly for your lives !

SECOND NOBLEMAN.

We must take hence this miserable man,

FIRST NOBLEMAN.

He's dead !

[The flames burst into the room, and they fly.

The ANCESTRESS is seen to kneel by the dead,
with her hands raised to heaven, till the falling
ruins of the castle hide the whole.

NOTE.

The hint of "The Ancestress" is taken from a
German play by Grillparzer, called "The Ahnfrau."
The following is the account of it, contained in
Blackwood's Magazine, for September, 1825 :—
"The guilt of the Ahnfrau having introduced a
spurious heir into the noble family of Borotin, she
cannot rest in her grave until her crime is ex-
piated, and its consequences remedied, by the

extinction of the intrusive line. This is finally effected in the play through a series of horrible calamities. The son of the count having been stolen in his infancy by a robber, is brought up in his supposed father's profession; falls in love, as unwittingly as Oedipus, with his sister; kills his father in a scuffle with the Bow-street officers of Poland; and finally dies in the embrace of his ghostly Ahnfrau, whom he mistakes for Bertha. The old lady, when her penance is completed, by the disasters of her descendants, which, with truly disinterested maternal love, she had vainly endea-

voured to prevent, ends her tragedy by going quietly home into her hitherto untenanted monument."

I have taken very considerable liberties with the original plot; first, in making the guilt of the Ancestress supernatural, as believing such most likely to incur supernatural punishment; secondly, in making Jaromir cousin instead of brother, and thus avoiding the most revolting of crimes; and, thirdly, in awarding something of the character of poetical justice, as it is the count's own offence which brings down the punishment.

POETICAL PORTRAITS.

No. I.

O no, sweet lady, not to thee
That set and chilling tone,
By which the feelings on themselves
So utterly are thrown:
For mine has sprung upon my lips,
Impatient to express
The haunting charm of thy sweet voice
And gentlest loveliness.
A very fairy queen thou art,
Whose only spells are on the heart.

The garden it has many a flower,
But only one for thee—
The early graced of Grecian song,
The fragrant myrtle tree;
For it doth speak of happy love,
The delicate, the true.
If its pearl buds are fair like thee,
They seem as fragile too;
Likeness, not omens, for love's power
Will watch his own most precious flower.

Thou art not of that wilder race
Upon the mountain side,
Able like the summer sun
And winter blasts to bide:
But thou art of that gentler growth,
Which asks some loving eye,
To keep it in sweet guardianship,
Or it must droop and die;
Requiring equal love and care,
Even more delicate than fair.

I cannot paint to thee the charm
Which thou hast wrought on me;
Thy laugh, so like the wild bird's song
In the first bloom-touch'd tree.

You spoke of lovely Italy,
And of its thousand flowers;
Your lips had caught the music breath
Amid its summer bow'rs.
And can it be a form like thine
Has braved the stormy Appennine?

I'm standing now with one white rose
Where silver waters glide:
I've flung that white rose on the stream,—
How light it breasts the tide!
The clear waves seem as if they love
So beautiful a thing;
And fondly to the scented leaves
The laughing sunbeams cling.
A summer voyage—fairy freight;—
And such, sweet lady, be thy fate!

No. II.

Ah! little do those features wear
The shade of grief, the soil of care;
The hair is parted o'er a brow
Open and white as mountain snow,
And thence descends in many a ring,
With sun and summer glistening.
Yet something on that brow has wrought
A moment's cast of passing thought;
Musing of gentle dreams, like those
Which tint the slumbers of the rose:
Not love,—love is not yet with thee,—
But just a glimpse what love may be:
A memory of some last night's sigh,
When flitting blush and drooping eye
Answer'd some youthful cavalier,
Whose words sank pleasant on thine ear,
To stir, but not to fill the heart;—
Dreaming of such, fair girl, thou art.—
Thou blessed season of our spring,
When hopes are angels on the wing,

Bound upwards to their heavenly shore,
 Alas! to visit earth no more.
 Then step and laugh alike are light,
 When, like a summer morning bright,
 Our spirits in their mirth are such,
 As turn to gold whate'er they touch.
 The past! 'tis nothing,—childhood's day
 Has roll'd too recently away,
 For youth to shed those mournful tears
 That fill the eye in older years,
 When care looks back on that bright leaf
 Of ready smiles and shortlived grief.
 The future!—'tis the promised land;
 To which hope points with prophet hand,
 Telling us fairy tales of flowers
 That only change for fruit—and ours.
 Though false, though fleeting, and though vain,
 Thou blessed time I say again.—
 Glad being, with thy downcast eyes,
 And visionary look that lies
 Beneath their shadow, thou shalt share
 A world, where all my treasures are—
 My lute's sweet empire, fill'd with all
 That will obey my spirit's call;
 A world lit up by fancy's sun!
 Ah! little like our actual one.

No. III.

His hand is on the snowy sail,
 His step is on the prow,
 And back the cold night-winds have flung
 The dark curls from his brow;
 That brow to which his native heaven
 A something of itself has given.

But all too mix'd with earthly stain,
 The nameless shadowy care,
 Which tells, that though Heaven gave it birth,
 Its home has not been there;
 And here, the earth and heaven seem blent
 In one discordant element.

It wears our nature's nobler part;
 That spirit which doth spurn
 The weary bondage of our world,
 And show what man can earn;
 Where, led by honourable pride,
 Hero and sage are deified:—

Those high imaginings which make
 The glory which they hope;
 Fine-wrought aspirings, lofty aims,
 Which have in youth such scope;
 Like tides which, haunted by the moon
 Rise but, alas! to fall too soon.

Vain are these dreams, and vain these hopes;
 And yet 'tis these give birth,

To each high purpose, generous deed,
 That sanctifies our earth.
 He who hath highest aim in view,
 Must dream at first what he will do.

Upon that youthful brow are traced
 High impulses like these;
 But all too purposeless, like gales
 That wander o'er the seas;
 Not winds that bear the vessel on,
 Fix'd to one point, and only one.

And meaner workings have deform'd
 His natural noble mind;
 Those wretched aims which waste the ore,
 For happier use design'd.
 And petty wishes, idle praise,
 Destroy the hopes of better days.

And hath no earlier vision taught
 A more exalted creed?
 Alas! that such a mind should waste
 Its powers away, to feed
 That wretched vanity which clings
 To life's debasing, paltry things.

The worthlessness of common praise,
 The dry rot of the mind,
 By which its temple secretly
 But fast is undermined.
 Alas! the praise given to the ear
 Ne'er was nor e'er can be sincere—

And does but waste away the mind
 On which it preys:—in vain
 Would they in whom its poison lurks
 A worthier state attain.
 Indifference proud, immortal aim,
 Had, aye, the demigods of fame.

The dew of night falls cold around,
 Yet can it not allay
 The fever burning on thy cheek,
 That eats thy life away:
 For thou dost know thy birthright sold
 For even less than his of old.

Thou know'st what thou hast power to be,
 Thou know'st, too, what thou art;
 And heavily does discontent
 Sit rankling at thy heart;
 And thou dost mask thy grief the while
 With scornful sneer, and bitter smile.

But yet thou art too indolent
 From such weak bonds to free
 Thy better self, and urge thy strength
 To be what thou might'st be;

Thou dost repent the past, and blame,
And yet thy future is the same.

Ay, leave thy rudder to the wave
Thy sail upon the wind,
Leave them to chance, and they will be
Fit likeness of thy mind:
Unguided sail, unmaster'd prow,
Are only emblems ;—What art thou ?

No. IV.

His brow is pale with high and passionate
thoughts,
That come from heaven like lightning, and consume,
E'en while they brighten : youth hath lost its
hopes :
Those sweet and wandering birds, that make its
spring

So happy with their music,—these are gone ;
All scared by one, a vulture, that doth feed
Upon the lifeblood of the throbbing heart—
The hope of immortality !—that hope,
Whose altar is the grave, whose sacrifice
Is life—bright, beautiful, and breathing life.

He stands amid the revellers with a joy,
A scarcely conscious joy, in their delight ;
Is it he has no part,—he stands alone ;
But the deep music haunts his dreaming ear,—
But the fair forms flit o'er his dreaming eye,—
And exquisite illusions fill his soul
With loveliness to pour in future song.

He leant beside a casement, and the moon
Shed her own stillness o'er the hectic cheek
Whereon the fever of the mind had fed ;
His eyes have turn'd towards th' eternal stars,
Drinking the light into their shadowy depths,
Almost as glorious and as spiritual.
The night-wind touch'd his forehead, with it ran
A faint slight shudder through his wasted frame,—
Alas ! how little can bring down our thoughts
From their most lofty communings with heaven,
To poor mortality—that passing chill
Recall'd those bitter feelings that attend
Career half follow'd, and the goal unwon :
He thought upon his few and unknown years,
How much his power, how little it had done ;
And then again the pale lip was compress'd
With high resolve, the dark eye flash'd with hope
To match a laurel from the grasp of death,
For the green memory of an early grave.

No. V.

Thy beauty ! not a fault is there ;
No queen of Grecian line
E'er braided more luxuriant hair
O'er forehead more divine.

The light of midnight's starry heaven
Is in those radiant eyes ;

(17)

The rose's crimson life has given
That cheek its morning dyes.

Thy voice is sweet, as if it took
Its music from thy face ;
And word and mien, and step and look,
Are perfect in their grace.

And yet I love thee not : thy brow
Is but the sculptor's mould :
It wants a shade, it wants a glow,—
It is less fair than cold.

Where are thy blushes, where thy tears !
Thy cheek has but one rose :
No eloquence of hopes and fears
Disturbs its bright repose.

Thy large dark eyes grow not more dark
With tears that swell unshed :
Alas ! thy heart is as the ark
That floated o'er the dead.

Hope, feeling, fancy, fear and love
Are in one ruin hurld ;
Fate's dreary waters roll above
Thy young and other world.

And thou hast lived o'er scenes like these,
The terrible, the past,
Where hearts must either break or freeze,—
And thine has done the last.

Thou movest amid the heartless throng
With school'd and alter'd brow :
Thy face has worn its mask so long,
It is its likeness now.

Where is the colour that once flush'd
With every eager word ?
Where the sweet joyous laugh, that gush'd
Like spring songs from the bird ?

Where are the tears a word once brought—
The heart's sweet social rain ?
Where are the smiles that only sought
To see themselves again ?

I knew thee in thine earlier hours,
A very summer queen
For some young poet's dream :—those flow'rs
Are just what thou hast been.—

Wild flow'rs, all touch'd with rainbow hues,
Born in a morning sky,
Lighted with sunshine, fill'd with dew,
Made for a smile and sigh.

But new I look upon thy face,
A very pictured show,
Betraying not the slightest trace
Of what may work below.

Farewell, affection!—selfish, changed,
Thine it no more may be :
From love thou hast thyself estranged,—
It could not dwell with thee.

No. VI.

The light is kindling in his eye,
The colour on his cheek ;
And thoughts, the passionate, the deep,
Their charmed silence break ;

Yet not to pour themselves in song,
But in those burning words
That come when such chance touch has waked
The spirit's secret chords.

How eloquent, how beautiful
Like morning in the north
Melting away the dreary ice,
His noble mind came forth !

He stood the centre of the ring,
Awakening in each breast
Feelings and thoughts, forgotten, though
Their noblest and their best.

'Twas but a moment while they own'd
The youthful poet's sway ;
A beacon light upon the hill,
To warn and die away.

Again his downcast eye was dim,
Again his cheek was pale ;
Again around his beating heart
Closed its accustom'd veil.

A moment's pause, a moment's pause,
Sufficed to change the scene ;
And careless word and careless laugh
Arose where mind had been.

So flings the lamp upon the wind
Its bright and dying flame :—
I thought, alas, the waste of life,
The vanity of fame !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Chance notes struck from the lute—fancies and thoughts—
Shadows that haunt the poet's fairy land.

Love's words are writ on roseleaves, but with tears.

These are the dreams that light my solitude :
Warrior thoughts—had I been a young knight,
And curb'd a gallant steed, and worn a sword,—
Heaven knows I often wish it!—sadness, signs
I fancy many a cheek betrays of love ;
Records of beauty, that has seem'd to me
A thing for worship ; thoughts that sprung from flowers ;
Feelings on which to meditate is all
Woman's philosophy ; sorrows that flung
Darkness upon my heart ; unkindness, wrong,
Gentle affection too ; all that hath made
My minstrel annals, are upon these leaves.

THE NEGLECTED ONE.

And there is silence in that lonely hall,
Save where the waters of the fountain fall,
And the wind's distant murmuring, which takes
Sweet messages from every bud it wakes.
'Tis more than midnight ; all the lamps are gone,
Their fragrant oils exhausted,—all but one,
A little silver lamp beside a scroll,
Where a young maiden leant, and pour'd her soul,
In those last words, the bitter and the brief.
How can they say confiding is relief ?

Light are the woes that to the eyelids spring,
Subdued and soften'd by the tears they bring ;
But there are some too long, too well conceal'd,
Too deeply felt,—that are but once reveal'd :
Like the withdrawing of the mortal dart,
And then the lifeblood follows from the heart ;
Sorrow, before unspoken by a sigh,
But which, once spoken, only hath to die.—
Young, very young, the lady was, who now
Bow'd on her slender hand her weary brow :
Not beautiful, save when the eager thought
In the soft eyes a sudden beauty wrought :

Not beautiful, save when the cheek's warm blush
Grew eloquent with momentary flush
Of feeling, that made beauty, not to last,
And scarcely caught, so quickly is it past.
—Alas! she knew it well; too early thrown
Mid a cold world, the unloved and the lone,
With no near kindred ties on whom could dwell
Love that so sought to be beloved as well.
Too sensitive for flattery, and too kind
To bear the loneliness by fate assign'd,
Her life had been a struggle: long she strove
To fix on things inanimate her love;
On pity, kindness, music, gentle lore,
All that romance could yield of fairy store.
In vain! she loved:—she loved, and from that
hour

Gone were the quiet loves of bird or flower;
The unread book dropp'd listless on her knee,
The untouch'd lute hung on the bending tree,
Whose unweath'rd boughs no more a pleasant
shade

For the lone dreamings of her twilight made.
—Well might she love him: every eye was turn'd
On that young knight, and bright cheeks brighter
burn'd,

Save one, that grew the paler for his sake:
Alas! for her, whose heart but beat to break;
Who knew too well, not hers the lip or eye
For which the youthful lover swears to die.
How deep, how merciless, the love represt,
That robs the silent midnight of its rest;
That sees in gather'd crowds but one alone;
That hears in mingled footsteps only one;
That turns the poet's page, to only find
Some mournful image for itself design'd;
That seeks in music, but the plaining tone
Which secret sorrow whispers is its own!
Alas for the young heart, when love is there,
Its comrade and its confidant, despair!

How often leant in some unnoticed spot,
Her very being by the throng forgot,
Shrunk back to shun the glad lamp's mocking ray,
Pass'd many a dark and weary hour away,
Watching the young, the beautiful, the bright,
Seeming more lovely in that lonely light;
And as each fair face glided through the dance,
Stealing at some near mirror one swift glance,
Then, starting at the contrast, seek her room,
To weep, at least, in solitude and gloom!
And he, her stately idol, he, with eye
Dark as the eagle's in a summer sky,
And darker curls, amid whose raven shade
The very wild wind amorously delay'd,
With that bright smile, which makes all others
dim,

So proud, so sweet,—what part had she in him?
And yet she loved him: who may say, be still,
To the fond heart that beats not at our will!

'Twas too much wretchedness:—the convent
cell,

There might the maiden with her misery dwell
And that, to-morrow was her chosen doom:
There might her hopes, her feelings, find a tomb.
Her feelings!—no: pray, struggle, weep, con-
demn,—

Her feelings,—there was but one grave for them.
'Twas her last night, and she had look'd her last,
And she must live henceforward in the past.
She linger'd in the hall,—he had been there;
Her pale lips grew yet paler with the prayer
That only ask'd his happiness. She took
A blank leaf from an old emblazon'd book,
Which told love's chronicles; a faint hope
stole,—

A sweet light for the darkness of her soul—
Might she not leave remembrance, like the
wreath,

Whose dying flowers their scents on twilight
breathe;

Just one faint tone of music, low and clear,
Coming when other songs have left the ear!
Might she not tell him how she loved, and pray
A mournful memory for some distant day?
She took the scroll:—what! bare perhaps to
scorn

The timid sorrow she so long had borne!
Silent as death, she hid her face, for shame
In rushing crimson to her forehead came;
Through the small fingers fell the bitter rain,
And tremblingly she closed the leaves again.
—The hall is lit with rose, that morning hour,
Whose lights are colour'd by each opening
flower:

A sweet bird by the casement sat and sang
A song so glad, that like a laugh it rang,
While its wings shook the jessamine, till the
bloom

Floated like incense round that joyous room.
—They found the maiden: still her face was
bow'd,

As with some shame that might not be avow'd;
They raised the long hair which her face con-
ceal'd,—

And she is dead,—her secret unreveal'd.

A NIGHT IN MAY.

A night not sacred to Spring's opening leaves,
But one of crowded festival.

LIGHT and glad through the rooms the gay
music is waking,
Where the young and the lovely are gather'd
to-night;

And the soft cloudless lamps, with their lustre, are
making

A midnight hour only than morning less bright.

There are vases,—the flowers within them are
breathing

Sighs almost as sweet as the lips that are near;
Light feet are glancing, white arms are wreath-
ing,—

O temple of pleasure! thou surely art here.

I gazed on the scene; 'twas the dream of a minute;
But it seem'd to me even as fairy land fair:

'Twas the cup's bright inside; and on glancing
within it,

What but the dregs and the darkness were
there!

False wave of the desert, thou art less beguiling
Than false beauty over the lighted hall shed:

What but the smiles that have practised their
smiling,

Or honey words measured, and reckon'd as
said!

O, heart of mine! turn from the revellers before
thee;

What part hast thou in them, or have they in
thee?

What was the feeling that too soon came o'er
thee?—

Weariness ever that feeling must be.

Praise—flattery—opiates the meanest, yet sweetest,
Are ye the fame that my spirit hath dream'd?

Lute, when in such scenes, if homage thou meetest,
Say, if like glory such vanity seem'd?

O for some island far off in the ocean,

Where never a footstep has press'd but mine
own:

With one hope, one feeling, one utter devotion
To my gift of song, once more, the lovely, the
lone!

My heart is too much in the things which profane
it;

The cold, and the worldly, why am I like them?

Vanity! with my lute chords I must chain it,
Nor thus let it sully the minstrel's best gem.

It rises before me, that island, where blooming,

The flowers in their thousands are comrades for
me;

And where if one perish, so sweet its entombing,
The welcome it seems of fresh leaves to the tree.

I'll wander among them when morning is weeping
Her earliest tears, if such pearls can be tears;

When the birds and the roses together are sleep-
ing,

Till the mist of the daybreak, like hope fulfill'd,
clears.

Grove of dark cypress, when noontide is flinging
Its radiance of light, thou shalt then be my
shrine;

I'll listen the song which the wild dove is singing,
And catch from its sweetness a lesson for mine.

And when the red sunset at even is dying,

I'll watch the last blush as it fades on the wave;

While the wind, through the shells in its low
music sighing,

Will seem like the anthem pearl'd over its grave.

And when the bright stars which I worship are
beaming,

And writing in beauty and fate on the sky, . .

Then, mine own lute, be the hour of thy dreaming,

And the night-flowers will open and echo thy
sigh.

Alas! but my dream has like sleep's visions
vanish'd;

The hall and the crowd are before me again:

Sternly my sweet thoughts like fairies are banish'd;

Nay, the faith which believed in them now
seems but vain.

I left the gay circle:—if I found it dreary,

Were all others there, then, the thoughtless and
glad!

Methinks that fair cheek in its paleness look'd
weary,

Methinks that dark eye in its drooping was sad.

—I went to my chamber,—I sought to be lonely,—

I leant by the casement to catch the sweet air;

The thick tears fell blinding; and am I then only

Sad, weary, although without actual care?

The heart hath its mystery, and who may reveal it;

Or who ever read in the depths of their own!—

How much, we never may speak of, yet feel it,

But, even in feeling it, know it unknown!

Sky of wild beauty, in those distant ages

Of which time hath left scarce a wreck or
name,

Say were thy secrets laid bare to the sages,

Who held that the stars were life's annals of
flame?

Spirit, that ruleth man's life to its ending,

Chance, Fortune, Fate, answer my summoning
now;

The storm o'er the face of the night is descend-
ing,—

Fair moon, the dark clouds hide thy silvery
brow.

Let these bring thy answer, and tell me if sadness
Forever man's penance and portion must be ;
Doth the morning come forth from a birthplace of
gladness ?

Is there peace, is there rest, in thine empire or
thee ?

Spirit of fate, from yon troubled west leaning,

As its meteor-piled rack were thy home and thy
shrine,

Grief is our knowledge, 'twill teach me thy mean-
ing,

Although thou but speak'st it in silence and sign.

I mark'd a soft arch sweep its way over heaven ;
It spann'd as it ruled the fierce storm which it
bound :

The moonshine, the shower, to its influence seem'd
given,

And the black clouds grew bright in the beauti-
ful round.

I look'd out again, but few hues were remaining
On the side nearest earth ; while I gazed, they
were past :

As a steed for a time with its curb proudly strain-
ing,

Then freed in its strength, came the tempest at
last.

And this was the sign of thy answer, dark spirit !

Alas ! and such ever our pathway appears ;
Tempest and change still our earth must inherit,—
Its glory a shade, and its loveliness tears.

WARNING.

PRAY thee, maiden, hear him not !

Take thou warning by my lot ;

Read my scroll, and mark thou all

I can tell thee of thy thrall.

Thou hast own'd that youthful breast

Treasures its most dangerous guest ;

Thou hast own'd that Love is there :

Though now features he may wear,

Such as would a saint deceive,

Win a skeptic to believe,

Only for a time that brow,

Will seem what 'tis seeming now,

I have said, heart, be content !

For Love's power o'er thee is spent.

That I love not now, O true !—

I have bade such dream's adieu :

Therefore deemest thou my heart

Saw them tranquilly depart ;

That they past, nor left behind

Wreck and ruin in my mind.

Thou art in the summer hour

Of first passion's early power ;

I am in the autumn day,

Of its darkness, and decay.

—Seems thine idol now to thee

Even as a divinity ?

Such the faith that I too held ;

Not the less am I compell'd

All my heart-creed to gainsay,

Own my idol gilded clay,

And yet pine to dream again

What I know is worse than vain.

Ay, I did love, and how well,

Let thine own fond weakness tell :

Still upon the soften'd mood

Of my twilight solitude,

Still upon my midnight tear,

Rises image all too dear ;

Dark and starry eyes, whose light

Make the glory of the night ;

Brow like ocean's morning foam,

For each noble thought a home.

Well such temple's fair outline

Seem'd the spirit's fitting shrine.

—Is he hero, who hath won

Fields we shrink to think upon ?

Patriot, on whose gifted tongue

Senates in their wonder hung ?

Sage, before whose gifted eyes

Nature spreads her mysteries ?

Bard, to whose charm'd lute is given

All that earth can breathe of heaven ?—

Seems thy lover these to thee ?

Even more mine seem'd to me.

Now, my fond belief is past ;

Strange, methinks, if thine should last.

“Be content, thou lovest not now :”

Free, thou sayest,—dream'st thou how !

Loathing wouldst thou shun dismay'd

Freedom by such ransom paid.

—Girl, for thee I'll lay aside

Veil of smiles and mask of pride ;

Shrouds that only ask of Fate

Not to seem so desolate.

—I am young,—but age's snow

Hides not colder depths below ;

I am gay,—but such a light

Shines upon the grave by night.

—Yet mine is a common tale ;

Hearts soon changed, and vows were frail ;

Each one blamed the other's deed,
 Yet both felt they were agreed ;
 Ne'er again might either prove
 Those sweet fallacies of love,
 —Still for what so vain I hold
 Is my wasted heart grown cold.
 Can hopes be again believed,
 When their sweetest have deceived ?
 Can affection's chain be trusted,
 When its dearest links have rusted ?
 Can life's dreams again be cherish'd,
 When its dearest ones have perish'd ?
 I know Love will not endure ;—
 Nothing now to me seems sure.
 —Maiden, by the thousand tears
 Lava floods on my first years ;
 By the nights, when burning pain
 Fed upon my heart and brain ;
 By the wretched days now past,
 By the weary days to last ;
 Be thou warm'd, for still the same
 Is Love, beneath whatever name.
 Keep thy fond faith like a thing
 Where Time never change may bring.
 Vow thee to thy idol's shrine,—
 Then, maiden ! read thy fate in mine.

THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

A NAMELESS grave,—there is no stone
 To sanctify the dead :
 O'er it the willow droops alone,
 With only wild flowers spread.
 "O, there is nought to interest here,
 No record of a name,
 A trumpet call upon the ear,
 High on the roll of fame.
 "I will not pause beside a tomb
 Where nothing calls to mind
 Aught that can brighten mortal gloom,
 Or elevate mankind ;—
 "No glorious memory to efface
 The stay of meaner clay ;
 No intellect whose heavenly trace
 Redeem'd our earth :—away !"
 Ah, these are thoughts that well may rise
 On youth's ambitious pride ;
 But I will sit and moralize
 This lowly stone beside.
 Here thousands might have slept, whose name
 Had been to thee a spell,
 To light thy flashing eyes with flame,—
 To bid thy young heart swell.

Here might have been a warrior's rest,
 Some chief who bravely bled,
 With waving banner, sculptured crest,
 And laurel on his head.

That laurel must have had its blood,
 That blood have caused its tear,—
 Look on the lovely solitude—
 What ! wish for warfare here !

A poet might have slept,—what ! he
 Whose restless heart first wakes
 Its lifepulse into melody,
 Then o'er it pines and breaks !—

He who hath sung of passionate love,
 His life a feverish tale :—
 O ! not the nightingale, the dove
 Would suit its quiet vale.

See, I have named your favourite two,—
 Each had been glad to crave
 Rest 'neath this turf's unbroken dew,
 And such a nameless grave !

FANTASIES.

INSCRIBED TO T. CROFTON CROKER, ESQ.

1.

I'm weary, I'm weary,—this cold world of ours ;
 I will go dwell afar, with fairies and flowers.
 Farewell to the festal, the hall of the dance,
 Where each step is a study, a falsehood each
 glance ;
 Where the vain are displaying, the vapid are
 yawning ;
 Where the beauty of night, the glory of dawning
 Are wasted, as fashion, that tyrant, at will
 Makes war on sweet Nature, and exiles her still.

2.

I'm weary, I'm weary,—I'm off with the wind :
 Can I find a worse fate than the one left behind !
 —Fair beings of moonlight, gay dwellers in air,
 O show me your kingdom ! O let me dwell there !
 I see them, I see them !—how sweet it must be
 To sleep in yon lily !—is there room in't for me ?
 I have flung my clay fetters ; and now I but wear
 A shadowy seeming, a likeness of air.

3.

Go harness my chariot, the leaf of an oak ;
 A butterfly stud, and a drendril my yoke.
 Go swing me a haumock, the poles mignonette ;
 I'll rock with its scent in the gossamer net.

Go fetch me a courser : yon reed is but slight,
 Yet far is the distance 'twill bear me to-night.
 I must have a throne,—ay, yon mushroom may
 stay,
 It has sprung in a night, 'twill be gather'd next
 day :
 And fit is such throne for my brief fairy reign :
 For, alas ! I'm but dreaming, and dreams are but
 vain.

REVENGE.

Ax, gaze upon her rose-wreath'd hair,
 And gaze upon her smile :
 Seem as you drank the very air
 Her breath perfumed the while :

And wake for her the gifted line,
 That wild and witching lay,
 And swear your heart is as a shrine,
 That only owns her sway.

'Tis well : I am revenged at last,—
 Mark you that scornful cheek,—
 The eye averted as you pass'd,
 Spoke more than words could speak.

Ay, now by all the bitter tears,
 That I have shed for thee,—
 The racking doubts, the burning fears,—
 Avenged they well may be—

By the nights pass'd in sleepless care,
 The days of endless wo ;
 All that you taught my heart to bear,
 All that yourself will know

I would not wish to see you laid
 Within an early tomb ;
 I should forget how you betray'd,
 And only weep your doom :

But this is fitting punishment
 To live and love in vain,—
 O my wrung heart, be thou content,
 And feed upon his pain.

Go thou and watch her lightest sigh,—
 Thine own it will not be ;
 And back beneath her sunny eye,—
 It will not turn on thee.

'Tis well : the rack, the chain, the wheel,
 Far better hadst thou proved ;
 Ev'n I could almost pity feel,
 For thou art not beloved.

A SUMMER DAY.

SWEET valley, whose streams flow as sparkling
 and bright
 As the stars that descend in the depths of the night ;
 Whose violets fling their rich breath on the air,
 Sweet spendthrifts of treasure the Spring has flung
 there.

My lot is not with thee, 'tis far from thine own ;
 Nor thus, amid Summer and solitude thrown :
 But still it is something to gaze upon thee,
 And bless earth, that such peace on her bosom
 can be.

My heart and my steps both grow light as I bound
 O'er the green grass that covers thy beautiful
 ground ;
 And joy o'er my thoughts, like the sun o'er the
 leaves,
 A blessing in giving and taking receives,

I have heap'd up thy flowers, the wild and the
 sweet,
 As if fresh from the touch of the night-elfin's feet ;
 A bough from thy oak, and a sprig from thy
 broom,—
 I take them as keepsakes to tell of thy bloom.

Their green leaves may droop, and their colours
 may flee,
 As if dying with sorrow at parting from thee ;
 And my memory fade with them, till thou wilt
 but seem
 Like the flitting shape morning recalls of a dream.

Let them fade from their freshness, so leave they
 behind
 One trace, like faint music, impress'd on the mind :
 One leaf or one flower to memory will bring
 The light of thy beauty, the hope of thy spring

THE WREATH.

NAY, fling not down those faded flowers.
 Too late they're scatter'd round ;
 And violet and rose-leaf lie
 Together on the ground.

How carefully this very morn
 Those buds were cull'd and wreath'd.
 And, 'mid the cloud of that dark hair,
 How sweet a sigh they breathed !

And many a gentle word was said
 Above their morning dye,

How that the rose had touch'd thy cheek,
The violet thine eye.

Methinks, if but for memory,
I should have kept these flowers ;
Ah ! all too lightly does thy heart
Dwell upon vanish'd hours.

Already has thine eager hand
Stripp'd yonder rose-hung bough ;
The wreath that bound thy raven curls
Thy feet are on it now.

That glancing smile, it seems to say
"Thou art too fanciful :
What matters it what roses fade,
While there are more to cull !"

Ay, I was wrong to ask of thee
Such gloomy thoughts as mine :
Thou in thy Spring, how shouldst thou dream
Of Autumn's pale decline ?

Young, lovely, loved,—O ! far from thee
Life's after-dearh and doom ;
Long ere thou learn how memory clings
To even faded bloom !

THE DYING CHILD.

The woman was in abject misery—that worst of poverty,
which is haunted by shame—the only relic left by better
days. She shrunk from all efforts at recovery, refused to
administer the medicines, and spoke of the child's death
but as a blessing.

My God ! and is the daily page of life
Darken'd with wretchedness like this.

Her cheek is flush'd with fever red ;
Her little hand burns in my own ;
Alas ! and does pain rack her sleep ?
Speak ! for I cannot bear that moan.

Yet sleep, I do not wish to look
Again within those languid eyes ;
Sleep, though again the heavy lash
May never from their beauty rise.

—Aid, hope for me ?—now hold thy peace,
And take that healing cup away :
Life, length of life, to that poor child !—
It is not life for which I pray.

Why should she live for pain, for toil,
For wasted frame and broken heart ;

Till life has only left, in death,
With its base fear of death to part !

How could I bear to see her youth
Bow'd to the dust by abject toil,
Till misery urge the soul to guilt,
From which its nature would recoil !

The bitterness of poverty,
The shame that adds the worst to wo,—
I think upon the life I've known,
Upon the life that I shall know

Look through yon street,—a hundred lamps
Are lighting up the revels there,—
Hark ! you can hear the distant laugh
Blending with music on the air.

The rich dwell there, who know not want ;
Who loathe that wretchedness whose name
Is there an unfamiliar sound :—
Why is not my estate the same !

I may have sinn'd, and punishment
For that most ignorant sin incur ;
But be the curse upon my head,—
O, let it not descend to her !

Sleep, dear one ! 'tis a weary world ;
Sleep the sweet slumber of the grave
Vex me no more with thy vain words :
What worth is that you seek to save !

Tears—tears—I shame that I should weep ;
I thought my heart had nerved my eye ;—
I should be thankful, and I will,—
There, there, my child, lie down and die !

SONG.

Oh never another dream can be
Like that early dream of ours,
When the fairy Hope lay down to sleep,
Like a child, among the flowers.

But Hope has waken'd since, and wept,
Like a rainbow, itself away ;
And the flowers have faded, and fallen around—
We have none for a wreath to-day.

Now wisdom wakes in the place of Hope,
And our hearts are like winter hours :
Ah ! afterlife has been little worth
That early dream of ours.

A SUMMER EVENING'S TALE.

COME, let thy careless sail float on the wind ;
 Come, lean by me, and let thy little boat
 Follow like thee its will ; come, lean by me.
 Freight'd with roses which the west has flung,
 Over its waters on the vessel glides,
 Save where the shadowy boughs shut out the sky,
 And make a lovely darkness, while the wind
 Stirs the sad music of their plaining leaves.
 The sky grows paler, as it burnt away
 Its crimson passion ; and the falling dew
 Seems like the tears that follow such an hour.
 I'll tell thee, love, a tale,—just such a tale
 As you once said my lips could breathe so well ;
 Speaking as poetry should speak of love,
 And asking from the depths of mine own heart
 The truth that touches, and by what I feel
 For thee, believe what others' feelings are.
 These, leave the sail, and look with earnest eyes ;
 Seem not as if the worldly element
 In which thou movest were of thy nature part,
 But yield thee to the influence of those thoughts
 That haunt thy solitude ;—ah, but for those
 I never could have loved thee ; I, who now
 Live only in my other life with thee ;
 Out on our beings' falsehood !—studied, cold,
 Are we not like that actor of old time,
 Who wore his mask so long, his features took
 Its likeness !—thus we feign we do not feel,
 Until our feelings are forgotten things,
 Their nature warp'd in one base selfishness ;
 And generous impulses, and lofty thoughts,
 Are counted folly, or are not believed :
 And he who doubts or mocks at excellence
 (Good that refines our nature, and subdues,)
 Is riveted to earth by sevenfold chains.
 O, never had the poet's lute a hope,
 An aim so glorious as it now may have,
 In this our social state, where petty cares
 And mercenary interests only look
 Upon the present's littleness, and shrink
 From the bold future, and the stately past,—
 Where the smooth surface of society
 Is polish'd by deceit, and the warm heart
 With all its kind affections' early flow,
 Flung back upon itself, forgets to beat,
 At least for others ;—'tis the poet's gift
 To melt these frozen waters into tears,
 By sympathy with sorrows not our own,
 By wakening memory with those mournful notes,
 Whose music is the thoughts of early years,
 When truth was on the lip, and feelings wore
 The sweetness and the freshness of their morn.
 Young poet, if thy dreams have not such hope
 To purify, refine, exalt, subdue,
 To touch the selfish, and to shame the vain

(18)

Out of themselves, by gentle mournfulness,
 Or chords that rouse some aim of enterprise,
 Lofty and pure, and meant for general good ;
 If thou hast not some power that may direct
 The mind from the mean round of daily life,
 Waking affections that might else have slept,
 Or high resolves, the petrified before,
 Or rousing in that mind a finer sense
 Of inward and external loveliness,
 Making imagination serve as guide
 To all of heaven that yet remains on earth,—
 Thine is a useless lute : break it, and die.

Love mine, I know my weakness, and I know
 How far I fall short of the glorious goal
 I purpose to myself ; yet if one line
 Has stolen from the eye unconscious tears,
 Recall'd one lover to fidelity
 Which is the holiness of love, or bade
 One maiden sicken at cold vanity,
 When dreaming o'er affection's tenderness,
 The deep, the true, the honour'd of my song,—
 If but one worldly soil has been effaced,
 That song has not been utterly in vain.
 All true deep feeling purifies the heart.
 Am I not better by my love for you ?
 At least, I am less selfish ; I would give
 My life to buy you happiness :—Hush, hush !
 I must not let you know how much I love,—
 So to my tale.—'Twas on an eve like this,
 When purple shadows floated round, and light,
 Crimson and passionate, o'er the statues fell,
 Like life, for that fair gallery was fill'd
 With statues, each one an eternity
 Of thought and beauty : there were lovely shapes,
 And noble ones ; some which the poet's song
 Had touch'd with its own immortality ;
 Others whose glory flung o'er history's page
 Imperishable lustre. There she stood,
 Forsaken ARIADNE ; round her throw
 Wreath'd the glad vine leaves ; but it wore a
 shade
 Of early wretchedness, that which once flung
 May never be effaced : and near her leant
 ENDYMION, and his spiritual beauty wore
 The likeness of divinity ; for love
 Doth elevate to itself, and she who watch'd
 Over his sleeping face, upon it left
 The brightness of herself. Around the walls
 Hung pictures, some which gave the summer all
 Summer can wish, a more eternal bloom ;
 And others in some young and lovely face
 Imbodied dreams into reality.
 There hung a portrait of St. ROSALIE,
 She who renounced the world in youth, and made
 Her heart an altar but for heavenly hopes—
 Thrice bless'd in such sacrifice. Alas !
 The weakness, yet the strength of earthly ties !
 Who hath not in the weariness of life

Wish'd for the wings of morning or the dove,
To bear them heavenward, and have wish'd in
vain ?

For wishes are effectual but by will,
And that too much is impotent and void
In frail humanity ; and time steals by
Sinful and wavering, and unredeem'd.

Bent by a casement, whence her eye could
dwell

Or on the countenance of that sweet saint,
Or the fair valley, where the river wound
Like to a fairy thing, now light, now shade,
Which the eye watches in its wandering,
A maiden pass'd each summer eve away.
Life's closing colour was upon her cheek,
Crimson as that which marks the closing day :

And her large eyes, the radiant and the clear,
Wore all the ethereal beauty of that heaven
Where she was hastening. Still her rosebud mouth
Wore the voluptuous sweetness of a spring
Haunted by fragrance and by melody.
Her hair was gather'd in a silken net,
As if its luxury of auburn curls
Oppress'd the feverish temples all too much ;
For you might see the azure pulses beat
In the clear forehead painfully ; and oft
Would her small hands be press'd upon her brow ;
As if to still its throbbing. Days pass'd by,
And thus beside that casement would she spend
The summer evenings. Well she knew her doom,
And sought to linger with such loveliness :
Surely it soothed her passage to the grave.

One gazed upon her, till his very life
Was dedicate to that idolatry
With which young Love makes offering of itself.
In the vast world he only saw her face.
The morning blush was lighted up by hope,—
The hope of meeting her ; the noontide hours
Were counted for her sake ; in the soft wind,
When it had pass'd o'er early flowers, he caught
The odour of her sigh ; upon the rose
He only saw the colour of her cheek.
He watch'd the midnight stars until they wore
Her beauty's likeness—love's astrology.

His was the gifted eye, which grace still touch'd
As if with second nature ; and his dreams,
His childish dreams, were lit by hues from
heaven—

Those which make genius. Now his visions
wore

A grace more actual, and one worshipp'd face
Inspired the young sculptor, till like life
His spirit warm'd the marble. Who shall say
The love of genius is a common thing,
Such as the many feel—half selfishness,
Half vanity ?—for genius is divine,
And, like a god, doth turn its dwelling-place
Into a temple ; and the heart redeem'd

By its fine influence is immortal shrine
For love's divinity. In common homes
He dies, as he was born, in nothingness.
But love, inspiring genius, makes the world
Its glorious witness ; hence the poet's page
Wakens its haunting sympathy of pain ;
And hence the painter with a touch creates
Feelings imperishable. 'Twas from that hour
CANOVA took his inspiration : love
Made him the sculptor of all loveliness ;
The overflowing of a soul imbued
By most ideal grace, the memory
Which lingers round first passion's sepulchre.
—Why do I say first love !—there is no second.
Who asks in the same year a second growth
Of spring leaves from the tree, corn from the
field ?—

They are exhausted. Thus 'tis with the heart :—
'Tis not so rich in feeling or in hope
To bear that one be crush'd, the other faded,
Yet find them ready to put forth again.
It does not always last ; man's temper is
Often forgetful, fickle, and throws down
The temple he can never build again ;
But when it does last, and that asks for much,—
A fix'd yet passionate spirit, and a mind
Master of its resolves,—when that love lasts,
It is in noblest natures. After years
Tell how CANOVA felt the influence.
They never spoke : she look'd too spiritual,
Too pure for human passion ; and her face
Seem'd hallow'd by the heaven it was so near.
And days pass'd on :—it was an eve in June—
How ever could it be so fair a one !—
And she came not : hue after hue forsook
The clouds, like Hope, which died with them, and
night

Came all too soon and shadowy. He rose,
And wander'd through the city, o'er which hung
The darkness of his thoughts. At length a strain
Of ominous music wail'd along the streets :
It was the mournful chanting for the dead,
And the long tapers flung upon the air
A wild red light, and show'd the funeral train :
Wreaths—O what mockeries !—hung from the
bier ;

And there, pale, beautiful, as if in sleep,
Her dark hair braided graceful with white flowers,
She lay,—his own beloved one !

No more, no more !—love, turn thy boat to
land,—

I am so sorrowful at my own words.
Affection is an awful thing !—Alas !
We give our destiny from our own hands,
And trust to those most frail of all frail things,
The chances of humanity.
—The wind hath a deep sound, more stern than
sweet ;

And the dark sky is clouded; tremulous,
 A few far stars—how pale they look to-night!—
 Touch the still waters with a fitful light.
 There is strange sympathy between all things,
 Though in the hurrying weariness of life
 We do not pause to note it: the glad day,
 Like a young king surrounded by the pomp
 Of gold and purple, sinks but to the shade
 Of the black night:—the chronicle I told
 Began with hope, fair skies, and lovely shapes,
 And ended in despair. Even thus our life
 In these has likeness; with its many joys,
 Its fears, its eagerness, its varying page,
 Mark'd with its thousand colours, only tends
 To darkness, and to silence, and the grave!

LINES OF LIFE.

Orphan in my first years, I early learnt
 To make my heart suffice itself, and seek
 Support and sympathy in its own depths.

WELL, read my cheek, and watch my eye,—
 Too strictly school'd are they,
 One secret of my soul to show,
 One hidden thought betray.

I never knew the time my heart
 Look'd freely from my brow;
 It once was check'd by timidity,
 'Tis taught by caution now.

I live among the cold, the false,
 And I must seem like them;
 And such I am, for I am false
 As those I most condemn.

I teach my lip its sweetest smile,
 My tongue its softest tone;
 I borrow others' likeness, till
 Almost I lose my own.

I pass through flattery's gilded sieve,
 Whatever I would say;
 In social life, all, like the blind,
 Must learn to feel their way.

I check my thoughts like curbed steeds
 That struggle with the rein;
 I bid my feelings sleep, like wrecks
 In the unfathom'd main.

I hear them speak of love, the deep,
 The true, and mock the name;
 Mock at all high and early truth,
 And I too do the same.

I hear them tell some touching tale,
 I swallow down the tear;
 I hear them name some generous deed,
 And I have learnt to sneer.

I hear the spiritual, the kind,
 The pure, but named in mirth;
 Till all of good, ay, even hope,
 Seems exiled from our earth.

And one fear, withering ridicule,
 Is all that I can dread;
 A sword hung by a single hair
 For ever o'er the head.

We bow to a most servile faith,
 In a most servile fear;
 While none among us dares to say
 What none will chose to hear.

And if we dream of loftier thoughts,
 In weakness they are gone;
 And indolence and vanity
 Rivet our fetters on.

Surely I was not born for this!
 I feel a loftier mood
 Of generous impulse, high resolve,
 Steal o'er my solitude!

I gazed upon the thousand stars
 That fill the midnight sky;
 And wish, so passionately wish,
 A light like theirs on high.

I have such eagerness of hope
 To benefit my kind;
 And feel as if immortal power
 Were given to my mind.

I think on that eternal fame,
 The sun of earthly gloom,
 Which makes the gloriousness of death,
 The future of the tomb—

That earthly future, the faint sign
 Of a more heavenly one;
 —A step, a word, a voice, a look,—
 Alas! my dream is done.

And earth, and earth's debasing stain,
 Again is on my soul;
 And I am but a nameless part
 Of a most worthless whole.

Why write I this? because my heart
 Towards the future springs,
 That future where it loves to soar
 On more than eagle wings.

The present, it is but a speck
In the eternal time,
In which the lost hopes find a home,
My spirit knows its clime.

O! not myself,—for what am I?—
The worthless and the weak,
Whose every thought of self should raise
A blush to burn my cheek.

But song has touch'd my lips with fire,
And made my heart a shrine;
For what, although alloy'd, debased,
Is in itself divine.

I am myself but a vile link
Amid life's weary chain;
But I have spoken hallow'd words,
O do not say in vain!

My first, my last, my only wish,
Say will my charmed chords
Wake to the morning light of fame,
And breathe again my words?

Will the young maiden, when her tears
Alone in moonlight shine—
Tears for the absent and the loved
Murmur some song of mine?

Will the pale youth by his dim lamp,
Himself a dying flame,
From many an antique scroll beside,
Choose that which bears my name?

Let music make less terrible
The silence of the dead;
I care not, so my spirit last
Long after life has fled.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

It was a battle field, and the cold moon
Made the pale dead yet paler. Two lay there;
One with the ghastly marble of the grave
Upon his face; the other wan, but yet
Touch'd with the hues of life, and its warm breath
Upon his parted lips.

He sleeps—the night wind o'er the battle-field
Is gently sighing;
Gently, though each breeze bear away
Life from the dying.

e sleeps,—though his dear and early friend
A corpse lies by him;

Though the ravening vulture and screaming
crow
Are hovering nigh him.

He sleeps,—where blood has been pour'd like
rain,
Another field before him;
And he sleeps as calm as his mother's eyes
Were watching o'er him.

To-morrow that youthful victor's name
Will be proudly given,
By the trumpet's voice, and the soldier's shout,
To the winds of heaven.

Yet life, how pitiful and how mean,
Thy noblest story;
When the high excitement of victory,
The fulness of glory,

Nor the sorrow felt for the friend of his youth,
Whose corpse he's keeping,
Can give his human weakness force,
To keep from sleeping.

And this is the sum of our mortal state,
The hopes we number,—
Feverish, waking, danger, death,
And listless slumber.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

THERE is no change upon the air,
No record in the sky:
No pall-like storm comes forth to shroud
The year about to die.

A few light clouds are on the heaven,
A few far stars are bright;
And the pale moon shines as she shines,
On many a common night.

Ah, not in heaven, but upon earth,
Are signs of change express;
The closing year has left its mark
On human brow and breast.

How much goes with it to the grave
Of life's most precious things!
Methinks each year dies on a pyre,
Like the Assyrian kings

Affections, friendships, confidence,—
There's not a year hath died
But all these treasures of the heart
Lie with it side by side.

The wheels of time work heavily ;
 We marvel day by day
 To see how from the chain of life
 The gilding wears away.

Sad the mere change of fortune's chance,
 And sad the friend unkind ;
 But what has sadness like the change
 That in ourselves we find ?

I've wept my castle in the dust,
 Wept o'er an alter'd brow ;
 'Tis far worse murmuring o'er those tears,
 " Would I could weep them now ! "

O, for mine early confidence,
 Which like that graceful tree
 Bent cordial, as if each approach
 Could but in kindness be !

Then was the time the fairy Hope
 My future fortune told,
 Or Youth, the alchemist, that turn'd
 Whate'er he touch'd to gold.

But Hope's sweet words can never be
 What they have been of yore :
 I am grown wiser, and believe
 In fairy tales no more.

And Youth has spent his wealth, and bought
 The knowledge he would fain
 Change for forgetfulness, and live
 His dreaming life again.

I'm weary, weary : day-dreams, years,
 I've seen alike depart,
 And sullen Care and Discontent
 Hang brooding o'er my heart.

Another year, another year,—
 Alas ! and must it be
 That Time's most dark and weary wheel
 Must turn again for me ?

In vain I seek from out the past
 Some cherish'd wreck to save ;
 Affection, feeling, hope, are dead,—
 My heart is its own grave !

SONG.

I PRAY thee let me weep to-night,
 'Tis rarely I am weeping ;
 My tears are buried in my heart,
 Like cave-lock'd fountains sleeping.

But O, to-night, those words of thine,
 Have brought the past before me ;
 And shadows of long-vanish'd years
 Are passing sadly o'er me.

The friends I loved in early youth,
 The faithless and forgetting,
 Whom, though they were not worth my love,
 I cannot help regretting ;—

My feelings, once the kind the warm,
 But now the hard, the frozen ;
 The errors I've too long pursued,
 The path I should have chosen ;—

The hopes that are like failing lights
 Around my pathway dying ;
 The consciousness none others rise,
 Their vacant place supplying ;—

The knowledge by experience taught,
 The useless, the repelling ;
 For what avails to know how false
 Is all the charmer's telling ?

I would give worlds, could I believe
 One half that is profess'd me ;
 Affection ! could I think it Thee,
 When Flattery has caress'd me ?

I cannot bear to think of this,—
 O, leave me to my weeping ;
 A few tears for that grave my heart,
 Where hope in death is sleeping.

STANZAS

TO THE AUTHOR OF "MONT BLANC,"
 "ADA," &c.

THY hands are fill'd with early flowers,
 Thy step is on the wind ;
 The innocent and keen delight
 Of youth is on thy mind ;—
 That glad fresh feeling that bestows
 Itself the pleasure which it knows,
 The pure, the undefined ;
 And thou art in that happy hour
 Of feeling's uncurb'd, early power.

Yes, thou art very young, and youth,
 Like light, should round thee fling
 The sunshine thrown round morning's hour,
 The gladness given to spring :
 And yet upon thy brow is wrought
 The darkness of that deeper thought,
 Which future time should bring.

What can have traced that shadowy line
Upon a brow so young as thine ?

'Tis written in thy large dark eyes,
Fill'd with unbidden tears ;
The passionate paleness on thy cheek,
Belying thy few years.
A child, yet not the less thou art
One of the gifted hand and heart,
Whose deepest hopes and fears
Are omenlike : the poet's dower
Is even as the prophet's power.

Thy image floats before my eyes,
Thy book is on my knee ;
I'm musing on what now thou art,
And on what thou wilt be.
Dangerous as a magic spell,
Whose good or evil none may tell,
The gift that is with thee ;
For Genius, like all heavenly light,
Can blast as well as bless the sight.

Thou art now in thy dreaming time :
The green leaves on the bough,
The sunshine turning them to gold,
Are pleasures to thee now ;
And thou dost love the quiet night,
The stars to thee are a delight ;
And not a flower can grow,
But brings before thy haunted glance
The poet days of old romance.

With thine "own people" dost thou dwell,
And by thine own fireside ;
And kind eyes keep o'er thee a watch,
Their darling and their pride.
I cannot choose but envy thee ;
The very name of home to me
Has been from youth denied ;
But yet it seems like sacred ground,
By all earth's best affections bound.

'Tis well for thee ! thou art not made
Struggle like this to share ;
U! might that gentle, loving heart
The world's cold conflict bear ;
Where selfish interest, falsehood, strife,
Strain through their gladiatorial life ;
Save that the false ones wear
Seeming and softness, and a smile,
As if guilt were effaced by guile.

I dare not speak to thee of fame,
That madness of the soul,
Which flings its life upon one cast,
To reach its desperate goal.
Still the wings destined for the sky
Will long their upward flight to try,
And seek to dare the whole,

Till, space and storm and sunshine past,
Thou find'st thou art alone at last.

But love will be thy recompense,
The love that haunts thy line ;
Ay, dream of love, but do not dream
It ever will be thine.
His shadow, not himself, will come ;
Too spiritual to be his home,
Thy heart is but his shrine ;
For vainest of all earthly things,
The poet's vain imaginings.

Go, still the throbbing of thy brow,
The beating of thy heart ;
Unstring thy lute, and close thy page,
And choose an humbler part ;
Turn not thy glistening eyes above,
Dwell only in thy household love,
Forgetting what thou art ;
And yet life like what this must be
Seems but a weary lot for thee.

Or trust thee to thy soaring wing,
Awake the gifted lay ;
Fly life's more quiet happiness
For its wild dreams away.
'Tis a hard choice : on either side
Thy heart must with itself divide,
Be thy doom what it may.
Life's best to win, life's best to lose,—
The lot is with thee, maiden,—choose.

Ah no !—the choice is not thine own,
The spirit will rebel ;
The fire within the poet's heart
Is fire unquenchable.
Far may its usual curse depart,
And light, but not consume, thy heart !
Sweet minstrel, fare thee well !
And may for once the laurel wreath
Not wither all that grows beneath !

THE MOUNTAIN GRAVE.

SHE sate beside the rock from which arose
A mountain rivulet's blue wanderings ;
And there, with careless hand, cast leaves and
flowers
To float upon the surface, or to sink,
As the wind listed, for she took no heed,
Nor watch'd their progress. Suddenly she ceased,
While pass'd a cloud across her deep blue eyes :
"Are ye not symbols of me, ye fair flowers ?
Thus in mere recklessness my wilful hand
Has wasted the whole beauty of a spring,

And I have thrown your fragrant lives away
In one vain moment's idleness." 'Tis strange
How the heart, overpress'd with its own thoughts,—
And what oppresses the young heart like love ?—
Grows superstitious, finds similitudes
And boding fears in every change and chance.
She bow'd her face upon her hands and wept,
When suddenly her bright hair was flung back,
Her cheek was turn'd to crimson, and the tears
Lay like dew on the rose. "Mine AGATHA !
What ! weeping, love ? I am not late to-night ;
Our meeting star but trembles in the sky,
In light as glistening as thine own sweet eyes."

His words had a strange sound ; she had forgot
Her sorrow and its cause in the deep joy
His presence brought. She gazed upon his face,
As if 'twould vanish if she did not gaze ;
She stay'd her breath to listen to his words,
Scarce daring credit her own happiness.

There stood they, with the rich red light of eve
Yet lingering, like a glory, on their heads,
In the snow mirror of the mountain peak ;—
A bright laburnum grew beside,—its boughs
Flung over them a golden shower : the wave
That wander'd at their feet was clear as Hope ;
Their shapes were outlined in it, and one star,
Reflected too, shone like an augury

Of good between them.—There they leant, while
hours

Pass'd, as time had no boundaries. O earth,
Yet art thou touch'd by heaven, though only
touch'd,—

Thy pleasures are but rainbows, which unite
The glad heavens with thee in their transient
beauty,

Then melt away again upon the clouds.
O youth, and love, which is the light of youth,
Why pass ye as the morning ?—life goes on,
But like a bark that, first in carelessness,
And afterward in fear of each rough gale,
Has flung her richest freightage overboard.
Who is there, though young still, yet having lost
The warmth, the freshness, morning's dew and
light,

Can bear to look back on their earlier hours,
When faith made its own happiness, and the
heart

Was credulous of its delight, and gave
Its best affections forth so trustingly,
Content to love, not doubting of return ?

'Twas AGATHA broke the sweet silence first :
"My father told me he had seen to-day
The gathering, HERMAN, of your hardy troops :
You led them, mounted on your snow-white
steed.—

He bade me fling to-night a double chain
Of sighs and smiles, for the young warrior's truth
Was sorely tried by absence. You will go,

Like our bold river, into other lands,
On its own proud free course ; whilst I shall send
After thee hopes and prayers, like the poor leaves
That I have cast upon the waves to perish."

She spoke in mirth ; yet as she spoke, her words
Caught such a sadness in their omen tone,
In silence HERMAN took her hand, and gazed
Upon her face as he would picture it
Within his inmost soul. A brow more fair
Ne'er caught the silver softness of moonlight.
Her cheek was as the mirror of her heart,
Eloquent in its blushes, and its hues
Now varied like the evening's ;—but 'tis vain
To dwell on youthful lovers' parting hour.

A first farewell, with all its passionate words,
Its lingering looks, its gushing tears, its hopes
Scarcely distinguish'd from its fears, its vows,—
They are its least of suffering ; for the heart
Feels that it needs them not, yet breathes them
still,

Making them oracles. But the last star
Sinks down amid the mountains :—he must go ;
By daybreak will his gallant vassals look
To hear their chieftain's bugle. Watch'd she
there

His dark plume cast its shadow on the snows,
His rapid foot bound on from crag to crag :—
The rocks have hid him from her eager view,
But still she hears the echo of his step,—
That dies too into silence ; then she feels
Her utter loneliness :—he is quite gone !

Long days have pass'd—that evening star hath
left

Its throne of beauty on the snow-crown'd hill,
Yielding its place to winter's thousand lights ?—
Long days have pass'd :—again the twilight hour
Smiles in the influence of that lovely star ;
The bright laburnum's golden wealth is heap'd,
The spring's first treasure, and beneath its shade
Rests AGATHA alone :—what ! still alone ?

A few short words will tell what change has
wrought

In their once love : it is a history
That would suit half mankind. In its first
spring,—

For the heart has its spring of bud and bloom
Even as has the year,—it found a home
For all its young affections, gentle thoughts,
In his true maiden's bosom ; and the life
He dream'd of was indeed a dream—'twas made
Of quiet happiness : but forth he went
Into the wild world's tumult. As the bloom
Fades from the face of nature, so the gloss
Of his warm feelings faded with their freshness ;
Ambition took the place of Love, and Hope
Fed upon fiery thoughts, aspiring aims ;
And the bold warrior, favourite of his king,
Is that he thought of his first tenderness,

Thought of it but with scorn, or vain excuse,
 And in her uncomplaining silence read
 But what he wish'd,—oblivion; and at last
 Her very name had faded, like the flower
 Which we have laid upon our heart, and there
 Have suffer'd it to die. A second spring
 Has loosed the snowy waters, and has fill'd
 The valleys with her joy; but, AGATHA,
 It is not spring for thee; it has not brought
 Its sunny beauty to thy deep blue eyes,
 Its dew to freshen thy lips' languid rose,
 And its bloom is not for thy cheek. One year,
 And thou didst hide thy misery, and seem,
 With thy gay songs and smiles and gladsome
 words,

Still in thine aged father's sight the same.

His pride was wounded by young Herman's falsehood,

But not his happiness; and when he died,
 It was with blessings breathed in trusting hope
 Upon that dear child's head, whose tenderness
 Had made him half forget the path he trod
 Was hurrying to the grave. But he was dead,
 And AGATHA stood in his lonely halls,
 An orphan, last of all her race and name,
 Without one tie of kindred or of love
 To bind her to the earth. Yet few there were
 That dream'd the hidden grief that lurk'd within.
 Too kind, too gentle not to be beloved,
 Many a vassal mourn'd the coming death,
 Whose sign was written on his lady's cheek.

She died in silence, without sign or word
 That might betray the memory of her fate;
 But when they heard her last request, to lie
 Beneath the shade of the laburnum tree,
 Which grew beside the mountain rivulet,
 Many a cheek grew red, and brow grew dark,
 And many a whisper'd word recall'd the time
 When, in unworldly and in happy youth,

The valley's chieftain and the mountain girl
 Made it their favourite haunt; all call'd to mind,
 Then was the morning colour on her cheek,
 Then her life was as summer in its smile,
 And all felt, as they laid her in the grave,
 It was the lorn rest of the broken heart.

Years pass'd:—the green moss had o'ergrown
 the stone

Which mark'd the orphan maiden's lowly grave,
 When rode an armed train beside the stream.
 Why does One pause beneath the lonely tree,
 And watch the starlight fall on the white stone?
 That martial step, that haughty brow, so traced
 With lines of the world's welfare, are not such
 As linger with a ready sympathy
 O'er the foot-prints of sorrow; yet that cheek
 Was startled into paleness as he read
 AGATHA!—and the mossy date which told
 She had been tenant of that tomb for years.
 HERMAN,—for he it was had sought the vale,
 But upon warlike mission—if he thought
 Of his once love, it was but how to shun
 The meek reproaching of her mournful eye,
 Or else to think she had like him forgot.
 But dead!—so young!—he had not dream'd of
 this.—

He knelt him down, and like a child he wept;—
 Gentle affections struggled with, subdued—
 Tenderness, long forgotten, now burst forth
 Like raindrops from the summer sky. Those
 tears

Pass'd, and their outward trace; but in his heart
 A fountain had sprung up which dried no more.
 He went on in his course, proud, bold, and never
 The name of AGATHA fell from his lips.
 But he died early, and in his last field
 He pray'd the brother of his arms to tak
 His heart, and lay it in the distant grave
 Where AGATHA was sleeping.

THE GOLDEN VIOLET.

WITH

ITS TALES OF ROMANCE AND CHIVALRY:

AND OTHER POEMS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE title of the Golden Violet is taken from the festival alluded to in the close of the Troubadour. There are various accounts of the origin of this metrical competition: the one from which my idea was principally taken is that mentioned by Warton

THE GOLDEN VIOLET.

To-morrow, to-morrow, thou loveliest May,
To-morrow will rise up thy first-born day ;
Bride of the summer, child of the spring,
To-morrow the year will its favourite bring :
The roses will know thee, and fling back their vest,
While the nightingale sings him to sleep on their
breast ;

The blossoms, in welcomes, will open to meet
On the light boughs thy breath, in the soft grass
thy feet.

To-morrow the dew will have virtue to shed
O'er the cheek of the maiden* its loveliest red ;
To-morrow a glory will brighten the earth,
While the spirit of beauty rejoicing has birth.

Farewell to thee, April, a gentle farewell,
Thou hast saved the young rose in its emerald
cell ;

Sweet nurse, thou hast mingled thy sunshine and
showers,

Like kisses and tears, on thy children the flowers.
As a hope, when fulfill'd, to sweet memory turns,
We shall think of thy clouds as the odorous urns,
Whence colour, and freshness, and fragrance were
wept ;

We shall think of thy rainbows, their promise is
kept.

There is not a cloud on the morning's blue way,
And the daylight is breaking, the first of the May.

And never yet hath morning light
Lovelier vision bought to sight,
Or lovelier driven away from dreams,—
—And lovely that which only seems ;—
The garden, that beneath it lay,
From flower and fountain sent the ray
Reflected, till all round seem blent
Into one sunny element.

There in the midst rose marble halls,
Wreath'd pillars upheld the walls ;
A fairy castle, not of those
Made for storm, and made for foes,
But telling of a gentler time,
A lady's rule, a summer clime.
And all spoke joyousness, for there
Throng'd the gay, the young, the fair,—

It was now their meeting hour,—
They scatter'd round through grove and bower
Many a high-born beauty made
Her seat beneath the chestnut shade ;
While, like her shadow hovering near,
Came her darkeyed cavalier,
Bidding the rose fade by her cheek,
To hint of what he dared not speak.
And others wander'd with the lute,
In such a scene could it be mute ?
While from its wing'd sweetness came,
The echo of some treasured name.
And many a grot with laughter rung,
As gather'd there, these gay and young
Flung airy jests like arrows round,
That hit the mark but to rebound.

With graceful welcome smiled on all,
The lady of the festival
Wander'd amid her guests ; at last,
Many a courtly greeting past,
She stray'd into a little grove,
With cypress branches roof'd above ;
Beneath the path was scarcely seen,—
Alike the walk and margent green.
So dim it was, each precious stone
The countess wore a meteor shone.
Yet on she went, for naught her heart
In the glad revellings took part :
Too tender and too sad to share
In sportive mirth, in pageant glare ;
Dearer to her was the first breath,
When morning shakes her early wreath,
And joys in the young smiles of day,
Albeit they steal her pearls away
Dearer to her the last pale light
That lingers on the brow of night,
As if unwilling to begone,
And abdicate its lovely throne :
Dearer to her were these than all
That ever shone in lighted hall

The young, the gay, be they allow'd
One moment's pleasure in the crowd ;
The dance, the odours, song, and bloom,
Those soft spells of the banquet-room
They last not, but the ear, the eye,
Catch the check'd frown—the hidden sigh,

* Gathering the May dew.

Which pierce too soon the shining mask,
And prove delight may be a task.

Alas! when once the heart shall learn
To gaze on the glad scene, then turn
To its own depths, and sadly say,—
“O, what am I, and what are they?
Masquers but striving to deceive
Themselves and others; and believe
It is enough, if none shall know
The cover'd mass of care below.”
Sad lesson for the heart to bear,
Seeing how pass the young, the fair;
Forgot, as if they had not been
The spirit of the stirring scene:
Or sadder still to watch the bands,
With kindly looks and fast-link'd hands
And know how that a word could move
The fierce extreme of hate from love,—
That, sweep but o'er a fleeting year,
Of all the many gather'd here,
Now claiming friend's or lover's name,
Not one may be in aught the same.

But not like this is Nature's face,
Though even she must bear the trace
Of the great curse that clings to all;
Her leaves, her flowers, must spring to fall;
There hides no darker doom behind,
Like workings in the human mind,
And the buds yield but to make way
For leaves or fruits upon the spray;—
Not thus man's pleasures, which depart
And leave the sear'd or breaking heart.

On fair CLEMENZA went, her mood
Deepening with the deep solitude;
That gentle sadness which is wrought
With more of tenderness than thought,
When memory like the moonlight flings
A softness o'er its wanderings,—
When hope a holiday to keep
Folds up its rainbow wings for sleep,
And the heart, like a bark at rest,
Scarce heaves within the tranquil breast,—
When thoughts and dreams that moment's birth
Take hues which are not of the earth.

But she was waken'd from her dream
By sudden flashing of the wave;

The cypress first conceal'd the stream,
Then oped, as if a spirit gave,
With one touch of his radiant wand,
Birth to a scene in fairy land.
'Twas a small lake, the honey bee
Cross'd, laden, in security;
From it an elfin island rose,
A green spot made for the repose

Of the blue halcyon, when an hour
Of storm is passing o'er its bower.
One lonely tree upon it stood,
A willow sweeping to the flood,
With darkling boughs and lorn decline,
As though even here was sorrow's sign.
'Twas even a haunted place; one part,
Like that which is in every heart.
Beyond, the gloom was laugh'd away
By sparkling wave and dancing spray;—
One of those glowing spots that take
The sunbeams prisoners, and make
A glory of their own delight,
Below all clear, above all bright.
And every bank was fair; but one
Most shelter'd from the wind and sun,
Seem'd like a favourite: the rest
Bared to the open sky their breast;
But this was resting in the shade
By two old patriarch chestnuts made,
Whose aged trunks peep'd gray and bare
Spite of the clustering ivy's care,
Which had spread over all its wreath,
The boughs above, the ground beneath;—
Oft told and true similitude
For moralist in pensive mood,
To mark the green leaves' glad outside,
Then search what wither'd boughs they hide.
And here the countess took her seat
Beneath the chestnut, shelter meet
For one whose presence might beseech
The spirit of the shade and stream;
As now she lean'd with upraised head,
And white veil o'er her bosom spread,
Hiding the gems and chains of gold
Which too much of rank's baubles told;
Leaving her only with the power
Of nature in its loveliest hour,
When to its musing look is given
The influence of its native heaven.
Her cheek was pale, the hue of thought,
Like image by the sculptor sought
For some sweet saint, some muse on whom
Beauty has shed all but her bloom,
As if it would have naught declare
The strife and stain of clay were there.
Braided Madonna-like, the wave
Of the black hair a lustre gave
To the clear forehead, whose pure snow
Was even as an angel's brow:
While there was in her gentler eye
The touch of human sympathy,—
That mournful tenderness which still
In grief and joy, in good and ill,
Lingers with woman through life's void,
Sadden'd, subdued, but not destroy'd.

And gazed the countess on the lake,
Loving it for its beauty's sake;

Wander'd her look round, till its sight
 Became itself blent with the light;
 Till, as it sought for rest, her eye
 Now fell upon a green mound nigh.
 With ivy hung and moss o'ergrown,
 Beside it stood a broken stone,
 And on it was a single flower,
 The orphan growth of some chance shower,
 Which brought it there, and then forgot
 All care of the frail nursling's lot,—
 A lily with its silver bells
 Perfum'd like the spring's treasure cells;
 Yet drooping, pale, as if too late
 Mourning for their neglected state.
 It was the fittest flower to grow
 Over the conscious clay below.
 Bethought the countess of a tale
 Connected with the lonely vale;
 Some bard, who died before his fame;
 Whose songs remain'd, but not his name:
 It told his tomb was by the wave,
 In life his haunt, in death his grave.
 Sadly she mused upon the fate
 That still too often must await
 The gifted hand which shall awake
 The poet's lute, and for its sake
 All but its own sweet self resign,—
 Thou loved lute! to be only thine.
 For what is genius, but deep feeling
 Waken'd by passion to revealing?
 And what is feeling, but to be
 Alive to every misery,
 While the heart too fond, too weak,
 Lies open for the vulture's beak?
 Alas! for him possess'd of all
 That wins and keeps a world in thrall,
 Of all that makes the soul aspire,
 Yet vow'd to a neglected lyre;
 Who finds, the first, a golden mine,
 Sees the veins yield, the treasures shine,
 Gazes until his eye grows dim,
 Then learns that it is not for him;
 One who, albeit his wayward mood
 Pines for and clings to solitude,
 Has too much humanness of heart
 To dwell from all his kind apart;
 But seeks communion for the dreams
 With which his vision'd spirit teems;
 Would fain in other cups infuse
 His own delights, and fondly woos
 The world, without that worldliness
 Which wanting, there is no success;
 Hears his song sink unmark'd away,—
 Swanlike his soul sinks with its lay,—
 Lifts to his native heaven his eyes,
 Turns to the earth, despairs and dies;
 Leaving a memory whose reward
 Might lesson many a future bard.

Or, harder still, a song whose fame
 Has long outlived its minstrel's name.
 "O, must this be!" CLEMENZA said,
 "Thus perish quite the gifted dead!
 How many a wild and touching song
 To my own native vales belong,
 Whose lyrist's name will disappear
 Like his who sleeps forgotten here!
 Not so; it shall be mine to give
 The praise that bids the poet live.
 There is a flower, a glorious flower,
 The very fairest of my bower,
 With shining leaf, aroma breath,
 Befitting well a victor wreath;
 The Golden Violet shall be
 The prize of Provence minstrelsy.
 Open I'll fling my castle hall
 To throng of harps and festival,
 Bidding the bards from wide and far
 Bring song of love or tale of war,
 And it shall be mine own to set
 The victor's crown of Violet."

THE FIRST DAY.

'Tis May again, another May,
 Looking as if it meant to stay;
 So many are its thousand flowers,
 So glorious are its sunny hours,
 So green its earth, so blue its sky,
 As made for hope's eternity.

By night with starlike tapers gleaming,
 And music like an odour streaming;
 By day with portals open flung,
 While bugle note and trumpet rung;
 Rose Isaure's towers: and gather'd there,
 Again, the gifted, young and fair
 Have at CLEMENZA's summons met,
 In contest for the Violet.

Her heralds had been to distant lands
 To call together the joyeuse bands,
 And they had hasten'd. England had sent
 Her harp across the blue element;
 The Spaniard had come from the land of romance;
 And the flower of her minstrels had gather'd in
 France,
 From far and from near; it was strange to see
 The bards of Erin and Italy
 Mingle together with those that came
 From the highland home they so loved to name.

Hark to the sound of yon silver horn,
 And the sweep of the harp to the distance borne;

'Tis the hour of meeting, and welcome now
 To the gifted hand and the laurel'd brow.
 Young knight, think not of hawk or hound;
 Fair maiden, fling not thy smiles around;
 Warrior, regard not the sword at thy side;
 Baron, relax thou thy brow of pride;
 Let worldly coldness and care depart,
 And yield to the shell of the minstrel's art.

'Twas a spacious hall, and around it rose
 Carved pillars as white as the snows;
 Between, the purple tapestry swept,
 Where, work'd in myriad shades, were kept
 Memories of many an ancient tale,
 And of many a blooming cheek now pale.
 The dome above like a glory shone,
 Or a cloud which the sunset fingers upon,
 While the tinted pane seem'd the bright resort,
 Where Iris' self held her minstrel court;
 And beautiful was the colour'd fall
 Of the floating hues round the stately hall.

In groups around mix'd the gay throng,
 Knight, noble, lady, child of song.
 At one end was upraised a throne,
 On which the countess sat alone;
 Not with droop'd eye and bow'd-down head,
 And simple white veil round her spread,
 As lean'd she o'er the lonely waye,
 Dreaming of the dead minstrel's grave;
 But purple robe and golden band
 Bespoke the ladye of the land;
 Rich gems upon her arm were placed,
 And lit the zone around her waist;
 But none were in her braided hair,
 One only violet was there,
 The golden flower, which won all eyes,
 Destined to be the minstrel prize.

They pass'd around the silver urn
 Whose lot must fix the poet's turn;
 To a young Provence bard it came,—
 He drew, and drew CLEMENZA's name.
 And forth at once young VIDAL sprung,
 His light lute o'er his shoulder flung;
 Then paused,—for over cheek and brow,
 Like lightning, rush'd the crimson glow;
 A low sound trembled from that lute,
 His lip turn'd pale, his voice was mute.
 He sent a hurried glance around,
 As if in search: at last he found
 The eyes without whose light to him
 The very heaven above was dim:
 At once his hand awoke the chords,
 At once his lip pour'd tuneful words,
 And gazing on his lady's smile,
 Bade his soft notes arise the while.

THE BROKEN SPELL.

THE FIRST PROVENÇAL MINSTREL'S LAY.

A FAIRY TALE.

WHERE on earth is the truth that may vie
 With woman's lone and long constancy?
 Lovers there have been who have died
 For the love that they made a warrior's pride;
 And a lover once, when a world was the prize,
 Threw away his chance for a lady's eyes:
 But not his the love that changes not
 'Mid the trials and griefs of an ill-starr'd lot;
 Not like the rainbow, that shines on high
 Brighter and purer as darker the sky.
 But woman's creed of suffering bears
 All that the health and the spirit wears;
 Absence but makes her love the more,
 For her thoughts then feed on their own sweet
 store;

And is not hers the heart alone
 That has pleasure and pride in a prize when won?
 Her eye may grow dim, her cheek may grow pale,
 But tell they not both the same fond tale?
 Love's lights have fled from her eye and cheek,
 To burn and die on the heart which they seek.
 Alas! that so often the grave should be
 The seal of woman's fidelity!

On the horizon is a star,
 Its earliest, loveliest one by far;
 A blush is yet upon the sky,
 As if too beautiful to die,—
 A last gleam of the setting sun,
 Like hope when love has just begun;
 The hour when the maiden's lute,
 And minstrel's song, and lover's suit,
 Seem as that their sweet spells had made
 This mystery of light and shade.

That last rich sigh is on the gale
 Which tells when summer's day is over,
 The sigh which closing flowers exhale
 After the bee, their honey lover,
 As to remind him in his flight
 Of what will be next noon's delight.

'Tis a fair garden, almond trees
 Throw silver gifts upon the breeze:
 Lilies, each a white-robed bride,
 With treasures of pure gold inside,
 Like marble towers a king has made;—
 And of its own sweet self afraid,
 A hyacinth's flower-hung stalk is stooping
 Lovelier from its timid drooping:—
 But in the midst is a rose stem,
 The winds' beloved, the garden's gem.

No wonder that it blooms so well :
 Thy tears have been on every leaf ;
 And, Mirzala, thy heart can tell
 How lasting that which feeds on grief.

'Twas a branch of roses her lover gave
 Amid her raven curls to wave ;
 When they bade farewell, with that gentle sorrow
 Of the parting that sighs, " we meet to-morrow ;"
 Yet the maiden knows not if her tears are shed
 Over the faithless or over the dead.
 She has not seen his face since that night
 When she watch'd his shadow by pale moonlight,
 And that branch has been cherish'd as all that was
 left
 To remind her of love and of hope bereft.

She was one summer evening laid
 Beneath the tulip tree's green shade,
 When from her favourite rose a cloud
 Floated like those at break of day ;—
 She mark'd its silvery folds unshroud,
 And there a radiant figure lay.
 And in murmurs soft as those
 Which sweep the sea at evening close,
 Spoke the Spirit of the rose :—
 " MIRZALA, thy lover sleeps
 While his mistress for him weeps.
 He is bound by magic spell,
 Of force which woman's love may quell ;
 I will guide thee to the hall
 Where thy faith may break his thrall.
 Think thou if thy heart can dare
 All that thou must look on there.
 Turn not thou for hope nor fear,
 Till the marble hall appear.
 There thou wilt thy lover see
 Dead to life, and love, and thee.
 Only truth so pure as thine
 Could approach the charmed shrine.
 Press thy lips to the cold stone,
 He will wake,—the spell be done !
 Hast thou courage like thy love ?
 Follow thou the snow-white dove."

And MIRZALA rose up, and there

Was a fair dove on that rose tree,
 With white wings glittering on the air,
 Like foam upon a summer sea.
 She follow'd it until she stood
 By where a little boat lay moor'd
 To the green willow, from the flood
 But by a water flag secured.
 She enter'd, and it cut the tide ;
 Odours and music fill'd the sail,
 As if a rose and lute had sigh'd
 A mingled breath upon the gale.

It was at first a lovely scene :
 Leaves and branches wreath'd a screen,
 Sunbeams there might wander through ;
 Glimpses of a sky of blue,
 Like the hopes that smile to cheer
 The earthliness of sorrow here ;
 And like summer queens, beside,
 Roses gazed upon the tide,
 Each one longing to caress
 Her own mirror'd loveliness ;
 And the purple orchis shone
 Rich, as shines an Indian stone ;
 And the honeysuckle's flower
 Crimson, as a sunset hour ;
 But too soon the blooms are past,—
 When did ever beauty last ?
 And there came a dreary shade,
 Of the yew and cypress made,
 Moaning in the sullen breeze ;
 And at length not even these,
 But rocks in wild confusion hurl'd
 Relics of a ruin'd world.
 Wide, more wide, the river grew,
 Blacker changed its dreary hue,
 Till, oppress'd, the wearied eye
 Only gazed on sea and sky—
 Sea of death, and sky of night,
 Where a storm had been like light.
 MIRZALA was pale, yet still
 Shrank she not for dread of ill.

She cross'd the sea, and she gain'd the shore ;
 But little it recks to number o'er
 The weary days, and the heavy fears,
 When hope could only smile through tears,
 The perils, the pains, through which she pass'd,
 Till she came to a castle's gate at last.

'Twas evening ; but the glorious sky,
 With its purple light and Tyrian dye,
 Was contrast strange to the drear heath
 Which bleak and desolate lay beneath.
 Trees, but leafless all, stood there,
 For the lightning flash had left them bare ;
 The grass lay wither'd, as if the wind
 Of the Siroc had mark'd its red course ; behind
 The bright clouds shone on the river's face,
 But the death-black waters had not a trace
 Of the crimson blaze that over them play'd :
 It seem'd as if a curse were laid

On the grass, on the river, the tree, and the flower,
 And shut them out from the sunbeam's power ;
 And with the last ray which the sunbeam threw,
 The dove flew up, and vanish'd too.
 And MIRZALA knew she had reach'd that hall
 Where her lover lay sleeping in magic thrall ;
 And she sat her down by a blasted tree,
 To watch for what her fate might be.

But at midnight the gates roll'd apart with a
sound

Like the groan sent forth from the yawning ground.

On she went with scarce light to show
That gulf and darkness were below,—
Light like the wan blue flames that wave
Their death-torch o'er the murderer's grave;
And flickering shapes beset the way,
Watching in gloom to seize their prey,
Most terrible, for that the eye
Wander'd in dim uncertainty;
But MIRZALA press'd fearless on,
Till every dreary shade was gone.

At once bursting into day
There a radiant garden lay.
There were tall and stately trees
With green boughs, in canopies
For the rose beneath, that smiled
Like a young and favourite child;
With its purple wealth the vine,
Mix'd with silver jessamine,
Stretch'd around from tree to tree,
Like a royal tapestry;
Sweet sounds floated on the air,
Lutes and voices mingled there,
And a thousand flowers blent
Into one delicious scent;
Singing birds, and azure skies,
Made a spot like Paradise.
MIRZALA paused not to lave
Her pale forehead in the wave,
Though each fountain was as bright
As if form'd of dew and light.
Paused she not for the sweet song,
On the rich air borne along.
Fair forms throng'd around with flowers
Breathing of spring's earliest hours;
Others from their baskets roll'd
Fruits of ruby and of gold.
Vainly! nothing could delay,
Nothing win the maiden's stay.
And the magic scene again
Changed to a white marble fane
And as MIRZALA drew near,
Saw she two bright forms appear.
The first wore gorgeously coronet,
With topaz, pearl, and sapphire set,
And a diamond zone embraced
The rich robe around her waist;
And as conscious of her power
In her great and royal dower,
With a smile that seem'd to say
Only gold can clear thy way,
She her casket show'd, where shone
Precious ore and Indian stone.
"O! if gold could win his heart,
would from the search depart;

All my offering must be
True and spotless constancy."
Then to the other shape she turn'd,
Whose cheek with crimson blushes burn'd
But to think love could be sold
For a heartless gift of gold.
From her lily-braided hair
Took the spirit bud as fair
As if to summer suns unknown,
Gave it the maiden, and was gone.

Then MIRZALA stood by a portal barr'd
Where held the Lion King his guard;
But touch'd by that bud the lion grew tame,
And the chain'd portals asunder came,
It was darkness all in that magic room,
But a sweet light stream'd from the lily's bloom.
And MIRZALA look'd on her lover's face,
And he woke at the touch of her soft embrace.
Joy, joy for the maiden, her task is done,—
The spell is broken, her love is won.

THE next who rose had that martial air,
Such as stately warrior wont to wear;
Haughty his step, and sun and toil
Had left on his cheek their darker soil,
And on his brow of pride was the scar,
The soldier's sign of glorious war;
And the notes came forth like the bearing bold
Of the knightly deeds which their numbers told.

THE FALCON:

THE LAY OF THE NORMAN KNIGHT.

I HEAR a sound o'er hill and plain,
It doth not pass away.
Is it the valleys that ring forth
Their welcome to the day?
Or is it that the lofty woods,
Touch'd by the morn, rejoice?
No, 'tis another sound than these,—
It is the battle's voice.
I see the martial ranks, I see
Their banners floating there,
And plume and spear rise meteor like
Upon the reddening air.
One mark'd I most of all,—he was
Mine own familiar friend;
A blessing after him was all
My distant lip could send.
Curse on the feeble arm that hung
Then useless by my side!
I lay before my tent and watch'd
Onwards the warriors ride.

DE VALENCE he was first of all,
 Upon his foam-white steed ;
 Never knight curb'd more gallantly
 A fiery courser's speed.
 His silver armour shone like light,
 In the young morning's ray ;
 And around his helm the snowy plume-
 Danced like the ocean spray.
 Sudden a bird burst through the air,—
 I knew his falcon's flight ;
 He perch'd beside his master's hand,—
 Loud shouts rose at the sight.
 For many there deem'd the brave bird
 Augur'd a glorious day ;
 To my dark thoughts, his fond caress
 Seem'd a farewell to say.
 One moment and he spread his wings,
 The bird was seen no more ;
 Like the sea waves, the armed ranks
 Swept onwards as before.
 The height whereon I lay look'd down
 On a thick wooded land,
 And soon amid the forest shade
 I lost the noble band.
 The snow-white steed, the silver shield,
 Amid the foliage shone ;
 But thicker closed the heavy boughs,
 And even these were gone.
 Yet still I heard the ringing steps
 Of soldiers clad in mail,
 And heard the stirring trumpet send
 Defiance on the gale.
 Then rose those deadlier sounds that tell
 When foes meet hand to hand,—
 The shout, the yell, the iron clang
 Of meeting spear and brand.
 I have stood when my own lifeblood
 Pour'd down like winter rain ;
 But rather would I shed its last
 Than live that day again.
 Squire, page, and leech my feverish haste
 To seek me tidings sent ;
 And day was closing as I paced
 Alone beside my tent ;
 When suddenly upon my hand
 A bird sank down to rest,—
 The falcon,—but its head was droop'd,
 And soil'd and stain'd its breast.
 A light glanced through the trees : I knew
 His courser's snowy hide,—
 But that was dash'd with blood ; one bound,
 And at my feet it died.
 I rush'd towards my sword,—alas,
 My arm hung in its sling ;
 But, as to lead my venture,
 The falcon spread its wing.
 I met its large beseeching eye
 Turn'd to mine, as in prayer ;

(90)

I follow'd, such was its strange power,
 Its circuit through the air.
 It led me on,—before my path
 The tangled branches yield ;
 It led me on till we had gain'd
 The morning's battle-field.
 The fallen confused, and numberless !
 " O grief ! it is in vain,
 My own beloved friend, to seek
 For thee amid the slain."
 Yet paused the falcon, where heap'd dead
 Spoke thickest of the fray ;
 There, compass'd by a hostile ring,
 Its noble master lay.
 None of his band were near, around
 Were only foes o'erthrown ;
 It seem'd as desperate he rush'd,
 And fought, and fell alone.
 The helm, with its white plumes, was off—
 The silver shield blood-stain'd ;
 But yet within the red right hand
 The broken sword remain'd.
 That night I watch'd beside, and kept
 The hungry wolves away,
 And twice the falcon's beak was dipp'd
 In blood of birds of prey.
 The morning rose, another step
 With mine was on the plain ;
 A hermit, who with pious aid
 Sought where life might remain.
 We made **DE VALENCE** there a grave,
 The spot which now he prest ;
 For shroud, he had his blood-stain'd mail—
 Such suits the soldier best.
 A chestnut tree grew on the spot ;
 It was as if he sought,
 From the press of surrounding foes,
 Its shelter while he fought.
 The grave was dug, a cross was raised,
 The prayers were duly said,
 While perch'd upon a low-hung bough
 The bird moan'd overhead.
 We laid the last sod on the grave,—
 The falcon dropp'd like lead ;
 I placed it in my breast in vain,
 Its gallant life was fled.
 We bade the faithful creature share
 Its master's place of rest ;
 I took two feathers from its wing,
 They are my only crest.
 Spring leaves were green upon the trees
 What time **DE VALENCE** fell ;
 Let autumn's yellow forests say
 If I avenged him well.
 And then I laid aside my sword,
 And took my lute to thee,
 And vow'd for my sworn brother's sake
 I would a wanderer be.

Till for a year I had proclaim'd
 In distant lands his fame,
 And taught to many a foreign court
 DE VALENCE's brave name.
 Never was heart more kind and true,
 Never was hand more bold;
 Never was there more royal knight—
 Gentles, my tale is told.

STRANGE contrast to each gorgeous vest,
 His rough plaid crost upon his breast,
 And looking worn, and wild, and rude,
 As just from mountain solitude;
 Though weary brow and drooping eye
 Told wanderer 'neath a distant sky.
 Heedless of all, with absent look,
 The key of his clairsbach he took;
 But the first breath, O! it was sweet,
 As river gliding at your feet,
 And leaving, as it murmurs by,
 Your pleasant dream, half thought, half sigh.

THE DREAM:

THE LAY OF THE SCOTTISH MINSTREL.

THERE are no sounds in the wanderer's ear,
 I breathe of the home that he holds so dear;
 Your gales pass by on the breath of the rose,
 The vines on your sunny hills repose;
 And your river is clear as its silver tide
 Had no task save to mirror the flowers beside.
 Thou art fair, Provence, but not fair to me
 As the land which my spirit is pining to see,
 Where the pine rises darkly, the lord of the
 wood,
 Or stands lone in the pass, where the warrior has
 stood;
 Where the torrent is rushing like youth in its
 might,
 And the cavern is black as the slumber of night;
 Where the deer o'er the hills bound, as fleet and
 as free
 As the shaft from the bow, as the wave of the sea;
 Where the heather is sweet as the sleep that is
 found
 By the hunter who makes it his bed on the
 ground;
 Where the might of the chieftain goes down to
 his son,
 In numbers as wild as the deeds that are done;
 Where the harp has notes caught from the storm
 and the flood,
 When foemen are gathering together in blood;

Yet has others that whisper the maiden, of love,
 In tones that re-echo the linet and dove;
 Where the mountain ash guards us from elfin and
 fay;
 Where the broom, spendthrift-like, flings its gold
 wreath away;
 And the harebell shines blue in the depth of the
 vale,
 O! dear country of mine, of thee be my tale.

The lady awoke from the slumber of night,
 But the vision had melted away from her sight.
 She turn'd to her pillow for rest, but again
 The same vision of fear became only more plain.

She dream'd she stood on a fair hill side,
 And their lands lay beneath in summer pride,
 The sky was clear, and the earth was green,
 Her heart grew light as she gazed on the scene.
 Two fair oak trees most caught her eye,
 The one look'd proudly up to the sky,
 The other bent meekly, as if to share
 The shelter its proud boughs flung on the air,
 There came no cloud on the face of day,
 Yet even as she look'd they pass'd away,
 Unmark'd as though they had never been,
 Save a young green shoot that had sprung be-
 tween.

And while she gazed on it, she could see
 That sappling spring up to a noble tree.
 Again she woke, and again she slept,
 But the same dream still on her eyelids kept.
 The morning came at last, but its light
 Seem'd not to her as her mornings bright.
 A sadness hung on her lip and brow,
 She could not shake off, she shamed to avow.

While the hounds that chase the stag and roe
 Were gathering in the court below,
 She walk'd with her lord, and mark'd that on him
 A somewhat of secret shadow lay dim;
 And sought she the cause with that sweet art,
 Which is the science of woman's fond heart,
 That may not bear the loved one to brood
 O'er aught of sorrow in solitude;
 And with gentle arm in his entwined,
 And witching cheek on his reclined,
 The source of his gloom is to her made known,
 'Tis a dream,—she starts, for she hears her own.
 But his cares, at least, to the summons yield
 Of the baying hound and the cheerful field;
 At the horn's glad peal, he downwards flung
 From the terraced wall, and the stirrup sprung.
 And the lady forgot her bodings too,
 As his steed dash'd aside the morning dew,
 So graceful he sate, while his flashing eye
 Seem'd proud of his gallant mastery.
 But the swell of the horn died away on the air,
 And the hunter and hounds were no longer there;

Then MATILDA turn'd to her loneliness,
With a cloud on her spirit which she might not
repress.

She took up her pencil, unconscious she drew
A heavy branch of the funeral yew;
She reach'd her lute and its song awoke,
But the string, as she touch'd it, wail'd and broke;
Then turn'd she the poet's gifted leaf,
But the tale was death, and the words were grief;
And still, with a power she might not quell,
The dream of the night o'er her hung like a spell.
Day pass'd, but her lord was still away;
Word came he was press'd to a festal array;—
'Twas a moment's thought,—around her was
thrown

The muffling plaid, and she hasten'd alone
To the glen, where dwelt the awful inaid
To whom the spirits of air had said
Unearthly words, and given a power
On the wind, and the stars, and the midnight
hour.

She reach'd that glen; not till then she took
One moment's breath, or one moment's look.
When paused she in awe—'twas so lone, so still;
Silence was laid on the leaf and the rill,—
It was stillness as that of the tomb around,
The beat of her heart was the only sound.
On one side bleak rocks the barrier made,
As the first great curse were upon them laid;
Drear and desolate, stern and bare,
Tempests and time had been ravaging there.
And there gather'd darkly the lowering sky,
As if fearing its own obscurity;
And spectre like, around the vale,
Pale larches flung their long arms on the gale,
Till the sward of the glen sloped abruptly away,
And a gloomy lake under the precipice lay.
Never was life or sound in its wave,—
An abyss like that of the depths of the grave.
On yet she went; till, sudden as thought,
By her stood the seer whom she wildly sought.
She had heard no step, seen no shadow glide,
Yet there the prophetess was by her side.
As the skilful in music tone their chords,
The lady had arm'd her with soothing words;
But she looked on the face that fronted her there,
And her words and their substance melted in air.
Pale as the corpse on its death-bed reclining;
And hands through whose shadow the starbeam
was shining,
As they waved from her forehead the raven cloud
Of hair that fell to her feet like a shroud;
And awful eyes,—never had earth
To their fearful wanderings given birth,
Their light and their haunting darkness came
From gazing on those it is sin to name.
She spoke, it was low, but it sank on the soul
With deadlier force than the thunder's roll;

Yet her voice was sweet, as to it were left
The all of human feeling not rest:
"I heard the words come on the midnight wind,
They pass'd, but their message is left behind;
I watch'd the course of a falling star,
And I heard the bode of its cry from afar;
I talk'd with the spirit of yonder lake;
I sorrow'd, and, lady, 'twas for thy sake.
Part from thy face the sunny hair,
So young, and yet death is written there.
No one is standing beside thee now,
Yet mine eyes can see a noble brow,
I can see the flash of a clear dark eye,
And a stately hunter is passing by.
You will go to the tomb, but not alone,
For the doom of that hunter is as your own.
Hasten thee home, and kiss the cheek
Of thy young fair child, nor fear to break
The boy's sweet slumber of peace; for not
With his father's or thine is that orphan's lot.
As the sappling sprang up to a stately tree,
He will flourish; but thou, not fond mother, for
thee.
Now away, for those who would blast thy sight
Are gathering fast on the clouds of night;
Away, while yet those small clear stars shine,
They'll grow pale at the meeting of me and mine."

Alas, for the weird of the wizard maid!
Alas, for the truth of the words which she said!
Ah, true for aye will those bodings be
That tell of mortal misery!
I've seen my noble chieftain laid low,
And my harp o'er his grave wail'd its song of wo
And again it wail'd for the gentle bride
Who with hastening love soon slept by his side.
He pass'd away in the early spring,
And she in the summer, whose sun could bring
Warmth and life, in its genial hour,
To all save the drooping human flower.
I left the land, I could not stay
Where the gallant, the lovely, had pass'd away.
Yet now my spirit is pining to greet
My youthful chief in his parent's seat.
I saw him once in a foreign land,
With plume on head, and with spear in hand;
And many a lady's eye was bent
On the stranger knight in the tournament;
He had his father's stately brow,
And the falcon eye that flash'd below;
But when he knelt as the victor down,
(Fair was the maiden who gave the crown,)
A few low words the young warrior said,
And his lip had his mother's smile and red,
He is dwelling now in his native glen,
And there my harp must waken again;
My last song shall be for him young, him brave,
Then away to die at my master's grave! —;

Led by a child whose sunny air,
 And rosy cheek young Health might wear,
 When rising from the mountain wave,
 Fresh as the stream its freshness gave;
 But gentle eyes, with softness fraught,
 As if their tenderness they caught
 From gazing on the pallid brow
 Whose only light was from them now.
 Beautiful it was to see
 Such love in early infancy.
 Far from the aged steps she led,
 Long since the guiding light had fled;
 And meek and sad the old man grew,
 As nearer life's dark goal he drew:
 All solace of such weary hour
 Was that child's love, and his own power
 O'er music's spirit, and the store
 He treasured up of legend lore.
 She led him gently to his seat,
 And took her place beside his feet,
 Up gazing with fond fixed eye,
 Lest sigh should pass unnoticed by.
 A clear rich prelude forth he rang,
 Brighten'd his look as thus he sang;
 The colour lit his forehead pale,
 As the master told his ancient tale.

THE CHILD OF THE SEA:

THE LAY OF THE SECOND PROVENÇAL BARD.

It was a summer evening; and the sea
 Seem'd to rejoice in its tranquillity;
 Rolling its gentle waters to the west,
 Till the rich crimson blush'd upon their breast,
 Uniting lovingly the wave and sky,
 Like Hope content in its delight to die.
 A young queen with her maidens sat and sung
 While ocean thousands of sweet echoes flung,
 Delighted them to hear their voices blent
 With music from the murmuring element.
 Then cast they on the winds their radiant hair,
 Then gather'd of the pink shells those most rare,
 To gem their flying curls, that each might seem
 A Nereid risen from the briny stream.
 When sudden cried the queen, "Come, gaze with
 me
 At what may yonder in the distance be."
 All gather'd round. A little speck was seen,
 Like a mere shadow, on the billows green.
 Nearer and nearer, more distinct it grew,
 Till came a fragile vessel full in view;
 As if at random flung to a chance gale,
 Uncheck'd, unguided, flapp'd a silken sail;
 And saw they all alone a lady there,
 Her neck and arms to the rude sea-wind bare,
 And her head bow'd as in its last despair.

It came no nearer, on the sea it lay;
 The wind, exhausted, had died quite away.
 They had a fairy boat, in which 'twas sport
 Amid the inland channels to resort;
 Their fair hands raised the sail, and plied the oar,
 And brought the lonely wanderer to their shore;
 Then mark'd they how her scarlet mantle's fold
 Was round a young, a lovely infant roll'd.
 They brought the wearied stranger to their tent,
 Flung o'er her face cool water, gifted scent,
 And touch'd her lips with wine, though all too plain
 That death was darkening in each frozen vein:
 Eager she gazed where the queen stood beside,
 Her hands stretch'd to her own fair boy, and died.

And thus the babe was left without a name,
 Child of the Sea, without a kindred claim:
 He never felt the want; that gentle queen
 Nurtured his infancy, as though he had been
 The brother of her own sweet ISABELLE;
 But as he grew she thought it need to tell
 His history, and gave the cloak whose fold
 Was heavy with rich work and broider'd gold;
 And also gave his mother's carkanet,
 With precious stones in regal order set.
 In truth he was well worthy of her care;
 None of the court might match his princely air,—
 And those who boasted of their bearing high
 Quail'd at the flashing of his falcon eye.
 Young as he was, none better ruled the speed
 Or curb'd the mettle of the wayward steed,
 None better knew the hunter's gentle craft,
 None could wing from the bow a truer shaft;
 And noble was his courtesy and bland,
 Graceful his bearing in the saraband;
 He knew the learned scroll the clerk displays,
 And touch'd the lute to the fine poet's lays;
 And many bright eyes would their glances fling
 On the young victor in the tilters' ring.

Young as he was, the seal was on his heart,
 That burning impress which may not depart
 Where it has once been set, Love's fiery seal:
 But little need I dwell on what all feel;
 Gay, grave, cold, proud, stern, high, say is there
 one
 Whom at some time Love has not breathed upon?
 And EGLAMOUR turn'd to fair ISABELLE,
 As to his destiny's best oracle:
 'Twas at midnight, beneath her bower, he sung
 Those gentle words, with which love gifts the
 tongue.

THE SONG.

O! give me but my gallant steed,
 My spurs and sword to serve at need,
 The shield that has my father's crest,
 Thy colours, lady, on my breast,

And I will forth to wild warfare,
 And win thee, or will perish there.
 I am unknown, of a lost line,
 And thou, love, art the flower of thine.
 I know thou art above me far,
 Yet still thou art hope's leading star ;
 For love is like the breathing wind
 That every where may entrance find.
 I saw thee, sure the fairest one
 The morning light e'er look'd upon ;
 No wonder that my heart was moved,
 'Twere marvel if I had not loved.
 Long, long held by a spell too dear,
 Thy smile has kept thy loiterer here.
 Almost it seem'd enough for me
 Of Heaven to only gaze on thee.
 But love lights high and gallant thought,
 A rich prize must be dearly bought.
 Unworthy votary at thy shrine,
 I scorn my falchion's idle shine ;
 To-morrow I will wend away
 To dim it in the battle fray.
 Lady, farewell ! I pray thee give
 One look whereon may absence live,
 One word upon my ear to dwell,
 And, then, sweet lady mine, farewell.

Then softly open was a casement flung,
 And a fair face from out the lattice hung ;
 The trace of heavy tears was on her cheek,
 But dash'd aside, as though the heart were
 weak

In tenderness, yet it sought strength to show
 An outward firmness, whate'er lurk'd below.
 'Twas but a moment's struggle ; and the pride
 That nerves the softness of a hero's bride
 Was on her lofty forehead, as she gave
 A sunny curl beside his plume to wave.
 "I have another gift which you must take,
 And guard it, EGLAMOUR, well for my sake :
 It is a charmed ring, this emerald stone
 Will be a sign, when thou art from me gone.
 Mark if it changes ; if a spot be seen
 On the now spotless ground of lighted green,
 Danger is around me ; haste thou then to me,
 Thou know'st how fearless is my trust in thee.
 There is a weight to-night upon my heart ;
 Ah ! peace for me can be but where thou art."
 She spoke no more, she felt her bosom swell,
 How could her lip find utterance for farewell ?
 He took the curl, one kiss is on it press'd,
 Then gave it to its sanctuary, his breast ;
 And doff'd his plumed helm, "Dear lady, now
 Take the last offering of thy lover's vow ;
 And for thy beauty's honour, I will go
 Bareheaded to the battle, weal or wo.
 Never shall crested casque my temples grace
 Until again I look on thy sweet face."

A shriek burst from her—it was lost in air ;
 She call'd upon his name,—he was not there.
 But leave we her, her solitude to keep,
 To pray the Virgin's pity, wail and weep
 O'er all the tender thoughts that have such power
 Upon the constant heart in absent hour ;
 And go we forth with our young knight to see
 What high adventure for his arms may be.
 Onward he rode upon a barbed steed,
 Milk-white as in the maiden's bridal weed,
 Champing his silver bit. From throat to heel
 Himself was clad in Milan's shining steel ;
 The surcoat that he wore was work'd with gold ;
 And from his shoulder fell the scarlet fold
 Of a rich mantle lined with miniver,
 His mother's once, all that he held from her,
 Save the bright chain, with pearl and ruby strung,
 Which rainbow like outside his hauberk hung ;
 His ashen lance lay ready in its rest ;
 His shield was poised beside him, and its crest
 Was a young eaglet trying its first flight,
 The motto, "I must seek to win my right ;"
 Two greyhounds ran beside ; and mortal sight
 Had never look'd upon more gallant knight.
 Bareheaded so his features met the view
 Touch'd by the tender morning's early hue :
 And eyes like the wild merlin's when she springs
 After long prison on her eager wings,
 Fierce in their beauty, with that flashing glance
 Which dazzles as it were a flying lance,
 Giving the sternness of a warrior's air
 To what had else seem'd face almost too fair :
 And, as in mockery of the helm, behind,
 Like plumes, his bright curls danced upon the
 wind ;
 Curls of that tint o'er which a sunbeam flings
 A thousand colours on their auburn rings.

Two days he journey'd, till he reach'd a wood,
 A very dwelling-place of solitude ;
 Where the leaves grew by myriads, and the boughs
 Were fill'd with linnets, singing their sweet vows
 And dreaming, lover like with open eye,
 And envied the gay birds that they might fly
 As with a thought from green tree to green tree,
 And wing their way with their dear loves to be.
 Even as he mused on this, he heard a cry,
 A bitter shriek for mercy pleading high.
 He rush'd and saw two combatants with one
 Whose strength seem'd in th' unequal battle done ;
 And praying, weeping, knelt a maiden near,
 Whose piercing voice it was had reach'd his ear.
 His lance flies, and one felon bites the ground ;
 The other turns, and turns for a death wound.
 Their champion moved the rescued twain to greet,
 Just one embrace, and they are at his feet.
 And gazed Sir EGLAMOUR on their strange dress,
 But more on the fair dame's great loveliness ;

For, saving one, to him still beauty's queen,
 A face so radiant had he never seen.
 Together, for the sun was high in June,
 They sought a shelter from the sultry noon.
 There was shade all around, but had one place
 Somewhat more softness in its gentler grace ;
 There of fair moss a pleasant couch was made,
 And a small fountain o'er the wild 'flowers play'd,
 A natural lute, plaining amid the grove,
 Less like the voice of sorrow than of love.
 They told their history : the maiden came
 From a far heathen land, of foreign name ;
 The Soldan's daughter, but she fled her state
 To share a Christian lover's humble fate :
 That lover was from Italy, his hand
 Had o'er a cunning art a strange command ;
 For he had curious colours, that could give
 The human face, so like, it seem'd to live.
 He had cross'd over land and over sea
 To gaze on the fair Saracen ; and she,
 When seen, was like the visions that were brought
 In unreal beauty on his sleeping thought.
 And love is like the lightning in its might,
 Winging where least bethought its fiery flight,
 Melting the blade, despite the scabbard's guard.
 Love, passionate Love, hast thou not thy reward,
 Despite of all the soil and stain that clings
 When earth thou touchest with thy heavenly
 wings,
 In rich return'd affection, which doth make
 Light of all suffering, for its own dear sake ?
 Together they had fled by sea and land,
 And the youth led her to Italia's strand,
 Where he had a lone home in Arno's vale,
 A fit nest for his lovely nightingale,
 Till stopp'd by those fierce outlaws who had
 paid
 Their life's base forfeit to the victor's blade.

Mused EGLAMOUR, in silence, on the art
 Which even to absence pleasure could impart ;
 Ever before the eyes the one loved face,
 Aiding the memory with its present grace.
 Beautiful art, in pity surely sent
 To soothe the banish'd lover's discontent !
 They pray'd they too his history and name,
 Wherefore and whence their gallant champion
 came ?

And told he of his vow, and of the maid
 For whose sake each high venture was essay'd.
 With earnest tone the painter said his way
 Beside the palace of the princess lay ;
 And pray'd of his deliverer that he might
 Bear off his likeness to his lady's sight.
 And soon saw EGLAMOUR, with glad surprise,
 The colours darken, and the features rise.
 He gazed within the fountain, and the view
 Was not more than the tablet's likeness true.

At length they parted, as those part, in pain,
 Who rather wish than hope to meet again.

'Twas night, but night which the imperial moon,
 Regal in her full beauty, turn'd to noon,
 But still the noon of midnight ; though the ray
 Was clear and bright, it was not that of day ;
 When EGLAMOUR came to a gate ; 'twas roll'd
 On its vast hinges back ; his eyes behold
 " He who counts his life but light,
 Let him hunt my deer to-night."

Needed no more, honour might be to win,
 Eager our gallant spurr'd his courser in.
 A noble park it was : the sweep of green
 Seem'd like a sea touch'd with the silver sheen
 Of moonlight, with the floating isles of shade
 Lithe coppices of shrubs sweet-scented made ;
 'Twas dotted with small pools, upon whose breast
 The radiance seem'd to have a favourite rest,
 So bright each crystal surface shone ; and, round,
 Lines of tall stately trees flung on the ground
 Huge mass of shade, while others stood alone,
 As if too mighty for companions grown.
 And yielded EGLAMOUR to the delight
 Which ever must be born of such a night.
 When, starting from his dream, he saw stand
 near,

Bright as the lake they drank from, the white deer.
 Instant the leash was from his greyhounds flung,
 They would not to the chase, but backwards hung
 To cheer them on he wound his bugle-horn ;
 And, ere the sound was in the distance borne
 Away to silence, rang another strain,
 And furious spurr'd a steed across the plain,
 Huge like its giant rider. As he pass'd,
 His shadow fell, as if a storm had cast
 A sudden night around ; grasp'd his right hand
 A spear, to which our youth's was but a wand ;
 Black as his shadow on the darken'd field
 Was horse and armour ; and his gloomy shield
 Was as a cloud passing before the stars.
 EGLAMOUR set his lance ; scarcely it jar
 The mail'd rings of the hauberk : down he bent
 In time to shun the one his foeman sent ;
 Wasting its strength it reach'd the lake beside,
 And like a fallen tree dash'd in the tide.
 Their swords are out like lightning ; one whose
 stroke

Is as the bolt that fells the forest oak,
 The other with light arm and ready wound.
 At length the black knight's steed rolls on the
 ground ;

He rises like a tower. One desperate blow,
 And the blood wells from EGLAMOUR's fair brow.
 His shield is dash'd in pieces : but just then,
 Ere the recover'd blow was aim'd again,
 He stakes his life upon a sudden thrust,
 And his fierce foe is levell'd in the dust.

Gazed he in wonder on each giant limb,
 Yet scarce he deem'd victory was won by him.
 He went on bended knee: "Now, virgin queen,
 Who hast my succour in this danger been,
 Mother of God, these fair white deer shall be
 Offer'd to-morrow at thy sanctuary."
 He sat down by a fountain near, and tame
 These gentle hinds now at his beckon came;
 He lean'd on the soft grassy bed and slept,
 And when he waked found they their watch had kept.

Then sprang he on his steed. The sun was high,
 Morning's last blush was fading from the sky
 O'er a fair city; there with pious will
 He turn'd, his vow'd thanksgiving to fulfil.
 He enter'd victor; and around him drew
 The multitude, who could not sate their view
 Gazing upon him who the black knight slew,
 And yet so young, so fair. Though somewhat
 now

His cheek had lost its custom'd summer glow,
 With paleness from his wound, yet was not one
 Could say his peer they e'er had look'd upon.
 He found a stately church, and, bending there,
 His spoil devoted,—pray'd his lover prayer;
 When, rising from his knee, he saw a train
 With cross and chaunt enter the holy fane,
 Led by a man, though aged, of stately air,
 With purple robe, though head and feet were bare.
 He ask'd the cause, and he was told, the king
 Thus sought some mercy on his suffering;
 For that he had, in causeless jealousy,
 Exposed his wife and child to the rude sea.
 'Hope thrill'd the bosom of our ocean knight,
 Anxious he staid and watch'd the sacred rite;
 He saw the old man kneel before the shrine
 Where was the image of the Maid Divine.
 He pray'd to her that Heaven, now reconciled,
 Would pardon his great fault, and give his child
 Back to his arms. With that the stranger set
 Full in his view the cloak and carcanet.
 One moment gazed the king upon his face;
 The next, and they are lock'd in fast embrace,
 While from their mutual eyes the warm tears run.—
 The Virgin Mother hath restored her son.
 Hasty thanksgivings, anxious words were said;
 Joy for the living, sorrow for the dead,
 Mingled together. O! for those sweet ties
 By which blood links affection's sympathies;
 Out on the heartless creed which nulls the claim
 Upon the heart of kindred, birth, and name.
 Together seek they now the regal hall
 So long unknown to anght of festival;
 Once fill'd with mourning, as now fill'd with joy,
 While thousands gather round the princely boy.

Open'd the king his treasury, and gave
 His bounty forth free as the boundless wave;

Feasting was spread, the dance, the masque, the
 song,

Whatever might to revelry belong:
 Seem'd the young prince as if he had a charm,
 Love to take prisoner, envy to disarm.
 Yet e'en while floating thus on fortune's tide,
 While each delight the past delight outvied,
 Never omitted he at twilight hour,
 When sleep and dew fall on the painted flower,
 There for the night like bosom friends to dwell,
 To kiss the ring of his sweet ISABELLE.
 He told his father, whose consent had seal'd
 The gentle secret, half in fear reveal'd.
 True love is timid, as it knew its worth,
 And that such happiness is scarce for earth.
 Waited he only for the princely band
 With which he was to seek his foster-land,
 When gazing on the treasured ring one night
 He saw clouds gather on the emerald's light.
 Like lightning he has flung him on the steed
 His hasty spur then urged to fiery speed.
 But leave we him to press his anxious way,
 His band to follow with what haste they may;
 And turn to the lorn princess who had kept,
 With all a woman's truth, the faith she wept
 Rather than spoke at parting. It was One
 Whose love another faith had bade her shun,—
 Ah! shame and sign of this our mortal state,
 That ever gentle love can turn to hate,—
 Had caused her all this misery: He brought
 A charge that she with arts unholy wrought;
 For he had seen his rivals picture press'd
 To its soft home and altar on her breast
 And hitherto unknown in that far land,
 Was the sweet cunning of the limner's hand.

It was a fearful charge, all hope was vain,
 And she must die the fire's red death of pain,
 Unless that she could find some gentle knight
 Who would do battle for a maiden's right,
 And win; but her accuser never yet
 In field or tourney had an equal met.

The fatal day is come, the pile is raised,
 As eager for its victim fierce it blazed.
 They led her forth; her brow and neck were
 bare,
 Save for the silken veil of unbound hair;
 So beautiful; few were there who could brook
 To cast on her sweet face a second look.
 There stood she, even as a statue stands,
 With head droop'd downward, and with clasped
 hands;
 Such small white hands that match'd her ivory
 feet,
 How may they bear that scorching fire to meet!
 On her pale cheek there lay a tear, but one
 Cold as the icicle on carved stone.

Despair weeps not. Her lip moved as in prayer
Unconsciously; as if prayers had been there,
And they moved now from custom. Triumphant,
SIR AMICE rode around the weeping ring:
Once, twice, the trumpet challenges: all fear
To meet th' accuser's never erring spear.
Her lip grows ghastly pale, closes her eye,
It cannot meet its last of agony.

But, hark! there comes a distant rushing sound,
The crowd gives way before a courser's bound.
She turns her face; her scarce raised eyes behold
The unhelm'd head shine with its curls of gold.
SIR AMICE knew his rival. What! so slight,
So young, would he dare cope with him in fight?
Their blades flash out, but only one is red;
Rolls on the ground the traitor's felon head,
The dust around with his lifeblood is dyed.
And EOLANDER darts to his maiden's side.
Her lip is red, her eyes with tears are dim,
But she is safe, and she is saved by him.

My tale is told. May minstrel words express
The light at noon, or young love's happiness?
Enow, I trow, of that sweet dream can tell
Without my aiding. Gentles, fare ye well.

WILD and pale was the strange brow
Of the bard advancing now;
Eyeballs with such wandering light
Like the meteors of the night,
As if they that fearful look
From their own dark mountains took,
Where the evil ones are found—
Gloomy haunt, and cursed ground;
Sank his voice to mutter'd breath,
The tale of sorrow, sin, and death.

THE RING:

THE GERMAN MEININGSINGER'S TALE.

BOTH were young, and both were fair:
She with her shower of golden hair
Falling like flowers, and her bright blue eye
Like the sparkling wave the oar dashes by;
And he with lip and brow as fine
As the statues his country has made divine.

And the pair at the holy altar are kneeling,
While the priest that bond of love is sealing,
When pleasures and sorrows are blent in one,
And Heaven blesses what earth has done.
They love, they are loved, that youth and maid,
Yet over them hangs a nameless shade;

They are contrasts each: the broider'd gold
And red gems shine on his mantle's fold;
While the young bride's simple russet dress,
Though well it suits with her loveliness,
Is not a bridal robe fit for the bride
Of one so begirt with pomp and pride:
And on his brow and on his cheek
Are signs that of wildest passions speak,
Of one whose fiery will is his law;
And his beauty, it strikes on the heart with awe.
And the maiden, hers is no smile to brook
In meekness the storm of an angry look
For her forehead is proud, and her eyes deep
blue
Hath at times a spirit flashing through,
That speaks of feeling too fierce to dwell
In, woman, thy heart's sweet citadel.

He placed on the golden nuptial band;
But the ring hath cut the maiden's hand,
And the blood dripp'd red on the altar stone,—
Never that stain from the floor hath gone.
Away he flung, with a curse, that ring,
And replaced it with one more glittering;
And AGATHA smiled, as pleased to bear
Gems that a queen might be joyed to wear
The priest urged that ring had been bless'd in
vain,—
And the count and the maiden left the fane.

Change and time take together their flight,
AGATHA wanders alone by night.
Has change so soon over passion pass'd,
So soon has the veil from love been cast?
The day at the chase, and the night at the wine,
VIVALDI has left his young bride to pine,
To pine if she would: but not hers the eye
To droop in its weeping, the lip but to sigh;
There is rage in that eye, on that lip there is
pride,
As it scorn'd the sorrow its scorn could not hide.

O! frail are the many links that are
In the chain of affection's tender care,
And light at first: but, alas! few know
How much watching is ask'd to keep them so.
The will that yields, and the winning smile
That soothes till anger forgets the while;
Words whose music never yet caught
The discord of an angry thought
And all those nameless cares that prove
Their heaviest labour work of love.
Ay, these are spells to keep the heart,
When passion's thousand dreams depart:
But none of this sweet witchcraft came
To fan the young count's waning flame.
Passionate as his own wild skies,
Rank and wealth seem'd light sacrifice

To his German maiden's lowly state;
 'Choose' he as chooses the wood-dove his mate:
 But when his paradise was won,
 It was not what his fancy had fed upon.

Alas! when angry words begin
 Their entrance on the lip to win:
 When sullen eye and flushing cheek
 Say more than bitterest tone could speak;
 And look and word, than fire or steel,
 Give wounds more deep,—time cannot heal;
 And anger digs, with tauntings vain,
 A gulf it may not pass again.

Her lord is gone to some hunter's rite,
 Where the red wine-cup passes night;
 What now hath AGATHA at home?
 And she has left it lone to roam.

But evil thoughts are on her, now
 Sweeps the dark shadow o'er her brow.
 What doth she forth at such an hour,
 When hath the fallen fiend his power?

On through the black pine forest she pass'd:
 Drearly moan'd around her the blast;
 Hot and heavy the thick boughs grew,
 Till even with pain her breath she drew;
 Flicker'd the moonlight over her path,
 As the clouds had gather'd together in wrath,
 Like the vague hopes whose false lures give birth
 To one-half the miseries haunting our earth.
 Maiden, ah! where is thy way address'd?
 Where is the red cross that hung on thy breast,
 Safety and solace in danger and fear?
 Both are around thee,—why is it not near?
 Enter not thou yon cursed dell,
 Thy rash step has enter'd. Lost maiden, farewell.

Closed the huge and shapeless crags around,
 There was not of life a sight or sound;
 The earth was parch'd the trees were sear'd,
 And blasted every branch appear'd;
 At one end yawn'd a gloomy cave,
 Black, as its mouth were that of the grave;
 And dark, as if the waters of death
 Were in its depths, rose a well beneath.
 But the deadliest sight of that deadly place
 Was to gaze on the human wanderer's face:
 Pale it was, as if fell despair
 Had written its worst of lessons there;
 The features set like funeral stone,
 All of good or kind from their meaning gone;
 And the look of defiance to heaven cast,
 As if feeling such look must be the last.
 Down she knelt by the well, to say
 What never prayer may wash away.
 It was not a sound that pass'd along,
 Nor aught that might to our earth belong.

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And her words at once in their terror died,
 For the spirit she call'd on stood by her side;
 Not one of those fearful shapes that teem
 On the midnight fears of the maniac's dream.
 But better she could have brook'd to gaze
 On the loathliest semblance the grave displays,
 Than to meet that brow, whose beauty and power
 Had somewhat yet of their earlier hour,
 Deeper the present contrast to show;
 But pride still struggled in vain with wo,
 And in the wild light of the fiery eye
 Was written hell's immortality.

He spoke:—"Now the vow of thy faith resign,
 And in life or in death VIVALDI is thine.
 Seal with thy blood." She bared her arm,
 And the lifestream flow'd for the godless charm.
 One single drop on her ring was shed,
 And the diamond shone as the ruby red.
 "Seal'd mine own, now this be the sign
 That in life or in death VIVALDI is thine."

Farewell, Allemaigne, farewell to thy strand,
 They are bound to another, a southern land.
 As yet she is not to be own'd as his bride,
 For fear'd VIVALDI his kinsmen's pride;
 But safely their anchor at Venice is cast,
 And the queen of the ocean is reach'd at last.
 Long had AGATHA wish'd to see
 The sunny vineyards of Italy.
 Little was here of what she had dream'd:
 Funeral-like the gondolas seem'd;
 While the dark waters, parting beneath the oar,
 Were too like those she had seen before;
 And the count, with his stern and haughty brow
 Seem'd the shadow of one ever present now.

Dreary it is the path to trace,
 Step by step, of sin's wild race.
 Pass we on to a lovely night,
 Shone the sea with silver moonlight;
 Who would ever dream, but such time
 Must be sacred from human crime?
 I see two silent figures glide
 Moodily by the radiant tide;
 I see one fall,—in AGATHA's breast
 VIVALDI's dagger hath found a nest;
 I hear a heavy plunge, the flood,
 O! 'tis crimson'd with human blood;
 I see a meteor shining fair,
 It is the sweep of golden hair;
 Float the waters from the shore,
 The waves roll on, I see no more.

Long years have pass'd,—VIVALDI's name
 Is foremost in the lists of fame.
 Are there, then, spirits that may steep
 Conscience in such a charmed sleep?
 No: haggard eye and forehead pale
 Tell sadly of a different tale;

And some said, not his wealth or power
Could bribe them share his midnight hour.

'Tis morn, and shout and trumpet's call
Proclaim that it is festival;
The doge VIVALDI weds to-day
The bride that owns his city's sway;
Banner and barge float o'er that bride,
The peerless Adriatic tide.

The galleys paused,—the ring he took.
Why starts the doge with such wild look?
He bends again, his heart-streams creep;
A pale hand beckons from the deep;
All marvel that he doth not fling
To the sea-bride the marriage ring.
He heard the murmur; none then scann'd,
Save his own eye, the spectral hand!
He drops the ring, then bends again
To snatch it from that hand in vain.
He follows what he could not save,
One false step sinks him in the wave!
All rush the victim to restore,
But newer eye beheld him more.

'Twas strange, for there they found the ring,
Some said it was fit gift to bring,
And lay upon the Virgin's shrine,
Of human vanity a sign.
And there, as if by miracle,
One drop of blood beneath it fell;
And pale as twilight's earliest dew,
Lost the bright ring its ruby hue.
There still may curious eye behold
The relic. But my tale is told.

"Now welcome, fair MARGUERITE, to thee,
Fair flower of Provence minstrelsy."
Came a lovely lady in place,
Like the twilight star in her pensive grace.
White daisies were wreath'd in the dark brown
shade
Of her tresses, parted in simple braid;
Her long eyelash was the shadow of night,
And the eye beneath was the morning bright;
For its colour was that of the diamond dew
Which hath caught from the glancing light its hue;
Her cheek was pale, for its blush soon pass'd,—
Loveliest tints are not those which last;
Then again it redden'd, again was gone,
Like a rainbow and rose in unison:
Her smile was sad, as if nature meant
Those lips to live, in their own content;
But Fate pass'd o'er them her stern decree,
And taught them what suffering and sorrow might
be:

And sang she in sweet but mournful tone,
As her heart had the misery it painted known.

THE QUEEN OF CYPRUS:

THE PROVENÇAL LADY'S LAY.

A SUMMER isle, which seem'd to be
A very favourite with the sea,
With blue waves but as guardians set,
Wearing them like a coronet;
Once sacred to the smile-zoned Queen,
Whose reign upon the heart hath been,
And is so still. What need hath she
Of shrine to her divinity?
Each fair face is her visible shrine;
She hath been, she will be divine.
But, roselipp'd VENUS, thy sweet power
Was unown'd in thy myrtle bower,
Thy marble temple was no more,
Thy worship gone from thine own shore,
What time my tale begins: yet still
Hadst thou left music in the rill,
As if 't had heard thy footstep fall,
And from that time grew musical;
Scent on the flower, as if thy hair
Had lost its own rich odour there;—
All, the green earth, the sunny clime,
Were relics of thy lovely time.

Fair Cyprus, dreamlike 'twas to land
Where myrtle groves stretch'd from thy strand
And paid the freshness of the wave
With fragrance which they sighing gave
But sunshine seen, but sunshine felt,
You reach'd the palace where she dwelt;
Cyprus's maiden queen, whose reign
Seem'd ancient days restored again,
When it was only beauty's smile
Claim'd fealty of CYTHEREA's isle.
'Mid fair dames of her court, a star,
The loveliest of the group by far,
IRENE stood. Was it in pride
Her regal gems were laid aside,
As if she scorn'd them all, content
To be her own best ornament?

The terrace where they stood look'd down
On gather'd crowds of her fair town;
'Twas a gay scene: on the one side,
Gardens and groves stretch'd far and wide
In gay confusion, flower and tree
Cover'd the green earth to the sea,
One arm of which begirt the walls
Where rose IRENE's marble halls.
Upon the terrace, with a band
Of the isle's loveliest at her hand,

Was the young queen. 'Twas as again
The goddess claim'd her ancient reign,
So fair she was. At first you thought
'Twas some divinity, that brought
Her beauty from her native skies;
You met once more those soft dark eyes,
You felt that though to them were given
The colour and the light of heaven,
Yet were they mortal, their deep blue
Was soften'd by a shadowy hue
Of melancholy, such as earth
Will fling upon her fairest birth—
Woman's foreknowledge of the wo
That waits upon her path below.

Is it some festival to-day,
That hither comes the proud array,
Which gathers round the gazing crowd,
And rings the air with plaudits loud?
Sweep seven bold galleys to the land,
Spring from their decks a warrior band,
Dance their white plumes before the breeze
Like summer foam on summer seas,
Flashes the lance like meteor light,
Hauberk and helm are gleaming bright,
And spreads the banner its rich fold,
Where shines on purple, work'd in gold
A lion, which a maiden's hand
Holds by a silken rein's command.
Well mayst thou bend, fair queen, thy brow
To the brave warriors greeting now;
Well have they fought for thee and thine,
Sweet flower of thy royal line;
And well may they catch thy sweet eye,
And swear beneath its rule to die.
Yet, young IRENE, on thy side
Is not all triumph's panting pride;
For, like clouds on a troubled sky,
Red and white shades alternate fly
Over thy face; now like the stone
Colour hath never breathed upon,
Now crimson'd with a sudden flush,
As if thy heart had dyed thy blush.
The rebel prince is passing near,—
Thy bearing droops in sudden fear;
He passes, and thine eye is dim
With anxious gazing after him,
And tears are darkening its blue,
Shining on the long lash like dew.
Beautiful weakness! O, if weak,
That woman's heart should tinge her cheek!
'Tis said to change it for the strength
That heart and cheek must know at length.
Many a word of sneer and scorn
Must in their harshness have been borne,
Many a gentle feeling dead,
And all youth sweet confiding fled,
Ere learn'd that task of shame and pride,
The tear to check, the blush to hide.

'Tis midnight, and a starry shower
Weeps its bright tears o'er leaf and flower;
Sweet, silent, beautiful, the night
Sufficing for her own delight.
But other lights than sky and star
From yonder casement gleam afar
Their odorous lamps of argentine,
Shed that sweet ray, half shade half shine,
Soft as it were but beauty's smile
That lit her favourite bower the while.
Back from each open lattice flew
The curtains, like swoll'n waves of blue
Star-dropt with silver broiery rare;
And every motion seem'd to bear
A message from the grove beneath,—
Each message was a rose's breath.
A thousand flowers were round the room,
All with their gifts of scent and bloom;
And at the far end of the hall
Like music came a lulling fall
Of waters; at the midnight time
Play'd from the fount a liquid chime,
As 'twere the honeydews of sleep
'Lightning, each lid in rest to steep.
Leant on a silken couch, which caught
The airs with fragrant rose breath fraugh
Lay the young queen. As if oppress'd
With its rich weight, her purple vest
Was doff'd, as if with it were laid
Aside cares, pomp, and vain parade.
While, like a cloud in the moonlight,
Floated her graceful robe of white.
Just stirr'd enough the scented air
To lift the sunny wreaths of hair,
And bear the tresses from the ground,
Which the attendant maids unbound.
A cheerful meeting wont to be
That evening hour's tranquillity.
There with the young, the frank, the gay,
IRENE would be glad as they,
Blithe prisoner 'scaping from the state
Her nature warring with her fate.
Glad, but yet tender, gentle, meek,
Her fairy hand was all too weak
For regal sceptre; never meant
To rule more than the music sent
From a light lute, whose gentle tone
Was as an echo to her own.

But bent and sadden'd is her gaze,
Her heart is gone to other days.
When summer buds around her hair
Were all the crown she had to wear,
And they were twined by him who now
Grasp'd fierce at that upon her brow;
Her playmate and her early friend.
And thus can young affection end!
And thus can proud ambition part
The kindest ties around the heart!

And like the desert-springs that dry
The dust beneath the parching sky,
All too soon waste the sweet revealing
Of youth's fresh flow of generous feeling.

Morn came, but with it tidings came
Half-timid joy, half-crimson shame.
O! the rose is a telltale flower,
And watching looks were on the hour,
On the red blush, the drooping eye,
The queen wore as the prince pass'd by.
Policy read the thoughts within,
Ending where love could but begin.

Why might not TANCRED share her seat?
They led the rebel to her feet.
Sage counsellor and noble peer
Spared maiden blush and maiden fear.
Yielding, yet tremulous the while,
Her sole reply one downcast smile;
While order'd they the moon that night
Should rise upon the nuptial rite.
Ill might the youthful maiden brook
To fix on his her timid look.
She only felt his lip had press'd
Her white hand, and hope told the rest.
Companion of her infancy,
Less than her friend how could he be?
She did not mark the haughty glare
Which even now his look could wear;
The lip of pride as if disdain'd
The fond heart which yet his remain'd;
As scorn'd the empire of the land
That must be shared with woman's hand.

The moon upon the bridal shone,
Treachery,—Prince TANCRED—he is gone!
Confusion marr'd the fair array:
An armed band are on their way,
The rebel banner is display'd,
And thus is trusting faith repaid.
IRENE flung her marriage veil
Aside, her cheek was deadly pale.
But, save that, nothing might declare
That love or grief were struggling there.
Wondering they gazed on their young queen,
So firm her step, so proud her mien.
Promptly the city was prepared,
Summon'd to arms the royal guard
Where bade their strength and bearing show
To awe, but not attack the foe
Till further orders. Last of all
She call'd her council to the hall.
She enter'd; it was strange to see
How soon such utter change could be.
Pale as if lip and cheek had grown
Sudden to monumental stone,
So fix'd, that, but the lighted eye
Show'd it had yet to close and die,

It was like the last sleep of death,
When hue, warmth, light, have pass'd with
breath.

Hurriedly had been thrown aside.
The silver robes that deck'd the bride;
A night-black garb around her swept;
Drear contrast! for her hair yet kept
Amid its wealth of sunny curls
The bridal snowy braid of pearls.
She paused not, though her breath seem'd given
But as the last to waft to heaven,
And on the vacant throne laid down
The dove-topp'd wand of rule and crown
From many never pass'd away
That sweet voice to their dying day.

"My hand is all too weak to bear
A sceptre which the sword must share.
To my bold kinaman I resign
All sway and sovereignty of mine;
Bear him the sceptre of the land,
No longer fetter'd by that hand."
Rose the red blush, her accents fell,
Scarce might they hear her low farewell.

When as she turn'd to leave the hall,
Rose kindly murmurs of recall;
The crown was hers, and many a brand
Now waited only her command.
One word, one look, on them she cast,
"Your queen's request, her first, her last."

Silence was deep as in the grave,
To the new king his homage gave;
Arose no shout to greet his name,
To him no word of welcome came,
But pass'd he solemnly and sad
To palace halls no longer glad.
Naught was there or of shout or song,
That bear young monarch's praise along;
Many there were that bent the knee,
But many bent it silently.

They led him to a stately room,
Yet with somewhat of nameless gloom;
Flowers were there, but wither'd all;
Music, but with a dying fall;
Maidens, but each with veiled face.
TANCRED gazed round, he knew the place
'Twas here his interview had been
With her its young and radiant queen.
There was her couch; was she there yet
He started back: the brow was set
In its last mould; that marble cheek,
Fair as if death were loth to break
Its spell of beauty; the fix'd lid,
As if the daylight were forbid
To brighten the blue orbs that kept
Their azure even while they slept

All other sleeps, save this dark one,
And this the work that he had done.

And she was gone, the faithful,—fair,
In her first moment of life's care;
Gone in her bloom, as if the earth
Felt pity for its loveliest birth,
And took her like the gentle flower,
That falls before the earliest shower;
With heart too tender, and too weak,—
What had such heart to do but break?

SUDDEN and harsh the harp-strings rung,
As rough the hand now over them flung;
Loud as a warning, omenlike, drear,
Sank the deep tones on each listener's ear.
'Twas as a Palmer, that seem'd from the Holy
Land,
That now sway'd the harp with his stern right
hand;
None around could discover his name,
Nor tell whence that pilgrim minstrel came.

THE PILGRIM'S TALE.

I HAVE gone east, I have gone west,
To seek for what I cannot find;
A heart at peace with its own thoughts,
A quiet and contented mind.
I have sought high, I have sought low,
Alike my search has been in vain;
The same lip mix'd the smile and sigh,
The same hour mingled joy and pain.
At first I sought mid sceptred kings;
Power was, so peace might be with them:
They cast a look of weariness
Upon the carelined diadem.
I ask'd the soldier; and he spoke
Of a dear quiet home afar,
And whisper'd of the vanity,
The ruin, and the wrong of war.
I saw the merchant 'mid his wealth;
Peace surely would with plenty be:
But no! his thoughts were all abroad
With their frail ventures on the sea.
I heard a lute's soft music float
In summer sweetness on the air;
But the poet's brow was worn and wan,—
I saw peace was not written there.
And then I number'd o'er the ills,
That wait upon our mortal scene;
No marvel peace was not with them,
The marvel were if it had been.
First, childhood comes with all to learn,
And, even more than all, to bear

Restraint, reproof, and punishment,
And pleasures seen but not to share.
Youth, like the Scripture's madman, next,
Scattering around the burning coal;
With hasty deeds and misused gifts,
That leave their ashes on the soul.
Then manhood wearied, wasted, worn,
With hopes destroy'd and feelings dead,
And worldly caution, worldly wants,
Coldness, and carelessness instead.
Then age at last, dark, sullen, drear,
The breaking of a wornout wave!
Letting us know that life has been
But the rough passage to the grave.
Thus we go on; hopes change to fears
Like fairy gold that turns to clay,
And pleasure darkens into pain,
And time is measured by decay.
First our fresh feelings are our wealth,
They pass and leave a void behind;
Then comes ambition, with its wars,
That stir but to pollute the mind.
We loathe the present, and we dread
To think on what to come may be;
We look back on the past, and trace
A thousand wrecks, a troubled sea.
I have been over many lands,
And each and all I found the same;
Hope in its borrow'd plumes, and care
Madden'd and mark'd in pleasure's name.
I have no tale of knightly deed:
Why should I tell of guilt and death,
Of plains deep dyed in human blood,
Of fame which lies in mortal breath.
I have no tale of lady love,
Begun and ended in a sigh,
The wilful folly nursed in smiles
Though born in bitterness to die.
I have a tale from Eastern lands,
The same shall be my song to-day;
It tells the vanity of life,—
Apply its lesson as ye may.

THE EASTERN KING:

THE PILGRIM'S TALE.

He flung back the chaplet, he threw down the
wine
"Young monarch, what sorrow or care can be
thine?
There are gems in thy palace, each one like a
star
That shines in the bosom of twilight afar;
Thy goblets are mantling in purple and light,
The maidens around thee like morning are bright,

Ten kingdoms bow down at the sound of thy name,
The lands of far countries have heard of thy fame,
The wealth of the earth and the spoils of the seas,
Are thine; O, young monarch, what ail'st thou,
with these?"

"I'm weary, I'm weary. O! pleasure is pain
When its spell has been broken again and again.
I am weary of smiles that are bought and are sold,
I am weary of beauty whose fetters are gold,
I am weary of wealth—what makes it of me
But that which the basest and lowest might be!
I have drain'd the red wine-cup, and what found I
there!

A beginning of madness, no ending of care!
I am weary of each, I am weary of all,
Listless my revel, and lonely my hall.
Breathe not the song, for its sweetness is flown;
Fling not these flowers at the foot of my throne;
Veil, maidens, veil your warm cheeks of the rose,
Ye are slaves of my sceptre, I reck not of those!"

The monarch rose up with the reddening of morn,

He rose to the music of trumpet and horn;
His banner is spread to the sun and the wind,
In thousands the plain by his warriors is lined.
The foot ranks go first, their bows in their hand,
In multitudes gathering like waves on the strand;
Behind ride his horsemen, as onward they come,
Each proud steed is covering his bridle with foam.
In the midst is the king: there is pride on his brow,

As he looks on the myriads that follow him now;
His eye and his sabre are flashing alike,
Wo, wo for the warrior that dares him to strike!

Thousands and thousands are strewn on the ground,

ARMED comes back a conqueror, but what hath he found?

The cry of the orphan is loud on his ear,
And his eye hath beheld the young bride's bitter tear,

And the friend of his youth is left dead on the plain,

And the flower of his nobles return not again.
There are crowds that are filling the air with his name;

Do ye marvel the monarch is loathing his fame?

Again to the sunshine the banners are spread;
Again rings the earth with the warriors' tread;
And loud on the wings of the morning are borne
The voice of the trumpet, the blast of the horn;
And eager to gaze on the royal array,
The people in crowds gather forth on its way.

Who would deem they were gazing on death and on doom,

That yon purple and gold strew'd the way to the tomb?

The canopy glitters; O, vainest deceit!

There the king's robe of state in his cold winding-sheet.

And he at whose beck waited life, waited death,
He hath not command on a poor moment's breath.
A whole people trembled when that he but frown'd,

And his smile was the summer of nations around.
Now who is there watches for smile or for frown?
For the head of another is girt with his crown;
And he lieth a heap of powerless clay,
Where the meanest earthworm at his pleasure may prey.

They bore the monarch on to his tomb,
Black marble suiting such dwelling of gloom:
But on it was graven a lesson sublime,
A voice from the grave appealing to time;
Were not voice from the living or dead alike
On the heart in its foolish pride to strike.

"Millions bow'd down at the foot of my throne
The strength of the north and the south were my own;

I had treasures pour'd forth like the waves of the sea;

Success seem'd the slave of my sceptre to be.
And pleasures in crowds at my least bidding came
Every wish that the will in its wildness could frame:

And yet, amid all that fell to my share,
How much was weariness, how much was care!
I number'd years of pain and distress,
And but fourteen days of happiness.

Mortal, nor pleasure, nor wealth, nor power
Are more than the toys of a passing hour;
Earth's flowers bear the foul taint of earth,
Lassitude, sorrow, are theirs by their birth
One only pleasure will last, to fulfil,
With some shadow of good, the Holy One's will.
The only steadfast hope to us is given,
Is the one which looks in its trust to heaven."

THERE was silence around the stately hall,
For that song laid the spell of its darkness o'er all;

Some thought of their hopes now low in the tomb;
Others of hopes that were but in their bloom,
And trembled to think how frail, if how fair,
Earth's pleasure's in beauty and being are;
Others had thoughts they fear'd to name,
As that pilgrim could read each heart in its shame:

But word or sign gave he to none,
And away like a shadow in silence hath gone.
Rose the countess, and left her throne,
Signal it was that the meeting was done,
And spoke her summons, and graceful led
To where the sumptuous board was spread.

Evening came, and found its hours
Vow'd to music, mirth, and flowers.
Wide ten gorgeous halls were flung,
Each with purple tapestry hung;
With wreathes, whose roses where as bright
As in the first morning light;
Mirrors like the glassy plain,
Where the beauty beam'd again;
Pictures whose Italian grace
Show'd inspiration's finest trace,
To whose wing'd moods were given
Moment's visionings of heaven;
And, more than all together fair,
Beauty's living soul was there.

Follow'd by those who pleasure took
In converse light and curious look,
The countess led where leaf and flower
Made one small hall an Eastern bower.
The blush acacia seem'd to keep
Watch o'er the rose's purple sleep;
And tulips, like the wine-cups stored
Round a monarch's festal board;
And the roof above, as art
Vied with nature's loveliest part,
Was so curiously inlaid,
That there another garden play'd.
No lamps amid the foliage hung;
But silver smiles the moonbeams flung;
And radiance from each distant room
Lighted the flowers' and ladies' bloom.
A harp was there. The haunt was one,
Where many a summer noon, alone,
CLEMENTZA lent time music's wings;
And, dreaming o'er the mournful strings,
Learn'd other lessons than those taught
By pride, and wealth, and worldly thought.
Said the band round that it were shame,
Such hour should pass unhymn'd away;
And many a fair lip smiled its claim,
As echo sweet to minstrel lay.
Pray'd they the countess that her hand
Should first assume the harp's command.
She paused, then said that she would wake
One, for that nameless poet's sake;
One song snatch'd from oblivion's wave,
Like the lone lily on his grave.

SONG.

My heart is like the failing hearth
Now by my side,
One by one its bursts of flame
Have burnt and died

There are none to watch the sinking blaze,
And none to care,
Or if it kindle into strength,
Or waste in air.
My fate is as yon faded wreath
Of summer flowers;
They've spent their store of fragrant health
On sunny hours,
Which wreck'd them not, which heeded not
When they were dead;
Other flowers, unwarn'd by them
Will spring instead.
And my own heart is as the lute
I am now waking;
Wound to too fine and high a pitch
They both are breaking.
And of their song what memory
Will stay behind?
An echo, like a passing thought,
Upon the wind.
Silence, forgetfulness, and rust,
Lute, are for thee:
And such my lot; neglect, the grave,
These are for me.

"Now take the harp, EULALIA mine,
For thy sad song;" and at the sign
Came forth a maiden. She was fair
And young; yet thus can spring-time wear
The traces of far other hour
Than should be on such gentle flower.
Her eyes were downcast, as to keep
Their secret, for they shamed to weep;
Her cheek was pale, but that was lost,
So often the bright blushes cross'd;
And seem'd her mouth so sweet the while,
As if its nature were to smile;
Her very birthright hope,—but earth
Keeps not the promise of its birth.
'Twas whisper'd that young maiden's breast
Had harbour'd wild and dangerous guest,
Love had been there,—in that is said
All that of doom the heart can dread.
O! born of Beauty, in those isles
Which far 'mid Grecian seas arise,
They call'd thy mother queen of smiles,
But, Love, they only gave thee sighs.
She woke the harp: at first her touch
Seem'd as it sought some lighter strain,
But the heart breathes itself, and such
As suffer deep seek mirth in vain.

SONG.

FAREWELL, farewell, I'll dream no more
'Tis misery to be dreaming;
Farewell, farewell, and I will be
At least like thee in seeming.

I will go forth to the green vale,
 Where the sweet wild flowers are dwelling,
 Where the leaves and the birds together sing,
 And the woodland fount is welling.
 Not there, not there, too much of bloom
 Has spring flung o'er each blossom;
 The tranquil place too much contrasts
 The unrest of my bosom.
 I will go to the lighted halls,
 Where midnight passes fleetest;
 O! memory there too much recalls
 Of saddest and of sweetest.
 I'll turn me to the gifted page
 Where the bard his soul is flinging,
 Too well it echoes mine own heart,
 Breaking e'en while singing.
 Must have rest; O! heart of mine.
 When wilt thou lose thy sorrow?
 Never, till in the quiet grave;
 Would I slept there to-morrow!

ROSEBUD mouth, sunny brow,
 Wore she, who, fairylike, sprang now
 Beside the harp. Careless she hung
 Over the chords; her bright hair flung
 A sunshine round her. Light laugh'd she,
 "All too sad are your songs for me;
 Let me try if the strings will breathe
 For minstrel of the aspen wreath."
 Lightly the answering prelude fell,
 Thus sang the Lady ISABELLE.

SONG.

WHERE do purple bubbles swim,
 But upon the goblet's brim?
 Drink not deep, how'er it glow
 Sparkles never lie below.
 Beautiful the light that flows
 From the rich leaves of the rose;
 Keep it,—then ask, where hath fled
 Summer's gift of morning red?
 Earth's fair are her fleeting things;
 Heaven, too, lends her angels wings.
 What can charms to pleasure give,
 Such as being fugitive?
 Thus with love: O! never try
 Further than a blush or sigh;
 Blush gone with the clouds that share it,
 Sigh pass'd with the winds that bear it.

BUT met she then young VIDAL'S eye,
 His half-sad, half-reproachful sigh:
 His ISABELLE! and could she be
 Votaries of inconstancy?

As if repentant of her words,
 Blushing she bent her o'er the chords;
 With fainter tones the harp then rung,
 As thus, with bow'd down head, she sung.

SONG.

I HAVE belied my woman's heart,
 In my false song's deceiving words;
 How could I say love would depart,
 As pass the light songs of spring birds?
 Vain, vain love would be
 Froth upon a summer sea.

No, love was made to soothe and share
 The ills that wait our mortal birth;
 No, love was made to teach us where
 One trace of Eden haunts our earth
 Born amid the hours of spring,
 Soothing autumn's perishing.

Timid as the tale of woe,
 Tender as the wood-dove's sigh,
 Lovely as the flowers below,
 Changeless as the stars on high,
 Made all chance and change to prove,
 And this is a woman's love.

"WELL changed, fair lady," laughing said
 A girl beside, whose chestnut hair
 Was wreath'd with the wild vine leaves spread,
 As if that she some woodnymph were;
 And darker were her brow and cheek,
 And richer in their crimson break,
 Than those of the fair ring beside.
 In sooth, LOLOTTE had often tried
 The influence of the wind and sun,
 That loved the cheek they dwelt upon
 Too well, to leave it without trace
 They had known such sweet dwelling-place.
 And her bright eyes seem'd as they had won
 The radiance which the summer sun
 Brought to her valleys lone and wild,
 Where she had dwelt. And now half child,
 Half woman, in the gay recess
 Of all youth's morning happiness,
 She came to the Lady of Isaura's towers,
 As fresh and as sweet as the forest bowers
 Where the gladness had pass'd of her earliest
 hours.

"Now harken thee, Lady ISABELLE,
 See if aright I read thy spell,
 And the rule of thy charm'd sway, to keep
 Watch over Love's enchanted sleep."

SONG.

WHERE, O! where's the chain to fling,
 One that will bind Cupid's wing,
 One that will have longer power
 Than the April sun or shower?
 Form it not of Eastern gold,
 All too weighty it to hold;
 Form it neither all of bloom,
 Never does love find a tomb
 Sudden, soon, as when he meets
 Death amid unchanging sweets:
 But if you would fling a chain,
 And not fling it all in vain,
 Like a fairy form a spell
 Of all that is changeable,
 Take the purple tints that deck,
 Meteorlike, the peacock's neck;
 Take the many hues that play
 On the rainbow's colour'd way;
 Never let a hope appear
 Without its companion fear;
 Only smile to sigh, and then
 Change into a smile again;
 Be to-day as sad, as pale,
 As minstrel with his lovelorn tale;
 But to-morrow gay as all
 Life had been one festival.
 If a woman would secure
 All that makes her reign endure,
 And, alas! her reign must be
 Ever most in fantasy,
 Never let an envious eye
 Gaze upon the heart too high;
 Never let the veil be thrown
 Quite aside, as all were known
 Of delight and tenderness,
 In the spirit's last recess;
 And, one spell all spells above,
 Never let her own her love.

BUT from the harp a darker song
 Is sweeping like the winds along—
 The night gale, at that dreamy hour
 When spirit and when storm have power;—
 Yet sadly sweet: and can this be,
 AMENABLE, the wreck of thee?
 Mind, dangerous and glorious gift,
 Too much thy native heaven has left
 Its nature in thee, for thy light
 To be content with earthly home:
 It hath another, and its sight
 Will too much to that other roam,—
 And heavenly light and earthly clay
 But ill bear with alternate sway;—
 Till jarring elements create
 The evil which they sought to shun,

And deeper feel their mortal state,
 In struggling for a higher one.
 There is no rest for the proud mind;
 Conscious of its high powers confined,
 Vain dreams 'mid its best hopes arise;
 It is itself its sacrifice.
 Ah! sad it is, to see the deck
 Dismasted, of some noble wreck;
 And sad to see the marble stone
 Defaced, and with grey moss o'ergrown:
 And sad to see the broken lute
 For ever to its music mute!
 But what is lute, or fallen tower,
 Or ship sunk in its proudest hour,
 To awe and mystery combined
 In their worst shape—the ruin'd mind?
 To her was trusted that fine power
 Which rules the bard's enthusiast hour:
 The human heart gave up its keys
 To her, who ruled its sympathies
 In song whose influence was brought
 From what first in herself had wrought
 Too passionate; her least emotion
 Swept like the whirlwind o'er the ocean.
 Kind, tender, but too sensitive,
 None seem'd her equal love to bear;
 Affection's ties small joys could give,
 Tried but by what she hoped they were
 Too much on all her feelings threw
 The colouring of their own hue;
 Too much her ardent spirit dream'd
 Things would be such as she had deem'd.
 She trusted love, albeit her heart
 Was ill made for love's happiness;
 She ask'd too much, another's part
 Was cold beside her own excess.
 She sought for praise; her share of fame,
 It went beyond her wildest claim:
 But ill could her proud spirit bear
 All that befalls the laurel's share;—
 O, well they gave the laurel tree
 A minstrel's coronal to be!
 Immortal as its changeless hue,
 The deadly poison circles through,
 Its venom makes its life; ah! still
 Earth's lasting growths are those of ill;—
 And mined was the foundation stone,
 The spirit's regal shrine o'erthrown.
 Aimless and dark, the wandering mind
 Yet had a beauty left behind;
 A touch, a tone, a shade, the more
 To tell of what had pass'd before.
 She woke the harp, and backward flung
 The cloud of hair, that pall-like hung,
 O'er her pale brow and radiant eyes,
 Wild as the light of midnight skies,
 When the red meteor rides the cloud,
 Telling the storm has burst its shroud.

A passionate hue was on her cheek ;
 Untranquil colours, such as break
 With crimson light the northern sky :
 Yet on her wan lip seem'd to lie
 A faint sweet smile, as if not yet
 It could its early charm forget.
 She sang, O ! well the heart might own
 The magic of so dear a tone.

SONG.

I KNOW my heart is as a grave
 Where the cypress watch is weeping
 Over hopes and over thoughts
 In their dark silence sleeping.
 Yet not the less know I that heart
 Was a goal whence proud steeds started,
 Though now it be a ruin'd shrine
 Whose glory is departed.
 For my spirit hath left her earthly home
 And found a nobler dwelling,
 Where the music of light is that of life,
 And the starry harp are swelling.
 Yet ever at the midnight hour
 That spirit within me burneth,
 And joy comes back on his fairy wings,
 And glory to me returneth.

BUT a shade pass'd over the maiden's face ;
 Some darker image her thoughts retrace ;
 And so sadly the tones from the harp-strings swept,
 'Twas as for very pity they wept.

A FADED flower, a broken gem
 Are emblems mine :
 The flower hath lost its loveliness
 With its sunshine ;
 The ruby stone no more is set
 On lady's brow,
 Its beauty of unsullied light
 Is wanting now.
 Like me, no thought of former worth
 From doom will save ;
 They will be flung to earth and air,
 I to the grave.

THE lorn one with her song has pass'd,
 'Twas meet such song should be the last.

Now, gentle Sleep ! thy honey wing,
 And roses, with thy poppies bring.
 Sweet and soft be thy rest to-night ;
 That, at the call of Morning's light,
 May crimson cheeks and radiant eyes,
 Lovely as her own, arise.

THE SECOND DAY.

SWEET Spirit of delicious Song,
 To whom, as of true right, belong
 The myriad music notes that swell
 From the poet's breathing shell ;
 We name thy name, and the heart springs
 Up to the lip, as if with wings,
 As if thy very motion brought
 Snatches of inspired thought.

Is it war ? At once are borne
 Words like notes of martial horn.
 Is it love ? Comes some sweet tale
 Like that of the nightingale.
 Is it Nature's lovely face ?
 Rise lines touch'd with her own grace
 Is it some bright garden scene ?
 There, too, hath the minstrel been,
 Linking words of charmed power
 With the green leaf and the flower.
 Is it woman's loveliness ?
 He hath revell'd to excess,
 Caught all spells that can beguile
 In dark eye or rosy smile.
 Is it deed that hath its claim
 Upon earth's most holy fame,
 Or those kindly feelings sent
 But for hearth and home content ?
 Lofty thought, or counsel sage,
 Seek them in the poet's page ;
 Laurel, laud, and love belong
 To thee, thou Spirit sweet of Song

Not in courtly hall to-day
 Meets the lady's congress gay.
 'Tis a bright and summer sky,—
 They will bear it company ;
 Odours float upon the gale,
 Comrades suiting minstrel tale ;
 Flowers are spreading, carpet meet
 For the beauty's fairy feet.
 Shame to stay in marble hall
 Thus from nature's festival.

The garden had one fair resort,
 As if devised for minstrel court :
 An amphitheatre of trees,
 Shut from soft cheeks the ruder breeze ;
 While all around the chestnuts made,
 With closing boughs, a pleasant shade,
 Where, if a sunbeam wander'd through,
 'Twas like the silver fall of dew ;
 The middle was an open space
 Of softest grass, and those small flowers,
 Daisies, whose rose-touch'd leaves retrace
 The gold and blush of morning's hours.

To-day the Countess had for throne
 An ancient trunk with moss o'ergrown ;
 And at her feet, as if from air
 A purple cloud had fallen there,
 Grew thousand violets, whose sighs
 Breathed forth an Eastern sacrifice ;
 And, like a canopy, o'erhead
 A Provence rose luxuriant spread,
 And its white flowers, pale and meek,
 Seem'd sisters to the lady's cheek.

And ranged in a graceful order round,
 A fairy court upon fairy ground,
 Group'd the bright band ; and, like a tent,
 Leaves and bloom over all were blent,
 Flinging bright colours, but changing fast,
 As ever the varying sunbeams pass'd ;
 And in the midst grew a myrtle tree,
 There was the minstrel's place to be,
 And its buds were delicate, frail, and fair,
 As the hopes and joys of his own heart are.

Dark was the brow, and the bearing proud,
 Of the bard who first stept forth from the crowd ;
 A small cloak down from his shoulder hung,
 And a light guitar o'er his arm was slung ;
 Many a lady's casement had known
 The moonlight spell of its magic tone :
 But the fire of youth from his cheek had pass'd,
 And its hopes and its dreams had faded as fast ;
 The romance of his earlier time was over,
 The warrior had half forgotten the lover ;
 And the light grew dark in his radiant eyes,
 As he told his tale of high emprise.

THE YOUNG AVENGER :

THE SPANISH MINSTREL'S TALE.

THE warrior's strength is bow'd by age, the
 warrior's step is slow,
 And the beard upon his breast is white as is the
 winter snow ;
 Yet his eye shines bright, as if not yet its last of
 fame were won ;
 Six sons stand ready in their arms to do as he has
 done.
 "Now take your way, ye LARAS bold, and to the
 battle ride ;
 For loud upon the Christian air are vaunts of
 Moorish pride :
 Your six white steeds stand at the gate ; go forth,
 and let me see
 Who will return the first and bring a Moslem
 head to me."

Forth they went, six gallant knights, all mail'd
 from head to heel ;
 Is it not death to him who first their fiery strength
 shall feel ?
 They spur'd their steeds, and on they dash'd, as
 sweeps the midnight wind ;
 While their youngest brother stood and wept that
 he must stay behind.

"Come here, my child," the father said, "and
 wherefore dost thou weep ?
 The time will come when from the fray naught
 shall my favourite keep ;
 When thou wilt be the first of all amid the hostile
 spears."
 The boy shook back his raven hair, and laugh'd
 amid his tears.

The sun went down, but lance nor shield reflected
 back his light ;
 The moon rose up, but not a sound broke on the
 rest of night.
 The old man watch'd impatiently, till with morn
 o'er the plain
 There came a sound of horses' feet, there came a
 martial train.

But gleam'd not back the sunbeam glad from
 plume or helm of gold,
 No, it shone upon the crimson vest, the turban's
 emerald fold.
 A Moorish herald ; six pale heads hung at his
 saddle-bow,
 Gash'd, changed, yet well the father knew the lines
 of each fair brow.

"O ! did they fall by numbers, or did they basely
 yield ?"

"Not so ; beneath the same bold hand thy children
 press'd the field.

They died as NOURREDDIN would wish all foes
 of his should die ;

Small honour does the conquest boast when won
 from those who fly.

"And thus he saith, 'This was the sword that
 swept down thy brave band,

Find thou one who can draw it forth in all thy
 Christian land.'

If from a youth such sorrowing and scathe thou
 hast endured,

Dread thou to wait for vengeance till his summers
 are matured."

The aged chieftain took the sword, in vain his
 hand essay'd

To draw it from its scabbard forth, or poise the
 heavy blade ;

He flung it to his only child, now sadly standing by.

"Now weep, for here is cause for tears; alas! mine own are dry."

Then answer'd proud the noble boy, "My tears last morning came

For weakness of my own right hand; to shed them now were shame:

I will not do my brothers' names such deep and deadly wrong;

Brave were they unto death, success can but to God belong."

And years have fled, that boy has sprung unto a goodly height,

And fleet of foot and stout of arm in his old father's light;

Yet breathed he never wish to take in glorious strife his part,

And shame and grief his backwardness was to that father's heart.

Cold, silent, stern, he let time pass, until he rush'd one day,

Where mourning o'er his waste of youth the weary chieftain lay.

Unarm'd he was, but in his grasp he bore a heavy brand,

"My father, I can wield this sword; now knight-hood at thine hand.

For years no hour of quiet sleep upon my eyelids came,

For NOURREDDIN had poison'd all my slumber with his fame.

I have waited for my vengeance; but now, alive or dead,

I swear to thee by my brothers' graves that thou shalt have his head."

It was a glorious sight to see, when those two warriors met:

The one dark as a thunder-cloud, in strength and manhood set;

The other young and beautiful, with lithe and graceful form,

But terrible as is the flash that rushes through the storm.

And eye to eye, and hand to hand, in deadly strife they stood,

And smoked the ground whereon they fought, hot with their mingled blood;

Till droop the valiant infidel, fainter his blows and few,

While fiercer from the combat still the youthful Christian grew.

NOURREDDIN falls, his sever'd head, it is young

LARA's prize:

But dizzily the field of death float's in the victor's eyes.

His cheek is as his foeman's pale, his white lip's gasp for breath:

Ay, this was all he ask'd of Heaven, the victory and death.

He raised him on his arm, "My page, come thou and do my will;

Canst thou not see a turban'd band upon yon distant hill?

Now strip me of my armour, boy, by yonder river's side,

Place firm this head upon my breast, and fling me on the tide."

That river wash'd his natal halls, its waters bore him on,

Till the moonlight on the hero in his father's presence shone.

The old chief to the body drew, his gallant boy was dead,

But his vow of vengeance had been kept, he bore NOURREDDIN's head.

'Twas sad to gaze on the wan brow

Of him who now awoke the lute,

As one last song life must allow,

Then would those tuneful lips be mute.

His cheek was worn, what was the care

Had writ such early lesson there?

Was it Love, blighted in its hour

Of earliest and truest power

By worldly chills which ever fling

Their check and damp on young Love's wing;

Or unrequited, while the heart

Could not from its fond worship part?

Or was it but the wasting wo

Which every human path must know;

Or hopes, like birds, sent forth in vain,

And seeking not their ark again;

Friends in their very love unjust,

Or faithless to our utmost trust;

Or fortune's gifts, to win so hard;

Or fame, that is its own reward

Or has no other, and is worn

'Mid envy, falsehood, hate, and scorn?

All these ills had that young bard known,

And they had laid his funeral stone.

Slowly and sad the numbers pass'd,

As thus the minstrel sung his last.

THE ROSE:

THE ITALIAN MINSTREL'S TALE.

THE COUNT GONFALI held a feast that night,
 And colour'd lamps sent forth their odorous
 light
 Over gold carvings and the purple fall
 Of tapestry ; and around each stately hall
 Were statues, pale and finely shaped and fair,
 As if all beauty save her life were there ;
 And, like light clouds floating around each room,
 The censers roll'd their volumes of perfume ;
 And scented waters mingled with the breath
 Of flowers, which died as if they joy'd in death ;
 And the white vases, white as mountain snow,
 Look'd yet more delicate in the rich glow
 Of summer blossoms hanging o'er each side,
 Like sunset reddening o'er a silver tide.
 There was the tulip with its rainbow globe ;
 And like the broidery on a silken robe
 Made for the beauty's festal midnight hours,
 The sparkling jessamine shook its silver showers ;
 Like timid hopes the lily shrank from sight ;
 The rose leant as it languish'd with delight,
 Yet, bridelike, drooping in its crimson shame ;
 And the anemone, whose cheek of flame
 Is golden, as it were the flower the sun
 In his noon-hour most loved to look upon.

At first the pillar'd halls were still and lone,
 As if some fairy palace all unknown
 To mortal eye or step. This was not long ;
 Waken'd the lutes, and swell'd a burst of song,
 And the vast mirrors glitter'd with the crowd
 Of changing shapes. The young, the fair, the
 proud,
 Came thronging in ; and the gay cavalier
 Took some fair flower from the fairest near,
 And gave it to the darkeyed beauty's hand,
 To mark his partner for the saraband ;
 And graceful steps pass'd on, whose tender tread
 Was as the rose leaf in the autumn shed ;
 And witching words, raising on the young cheek
 Blushes that had no need of words to speak.
 Many were lovely there ; but, of that many,
 Was one who shone the loveliest of any,
 The young OLYMPIA. On her face the dyes
 Were yet warm with the dance's exercise,
 The laugh upon her full red lip yet hung,
 And, arrowlike, flash'd light words from her
 tongue.
 She had more loveliness than beauty : hers
 Was that enchantment which the heart confers ;
 A mouth sweet from its smiles, a glancing eye,
 Which had o'er all expression mastery ;
 Laughing its orb, but the long dark lash made
 Somewhat of sadness with its twilight shade,

And suiting well the upcast look which seem'd
 At times as it of melancholy dream'd ;
 Her cheek was as a rainbow, it so changed,
 As each emotion o'er its surface ranged ;
 And every word had its companion blush,
 But evanescent as the crimson flush
 That tints the daybreak ; and her step was light
 As the gale passing o'er the leaves at night ;
 In truth those snow feet were too like the wind,
 Too slight to leave a single trace behind.
 She lean'd against a pillar, and one hand
 Smooth'd back the curls that had escaped the band
 Of wreath'd red roses,—soft and fitting chain
 In bondage such bright prisoners to retain.
 The other was from the white marble known
 But by the clasping of its emerald zone :
 And lighted up her brow, and flash'd her eye,
 As many that were wandering careless by
 Caught but a sound, and paused to hear what
 more

Her lip might utter of its honey store.
 She had that sparkling wit which is like light,
 Making all things touch'd with its radiance bright ;
 And a sweet voice, whose words would chain all
 round,
 Although they had no other charm than sound.
 And many named her name, and each with
 praise ;

Some with her passionate beauty fill'd their gaze,
 Some mark'd her graceful step, and others spoke
 Of the so many hearts that own'd the yoke
 Of her bewildering smile ; meantime, her own
 Seem'd as that it no other love had known
 Than its sweet loves of nature, music, song,
 Which as by right to woman's world belong,
 And make it lovely for Love's dwelling-place.
 Alas ! that he should leave his fiery trace !
 But this bright creature's brow seem'd all too fair,
 Too gay, for Love to be a dweller there ;
 For Love brings sorrow : yet you might descrie
 A troubled flashing in that brilliant eye,
 A troubled colour on that varying cheek,
 A hurry in the tremulous lip to speak
 Avoidance of sad topics, as to shun
 Somewhat the spirit dared not rest upon ;
 An unquiet feverishness a change of place,
 A pretty pettishness, if on her face
 A look dwelt as in scrutiny to seek
 What hidden meanings from its change might
 break.

One gazed with silent homage, one who caught
 Her every breath, and blush, and look, and
 thought ;
 One whose step mingled not with the gay crowd
 That circled round her as of right allow'd,
 But one who stood aloof with that lone pride
 Which ever to deep passion is allied.

Half-scorning, yet half-envying the gay ring
 That gather'd round with gentle blandishing,
 He stood aloof; and, cold and stern and high,
 Look'd as he mock'd at their idolatry :
 Yet long'd his knee to bend before the shrine
 Of the sweet image his heart own'd divine ;
 While, half in anger that she had not known
 What even to himself he would not own.
 He knew not how a woman's heart will keep
 The mystery of itself, and like the deep
 Will shine beneath the sunbeam, flash and flow
 O'er the rich bark that perishes below.
 She felt he gazed upon her, and her cheek
 Wore added beauty in its crimson break ;
 And softer smiles were on her lip, like those
 The summer moonlight sheds upon the rose ;
 And her eye sparkled, like the wine-cup's brim,
 Mantling in light, though it turn'd not to him.
 Again the dancers gather'd ; from them one
 Took gayly her fair hand, and they are gone.
 LEONI follow'd not, yet as they pass
 How could OLYMPIA's light step be the last ?
 Yet pass'd she quickly by him, and the haste
 From her wreath'd hair one fragrant rose dis-
 placed.

LEONI saw it fall ; he is alone,
 And he may make the fairy gift his own.
 He took the flower, and to his lip 'twas press'd,
 One moment, and 'tis safe within his breast ;
 But while he linger'd dreaming o'er its bloom,
 OLYMPIA's step again is in the room
 With the young cavalier, who urged her way,
 And said her rose beside the column lay,
 For there he miss'd it, and some flattering word
 Fill'd up the whisper which he only heard.
 LEONI flung it down in carelessness,
 As he had mark'd them not, and held it less
 From knowledge of his act than vacant thought,
 While the mind on some other subject wrought.
 In haste he left them both, but he could hear
 The pleading of the gallant cavalier
 For that rose as a gift. He might not tell
 What answer from the maiden's lip then fell,
 But when they met again he mark'd her hair
 Where it had wreath'd,—the rosebud was not
 there.

They pass'd and repass'd : he, cold, silently,
 As was his wont ; but she, with flashing eye,
 And blush lit up to crimson, seem'd to wear
 More than accustom'd gladness in her air.
 Ah ! the heart overacts its part ; its mirth,
 Like light, will all too often take its birth
 'Mid darkness and decay ; those smiles that press,
 Like the gay crowd round, are not happiness :
 For peace broods quiet on her dovelike wings,
 And this false gayety a radiance flings,
 Dazzling but hiding not ; and some who dwell
 Upon her meteor beauty, sadness felt ;

Its very brilliance spoke the fever'd breast ;
 Thus glitter not the waters when at rest.

The scene is changed, the maiden is alone
 To brood upon Hope's temple overthrown ;
 The hue has left her lip, the light her eye,
 And she has flung her down as if to die.
 Back from her forehead was the rich hair swept,
 Which yet its festal braid of roses kept.
 She was in solitude ; the silent room
 Was in the summer's sweet and shadowy gloom ;
 The sole light from the oratory came,
 Where a small lamp sent forth its scented flame
 Beneath the Virgin's picture ; but the wind
 Stole from the casement, for the jasmine twined,
 With its luxuriant boughs, too thickly grew,
 To let the few dim starbeams wander through.
 In her hand was a rose ; she held the flower
 As if her eye were spellbound by its power.
 It was spellbound ; coldly that flower repress'd
 Sweet hopes,—ay, hopes, albeit unconfess'd.
 Check'd, vainly check'd, the bitter grief recurs—
 That rose flung down because that rose was hers !
 And at the thought paleness in blushes fled,
 Had he, then, read her heart, and scorn'd when
 read !

O ! better perish, than endure that thought.
 She started from her couch ; when her eye caught
 The Virgin's picture. Seem'd it that she took
 Part in her votary's suffering ; the look
 Spoke mild reproof, touch'd with grave tenderness,
 Pitying her grief, yet blaming her excess.
 OLYMPIA turn'd away, she might not bear
 To meet such holy brow, such placid air,
 At least not yet ; for she must teach her breast
 A lesson of submission, if not rest,
 And still each throbbing pulse, ere she might
 kneel
 And pray for peace she had not sought to feel.

She sought the casement, lured by the soft light
 Of the young moon, now rising on the night.
 The cool breeze kiss'd her, and a jasmine spray
 Caught in her tresses, as to woo her stay.
 And there were sights and sounds that well might
 fling
 A charmed trance on deepest suffering.
 For stood the palace close on the sea shore ;
 Not like the northern ones, where breakers roar,
 And rugged rocks and barren sands are blent,—
 At once doth desolate and magnificent ;
 But here the beach had turf, and trees that grew
 Down to the waterside, and made its blue
 Mirror for their dark shapes. Is naught so fair
 But must there come somewhat of shadow there ?
 What'e'r thou touchest there must be some
 shade,
 Fair earth, such destiny for thee is made.

It was a night to gaze upon the sea,
Marvel, and envy its tranquillity ;
It was a night to gaze upon the earth,
And feel mankind were not her favourite birth ;
It was a night to gaze upon the sky,
Pine for its loveliness, and pray to die.
OLYMPIA felt the hour ; from her cheek fled
Passion's untranquil rose, she bow'd her head :
For the thick tears like hasty childhood's came ;
She hid her face, for tears are shed with shame.
Her heart had spent its tempest, like the cloud
When summer rain bursts from its stormy shroud ;
Pale, sad, but calm, she turn'd, and bent the knee,
In meekest prayer, Madonna fair, to thee.
Where might the maiden's soul, thus crush'd and
riven,

Turn from its mortal darkness, but to Heaven ?
It is in vain to say that love is not
The life and colour of a woman's lot.
It is her strength ; for what, like love's caress,
Will guard and guide her own weak tenderness ?
It is her pride, fleeting and false the while,
To see her master suing for her smile.
Calls it not all her best affections forth,—
Pure faith, devotedness, whose fruitless worth
Is all too little felt ! O ! man has power
Of head and hand,—heart is a woman's dower.

Youth, beauty, rank, and wealth, all these combined,—
Can these be wretched ? Mystery of the mind !
Whose happiness is in itself, but still
Has not that happiness at its own will.

And she was wretched ; she, the young, the fair,
The good, the kind, bow'd down in her despair.
Ay, bitterest of the bitter, this worst pain,—
To know love's offering has been in vain ;
Rejected, scorn'd, and trampled under foot,
Its bloom and leaves destroy'd, not so its root.
"He loves me not,"—no other word or sound
An echo in OLYMPIA's bosom found,
She thought on many a look, and many a tone,
From which she gather'd hope,—now these were
gone,
Life were too burthensome, save that it led
To death ; and peace, at least, was with the dead.
One pang remain'd ; perchance, though uncon-
fess'd,

Some secret hope yet linger'd in her breast ;
But this too was destroy'd. She learn'd next morn
Sea winds and waters had LEONI borne
Afar to other lands ; and she had now
But only to her hapless fate to bow.

She changed, she faded, she the young, the gay,
Like the first rose Spring yields to pale decay.
Still her lip wore the sweetness of a smile,
But it forgot its gayety the while.

Her voice had ever a low gentle tone,
But now it was tremulous as Sorrow's own .
Her step fell softer as it were subdued
To suit its motion to her alter'd mood ;
As if her every movement, gesture, look,
Their bearing from the spirit's sadness took ,
And yet there was no word which told that grief
Prey'd on the heart as blight plays on the leaf.
But meeker tenderness to those around,
A soothing, sharing love, as if she found
Her happiness in theirs ; more mild, more kind,
As if a holier rule were on her mind.
I cannot choose but marvel at the way
In which our lives pass on, from day to day
Learning strange lessons in the human heart,
And yet like shadows letting them depart.
Is misery so familiar that we bring
Ourselves to view it as a usual thing ?
Thus is it ; how regardless pass we by
The cheek to paleness worn, the heavy eye !
We do too little feel each others' pain ;
We do relax too much the social chain
That binds us to each other ; slight the care
There is for grief in which we have no share.

OLYMPIA felt all this ; it loosed one moe
Of her heart's ties, and earth's illusions wore
The aspect of their truth, a gloomy show.
But what it well befits the soul to know,
It taught the lesson of how vain the toil
To build our hopes upon earth's fragile soil.
O ! only those who suffer, those may know
How much of piety will spring from wo.

Days, weeks, and months pass'd onwards, and
once more

LEONI stood upon his native shore.
Slight change there was in him : perchance his
brow

Wore somewhat of more settled shadow now ;
Somewhat of inward grief, too, though repress'd,
Was in his scornful speech and bitter jest ;
For misery, like a masquer, mocks at all
In which it has no part, or one of gall,
I will say that he loved her, but say not
That his, like hers, was an ill-blighted lot ;
Forever in man's bosom will man's pride
An equal empire with his love divide.

It was one glorious sunset, lone and mute,
Save a young page who sometimes waked his lute
With snatches of sad song ; LEONI paced
His stately hall, and much might there be traced
What were the workings of its owner's mind.
Red wine was in a silver vase enshrined,
But rudely down the cup was flung, undrain'd,
So hastily, the leaf below was stain'd ;
For many an open'd volume lay beside,
As each for solace had in vain been tried ;

And now, worn, wearied, with his solitude,
He strode, half-sad, half-listless in his mood,
Listening the lute or the deep ocean wave,
When an attendant enter'd in and gave
A packet to his hand. Careless he gazed,
And broke the seal. Why 'the red flush has
raised

Its passion to his brow—what! is the name
There written?—from OLYMPIA, then, it came.

"One word, LEONI, 'tis my first and last,
And never spoken but that life is past.
It is earth's lingering dreaming, that I pine
To know these lines will meet one look of thine;
If possible upon thy heart to fling
One gentle memory, one soft thought to cling
To thy more mournful hours; to bid thee take
A pledge too dearly treasured for thy sake,
And one of mine. Ah! this may be forgiven;
'Tis the last weakness of the bride of Heaven,
Which I shall be or e'er this comes to tell
How much thou hast been loved. Farewell, fare-
well!"

He took her gift: well known the pledges
there,
A wither'd rose, a tress of silken hair.

SUNNY and blue was the minstrel's eye,
Like the lake when noontide's passing by;
And his hair fell down in its golden rings,
As bright and as soft as his own harp-strings.
Yet with somewhat wild upon lip and cheek,
As forth the enthusiast spirit would break
To wander at times through earth and air,
And feed upon all the wonders there.
A changeful prelude his light notes rung,
As remembering all they had ever sung:
Now the deep numbers roll'd along,
Like the fiery sweep of a battle song;
Now sad, yet bold, as those numbers gave
Their last farewell to the victor's grave;
Then was it soft and low, as it brought
The depths of the maiden's lovelorn thought:—
Harp of Erin! hath song a tone
Not to thy gifted numbers known?—
But the latest touch was light and calm,
As the voice of a hymn, the night-falling balm;
Holy and sweet, as its music were given
Less from a vision of earth than of heaven.

THE HAUNTED LAKE:

THE IRISH MINSTREL'S LEGEND.

Rose up the young moon; back she flung
The veil of clouds that o'er her hung:

Thus would fair maiden fling aside
Her bright curls in her golden pride;
On pass'd she through the sky of blue,
Lovelier as she pass'd it grew;
At last her gentle smiles awake
The silence of the azure lake.
Lighted to silver, waves arise,
As conscious of her radiant eyes.
Hark! floats around it music's tone,
Sweeter than mortal ear hath known:
Such, when the sighing night-wind grieves
Amid the rose's ruby leaves,
Conscious the nightingale is nigh,
That too soon his reluctant wing
Must rival song and rival sigh
To his own fair flower bring;
Such as the lute, touch'd by no hand
Save by an angel's, wakes and weeps,
Such is the sound that now to land
From the charmed water sweeps.
Around the snowy foam-wreaths break,
The spirit band are on the lake.
First, a gay train form'd of the hues
Of morning skies and morning dews;
A saffron light around them play'd,
As eve's last cloud with them delay'd;
Such tints, when gazing from afar,
The dazed eye sees in midnight star.
They scatter'd flowers, and the stream
Grew like a garden, each small billow
Shining with the crimson gleam
The young rose flung upon its pillow;
And from their hands, and from their hair,
Blossom's and odours fill'd the air;
And some of them bore wreathed shells,
Blush-dyed, from their coral cells,
Whence the gale at twilight brought
The earliest lesson music caught:
And gave they now the sweetest tone,
That unto seaborne lyre was known;
For they were echoes to the song
That from spirit lips was fleeting,
And the wind bears no charm along
Such as the shell and voices meeting.
On pass'd they to the lulling tune,
Meet pageant for the lady moon.
A louder sweep the music gave:
The chieftain of the charmed wave,
Graceful upon his steed of snow,
Rises from his blue halls below;
And rode he like a victor knight
Thrice glorious in his arms of light.
But, O! the look his features bear
Was not what living warriors wear;
The glory of his piercing eye
Was not that of mortality;
Earth's cares may not such calm allow,
Man's toil is written on his brow:

But here the face was passionless,
The holy peace of happiness,
With that grave pity spirits feel
In watching over human weal;
An awful beauty round him shone
But for the good to look upon.
Close by his side a maiden rode,
Like spray her white robe round her flow'd;
No rainbow hues about her clung,
Such as the other maidens flung;
And her hair hath no summer crown,
But its long tresses floating down
Are like a veil of gold which cast
A sunshine to each wave that past.
She was not like the rest: her cheek

Was pale and pure as moonlight snows;
Her lip had only the faint streak

The bee loves in the early rose;
And her dark eye had not the blue
The others had clear, wild, and bright;
But floating starry, as it drew

Its likeness from the radiant night
And more she drew my raised eye
Than the bright shadows passing by;
A meeker air, a gentler smile,
A timid tenderness the while,
Held sympathy of heart, and told
The lady was of earthly mould.
Blush'd the first blush of coming day,
Faded the fairy band away.

They pass'd and only left behind
A lingering fragrance on the wind,
And on the lake, their haunted home,
One long white wreath of silver foam.
Heard I in each surrounding vale
What was that mortal maiden's tale:
Last of her race, a lonely flower,
She dwelt within their ruin'd tower.
Orphan without one link to bind
Nature's affection to her kind;
She grew up a neglected child,
As pure, as beautiful, as wild
As the field flowers which were for years
Her only comrades and compeers.
Time pass'd, and she, to woman grown,
Still, like a wood bird, dwelt alone.
Save that, beside a peasant's hearth,
Tales of the race which gave her birth
Would sometimes win the maiden's ear;
And once, in a worst hour of fear,
When the red fever raged around,
Her place beside the couch was found
Of sickness, and her patient care,
And soothing look, and holy prayer,
And skill in herbs, had power sublime
Upon the sufferer's weary time:
But, saving these, her winter day
Was pass'd within the ruins gray;

(23)

And ever summer noons were spent
Beside the charmed lake, and there
Her voice its silver sweetness sent
To mingle with the air.
Thus time pass'd on. At length, one day
Beside her favourite haunt she lay,
When rush'd some band who wish'd to make
Her prisoner for her beauty's sake.

She saw them ere they gain'd her seat,
Ah! safety may she gain!
Though mountain deer be not more fleet,
Yet here flight is in vain.
The lake—O, it is there to save!
She plunges—is it to a grave?
Moons waned; again is come the night
When sprites are free for earthly sight.
They see the mortal maiden ride
In honour by the chieftan's side,
So beautiful, so free from sin,
Worthy was she such boon to win:
The spirit race that floated round
Were not more pure, more stainless found
Her utmost loveliness and grace
Were sole signs of her human race;
Happy, thus freed from earthly thrall,
She skims the lake, fairest of all.

SCARLET robe broider'd with gold;
A turban's snowy, but gem-set fold,
And its heron plume fasten'd by diamond clasp
Rubies red on his dagger-hasp;
Eyes dark as a midnight dream,
Yet flashing wild with starry beam:
Swarthy cheek untouch'd by red,
Told far had CLEMENZA's summons sped:
Since the Moorish bard had brought his claim,
'Mid these Northern halls, to the meed of fame.

THE WREATH:

TALE OF THE MOORISH BARD.

THE earliest beauty of the rose,
Waking from moonlight repose,
In morning air and dew to steep
The blush of her voluptuous sleep;
This was her cheek: and for her eye,
Gaze thou upon the midnight sky,
And choose its fairest star, the one
Thou deem'st most lovely and most lone
Her lip, O! never flower of spring
Had smile of such sweet blandishing

Ay, beautiful she was as light
 Descending on the darken'd sight;
 But these were not the spells that gave
 LEILA the heart of her charmed slave;
 But all those sweet gifts that win,
 Like sunshine, instant entrance in;
 Those gentle words and acts that bind
 In love our nature with our kind.

She dwelt within a palace fair
 Such as in fairy gardens are;
 There grew her father's cypress tree,
 No other monument had he.
 He bade that never funeral stone
 Should tell of glory overthrown,—
 What could it say, but foreign sky
 Had seen the exile pine and die!

The maiden grew beside the tomb;
 Perhaps 'twas that which touch'd her bloom
 With somewhat of more mournful shade
 Than seems for youth's first budding made.
 It was her favourite haunt, she felt
 As there her all of memory dwelt.
 Alone, a stranger in the land
 Which was her home, the only band
 Between her and her native tongue
 Was when her native songs she sung.

LEILA, thou wert not of our name;
 Thy Christian creed, thy Spanish race,
 To us were sorrow, guilt, and shame,
 No earthly beauty might efface.
 Yet, lovely Infidel, thou art
 A treasure clinging to my heart:
 A very boy, I yet recall
 The dark light of thine eye's charm'd thrall;
 Beneath thy worshipp'd cypress leant,
 And flowers with thy breathing blent,
 Less pure, less beautiful than thou,
 I see thee; and I hear the now
 Singing sweet to the twilight dim—
 Could it be sin?—thy vesper hymn.

Burnt a sweet light in that fair shrine,
 At once too earthly, too divine;
 The heart's vain struggle to create
 An Eden not for mortal state.

Love, who shall say that thou art not
 The dearest blessing of our lot?
 Yet, not the less, who may deny
 Life has no sorrow like thy sigh!
 A fairy gift, and none may know
 Or will it work to weal or woe.

Spite of the differing race and creed,
 'Their fathers had been friends in need;

And, all unconsciously at first,
 Love in its infancy was nursed;
 Companions from their earliest years,
 Unknown the hopes, the doubts, the fears,
 That haunt young passion's early hour,
 Spared but to come with deadlier power,
 With deeper sorrow, worse unrest,
 When once love stood in both confest.

The ground she trod, the air she breathed
 The blossoms in her dark hair wreath'd,
 Her smile, her voice, to MIRZA'S eyes
 More precious seem'd than Paradise.

Yet was the silence sweet unbroken
 By vows in which young love is spoken.
 But when the heart has but one dream
 For midnight gloom or noontide beam,
 And one, at least, knows well what power
 Is ruling, words will find their hour;
 Though after growth of grief and pain,
 May wish those words unsaid again.

'Twas sunset, and the glorious heaven
 To LEILA'S cheek and eye seem'd given;
 The one like evening crimson bright,
 The other fill'd with such clear light,
 That, as she bent her o'er the strings,
 Catching music's wanderings,
 Look'd she well some Peri fair,
 Born and being of the air.
 Waked the guitar beneath her hand
 To ballad of her Spanish land;
 Sad, but yet suiting twilight pale,
 When surely tenderest thoughts prevail.

SONG.

MAIDEN, fling from thy braided hair
 The red rosebud that is wreathed there;
 For he who planted the parent tree
 Is now what soon that blossom will be.

Maiden, fling from thy cheek of snow
 The chain where the Eastern rubies glow;
 For he who gave thee that jewell'd chain
 Lies in his wounds on the battle plain.

Maiden, fling thou aside thy lute,
 Be its chords, as thy own hopes, mute;
 For he who first taught thy lips that strain
 Never will listen its music again.

Give those roses to strew on his grave,
 That chain for a mass for the soul of the brave,
 And teach that lute, thou widow'd dove,
 A dirge for the fall of thy warrior love.

"ALAS! that ever," LEILA said,
 "The fond should mourn above the dead,

Thus all too early desolate,
 Without one hope or wish from fate;
 Save death, what can the maiden crave
 Who weeps above her lover's grave?"
 Darken'd her eyes with tearful dew,
 Wore her soft cheek yet softer hue;
 And MIRZA who had lean'd the while,
 Feeding upon her voice and smile,
 Felt as if all that fate could bring
 Were written on that moment's wing.
 One moment he is at her knee,
 "So, LEILA, wouldst thou weep for me?"
 Started she, as at lightning gleam,—
 "O, MIRZA, this I did not dream.
 Moslem and Moor, may Spanish maid
 Harken such words as thou hast said?
 My father's blood, my father's creed,
 Now help me in my hour of need!"

Still knelt he at the maiden's feet,
 Still sought he those dear eyes to meet.
 "Cruel, and is there nothing due
 To love so fervid and so true?"
 As with conflicting thought oppress'd,
 She droop'd her head upon his breast;
 Watch'd he the tears on her pale face,
 When started she from that embrace.
 "I know the weakness of my heart:
 MIRZA, in vain, for we must part.
 Farewell, and henceforth I will be
 Vow'd to my God and prayers for thee."

He strove to speak, but she was gone,
 He stood within the grove alone,
 And from that hour they met no more:
 But what to either might restore
 Or peace or hope; the gulf between,
 They must forget what they had been.
 Forget—O! never yet hath love
 Successfully with memory strove.
 'T then was MIRZA's page; and strange
 'T was to me to watch the change
 That over him like magic wrought.
 Apart from all, in silent thought
 'T he would pass hours; and then his mood,
 As wearied of such solitude,
 Alter'd to gayety; that mirth,
 Desperate as if it knew its birth,
 Was like an earth flame's sudden breath,
 'Sprung from the ruin'd soil beneath.

They had not met, since to the maid
 His first rash vow of love was said;
 But heard we how, by penance, prayer,
 She strove to wash away the sin,
 That ever Infidel had share

A Christian maiden's breast within:
 And there perchance were other tears
 Than those which flow'd from holy fears.

I know not what vain dream had sprung
 In MIRZA. Is it that despair,
 Ere the last veil aside is flung,
 Unable its own words to bear,
 Will borrow from hope's charmed tongue?
 To her a wreath he bid me take,
 Such as in our fair garden wake
 Love's hopes and fears,—O! suiting well
 Such gentle messages to tell.
 That wreath I to the lady brought,
 I found her in her hall alone,
 So changed, your sculptors never wrought
 A form in monumental stone
 So cold, so pale. The large dark eye
 Shone strangely o'er the marble cheek;
 The lips were parted, yet no sigh
 Seem'd there of breathing life to speak;
 The picture at whose feet she knelt,
 The maiden Mother and her Child,
 The hues which on that canvass dwelt,
 With more of human likeness smiled.
 Awful the face, however fair,
 When death's dark call is written there.
 I gave the wreath, I named his name,
 One moment the heart's weakness came,
 Written in crimson on her brow,
 The very blossoms caught the glow;
 Or grew they bright but from the fall
 Of tears that lit their coronal?
 The next, the dark eye's sudden rain,
 The cheek's red colour pass'd again,
 All earthly feelings with them died;
 Slowly she laid the gift aside.
 When will my soul forget the look
 With which one single stem she took
 From out the wreath?—a tulip flower;
 But, touch'd as by some withering power,
 The painted leaves were drooping round
 The rich but burning heart they bound.
 She spoke,—O! never music's tone
 Hath sadder, sweeter cadence known:—
 "With jarring creed, and hostile line,
 And heart with fate at enmity,
 This wasting flower is emblem mine,
 'Tis faded, it hath but to die."

I took those leaves of faded bloom
 To MIRZA; 'twas of both the doom.
 He died the first of the battle line,
 When red blood dims the sabre's shine;
 He died the early death of the brave,
 And the place of the battle was that of his grave.
 She died as dies a breath of song
 Borne on the winds of evening along,
 She fell as falls the rose in spring,
 The fairest are ever most perishing,
 Yet lingers that tale of sorrow and love
 Of the Christian maid and her Moslem love

A tale to be told in the twilight hour,
For the beauty's tears in her lonely bower.

Rose the last minstrel ; he was one
Well the eye loves to look upon.
Slight, but tall, the gallant knight
Had the martial step he had used in fight ;
Dark and rich curl'd the auburn hair
O'er a brow, like the ocean by moonlight, fair ;
His island colour was on his cheek,
Enough of youth in his health to speak ;
But shaded it was with manly brown,
From much of toil and of peril known :
Frank was his courtesy, and sweet
The smile he wore at fair lady's feet ;
Yet haughty his step, and his mien was high
Half-softness, half-fire his falcon eye.
England, fair England, hath earth or sea,
Land of hearth and home, aught to liken with
thee !

SIR WALTER MANNY AT HIS FATHER'S TOMB :

THE ENGLISH KNIGHT'S BALLAD.

'O ! show me the grave where my father is laid,
Show his lowly grave to me ;
A hundred pieces of broad red gold.
Old man, shall thy guerdon be."

With torch in hand, and bared head,
The old man led the way ;
And cold and shrill pass'd the midnight wind
Through his hair of silvery gray.

A stately knight follow'd his steps,
And his form was tall and proud ;
But his step fell soft, and his helm was off,
And his head on his bosom bow'd.

They pass'd through the cathedral aisles,
Whose sculptured walls declare
The deeds of many a noble knight ;
DE MANNY'S name was not there.

They pass'd next a low and humble church,
Scarce seen amid the gloom ;
There was many a grave, yet not even there
Had his father found a tomb.

They traversed a bleak and barren heath,
Till they came to a gloomy wood,
Where the dark trees droop'd, and the dark grass
grew,
As cursed with the sight of blood.

There stood a lorn and blasted tree,
As heaven and earth were its foes,
And beneath was a piled up mound of stones,
Whence a rude gray cross arose.

"And lo !" said the ancient servitor,
"It is here thy father is laid ;
No mass has bless'd the lowly grave
Which his humblest follower made.

"I would have wander'd through every land
Where his gallant name was known,
To have pray'd a mass for the soul of the dead,
And a monumental stone.

"But I knew thy father had a son,
To whom the task would be dear :
Young knight, I kept the warrior's grave
For thee, and thou art here."

Sir WALTER grasp'd the old man's hand
But spoke he never a word ;—
So still it was, that the fall of tears
On his mailed vest was heard.

O ! the heart has all too many tears ;
But none are like those that wait
On the blighted love, the loneliness
Of the young orphan's fate.

He call'd to mind when for knighthood's badge
He knelt at EDWARD'S throne ;
How many stood by a parent's side,
But he stood there alone !

He thought how often his heart had pined,
When his was the victor's name ;
Thrice desolate, strangers might give,
But could not share his fame.

Down he knelt in silent prayer
On the grave where his father slept ;
And many the tears, and bitter the thoughts,
As the warrior his vigil kept.

And he built a little chapel there ;
And bade the death-bell toll,
And prayers be said, and mass be sung,
For the weal of the warrior's soul.

Years pass'd, and ever Sir WALTER was first
Where warlike deeds were done ;
But who would not look for the gallant knight
In the leal and loyal son.

SOOTH to say, the sight was fair,
When the lady unbound from her raven hair
The Golden Violet. O praise !
Dear thou art to the poet's lays.

Many a flash from each dark eye pass'd,
Many a minstrel's pulse throbb'd fast,
As she held forth the flower.

THE dream is past, hush'd is my lute,
At least, to my awaking, mute;
Past that fair garden and glad hall,
And she the lady queen of all.
Leave we her power to those who deign
One moment to my idle strain:
Let each one at their pleasure set
The prize—the Golden Violet.
Could I choose where it might belong,
'Mid phantoms but of mine own song?

My task is ended; it may seem
But vain regret for morning-dream,
To say how sad a look is cast
Over the line we know the last.
The weary hind at setting sun
Rejoices over labour done,
The hunter at the ended chase,
The ship above its anchoring-place.
The pilgrim o'er his pilgrimage,
The reader o'er the closing page;
All, for end is to them repose.
The poet's lot is not with those:
His hour in Paradise is o'er;

He stands on earth, and takes his share
Of shadows closing round him more,
The feverish hope, the freezing care;

And he must read in other eyes,
Or if his spirit's sacrifice
Shall brighten, touch'd with heaven's own fire,
Or in its ashes dark expire.
Then even worse,—what art thou, fame?
A various and doubtful claim
One grants and one denies; what none
Can wholly quite agree upon.
A dubious and uncertain path
At least the modern minstrel hath;
How may he tell, where none agree,
What may fame's actual passport be?

For me, in sooth, not mine the lute

On its own powers to rely;
But its chords with all wills to suit,

It were an easier task to try
To blend in one each varying tone
The midnight wind hath ever known.
One saith that tale of battle brand
Is all too rude for my weak hand;
Another, too much sorrow flings
Its pining cadence o'er my strings.
So much to win, so much to lose,
No marvel if I fear to choose.

How can I tell of battle field,
I never list'd brand to wield;
Or dark ambition's pathway try,
In truth I never look'd so high;
Or stern revenge, or hatred fell,
Of what I know not, can I tell?
I soar not on such lofty wings,
My lute has not so many strings;
Its dower is but a humble dower,
And I who call upon its aid,
My power is but a woman's power,
Of softness and of sadness made.
In all its changes my own heart
Must give the colour, have its part.
If that I know myself what keys
Yield to my hand their sympathies,
I should say it is those whose tone
Is woman's love and sorrow's own;
Such notes as float upon the gale,
When twilight, tender nurse and pale,
Brings soothing airs and silver dew
The panting roses to renew;
Feelings whose truth is all their worth,
Thoughts which have had their pensive birth
When lilies hang their heads and die,
Eve's lesson of mortality.
Such lute, and with such humble wreath
As suits frail string and trembling breath,
Such, gentle reader, woos thee now.
O! o'er it bend with yielding brow:
Read thou it when some soften'd mood
Is on thy hour of solitude;
And tender memory, sadden'd thought,
On the world's harsher cares have wrought.
Bethink thee, kindly look and word
Will fall like sunshine o'er each chord;
That, light as is such boon to thee,
'Tis more than summer's noon to me:
That, if such meed my suit hath won,
I shall not mourn my task is done.

NOTES TO THE GOLDEN VIOLET.

Page 154.

Clairshach is the name of a small species of harp anciently used in the Highlands. See Annot Lyle's song in the "Legend of Montrose."

Page 154.

The Dream. This tale is founded on more modern tradition than that of the distant age to which my minstrel belongs: the vision, the prophecy, and untimely death of the youthful pair are actual facts; and the present — Campbell, Esq. Laird of Glensaddaell *Anglice* Melancholy Valley, is the very child whose health and prosperity have realized the prediction of his birth.

Page 65.

The Pilgrim's Tale. In one, I think, of Dr. Mavor's beautiful essays (read years ago with delight,) mention is made of an Eastern monarch who, after years of power, pride, and pleasure, left it to be recorded in his archives, that in all those years he had known but fourteen days of happiness.

Page 176.

The Haunted Lake is founded on the Irish tradition of O'Donoghue, mentioned in one of Moore's charming melodies. I trust the slight

liberties taken with the story will be pardoned on the plea of poetical variety.

The tulip symbol, alluded to in page 179, bears the allegorical construction of eternal separation in the beautiful language of Eastern flowers.

Page 180.

Sir Walter Manny. The most touching incident on which this little poem is founded is a historic fact, and as such recorded in Mills's History of Chivalry; pages to which my debt of obligation and delight is more freely though now regretfully rendered, in the knowledge that it is gratitude, not flattery, which is spoken of the dead.

ERINNA.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

Among the obligations I owe to "The Brides of Florence," and to the information contained in its interesting notes, I must refer particularly for the origin of the present poem. In one of those notes is the first, indeed the only account I ever met with of Erinna. The following short quotation is sufficient for my present purpose:—"Erinna was a poetess from her cradle, and she only lived to the completion of her eighteenth year.—Of Erinna very little is known; there is in the Grecian Anthology a sepulchral epigram by Antipater on this young poetess." A poem of the present kind had long floated on my imagination; and this gave it a local habitation and a name. There seemed to be just enough known of Erinna to interest; and I have not attempted to write a classical fiction; feelings are what I wish to narrate, not incidents; my aim has been to draw the portrait and trace the changes of a highly poetical mind, too sensitive perhaps of the chill and bitterness belonging even to success. The feelings which constitute poetry are the same in all ages, they are acted upon by similar causes. Erinna is an ideal not a historical picture, and as such I submit it less to the judgment than to the kindness of my friends.

Was she of spirit race, or was she one
Of earth's least earthly daughters, one to whom
A gift of loveliness and soul is given,
Only to make them wretched?

There is an antique gem, on which her brow
Retains its graven beauty even now.
Her hair is braided, but one curl behind
Floats as enamour'd of the summer wind;
The rest is simple. Is she not too fair
Even to think of maiden's sweetest care?
The mouth and brow are contrasts. One so fraught
With pride, the melancholy pride of thought
Conscious of power, and yet forced to know
How little way such power as that can go;
Regretting, while too proud of the fine mind,
Which raises but to part it from its kind:
But the sweet mouth had nothing of all this;
It was a mouth the rose had lean'd to kiss
For her young sister, telling, now though mute,
How soft an echo it was to the lute.
The one spoke genius, in its high revealing;
The other smiled a woman's gentle feeling.
It was a lovely face: the Greek outline
Flowing, yet delicate and feminine;
The glorious lightning of the kindled eye,
Raised, as it communed with its native sky.
A lovely face, the spirit's fitting shrine;
The one almost, the other quite divine.

My hand is on the lyre, which never more
With its sweet commerce, like a bosom friend,
Will share the deeper thoughts which I could trust
Only to music and to solitude.
It is the very grove, the olive grove,
Where first I laid my laurel crown aside,
And bathed my fever'd brow in the cold stream;
As if that I could wash away the fire

Which from that moment kindled in my heart
I well remember how I flung myself,
Like a young goddess, on a purple cloud
Of light and odour—the rich violets
Were so ethereal in bloom and breath:
And I,—I felt immortal, for my brain
Was drunk and mad with its first draught of fame.
'Tis strange there was one only cypress tree,

And then, as now, I lay beneath its shade.
 The night had seen me pace my lonely room,
 Clasp the lyre I had no heart to wake,
 Impatient for the day : yet its first dawn
 Came cold as death ; for every pulse sank down,
 Until the very presence of my hope
 Became to me a fear. The sun rose up ;
 I stood alone 'mid thousands ; but I felt
 Mine inspiration ; and, as the last sweep
 Of my song died away amid the hills,
 My heart reverberate the shout which bore
 To the blue mountains and the distant heaven
 ERINNA'S name, and on my bended knee,
 Olympus, I received thy laurel crown.

And twice new birth of violets have sprung,
 Since they were first my pillow, since I sought
 In the deep silence of the olive grove
 The dreamy happiness which solitude
 Brings to the soul o'erfill'd with its delight :
 For I was like some young and sudden heir
 Of a rich palace heap'd with gems and gold,
 Whose pleasure doubles as he sums his wealth
 And forms a thousand plans of festival ;
 Such were my myriad visions of delight.
 The lute, which hitherto in Delphian shades
 Had been my twilight's solitary joy,
 Would henceforth be a sweet and breathing bond
 Between me and my kind. Orphan unloved,
 I had been lonely from my childhood's hour,
 Childhood whose very happiness is love :
 But that was over now ; my lyre would be
 My own heart's true interpreter, and those
 To whom my song was dear, would they not bless
 The hand that waken'd it ! I should be loved
 For the so gentle sake of those soft chords
 Which mingled others' feelings with mine own.

Vow'd I that song to meek and gentle thoughts.
 To tales that told of sorrow and of love,
 To all our nature's finest touches, all
 That wakens sympathy : and I should be
 Alone no longer ; every wind that bore,
 And every lip that breathed one strain of mine,
 Henceforth partake in all my joy and grief.
 O ! glorious is the gifted poet's lot,
 And touching more than glorious : 'tis to be
 Companion of the heart's least earthly hour ;
 The voice of love and sadness, calling forth
 Tears from their silent fountain : 'tis to have
 Share in all nature's loveliness ; giving flowers
 A life as sweet, more lasting than their own ;
 And catching from green wood and lofty pine
 Language mysterious as musical ;
 Making the thoughts, which else had only been
 Like colours on the morning's earliest hour,
 Immortal, and worth immortality ,
 Yielding the hero that eternal name

For which he fought ; making the patriot's deed
 A stirring record for long after time ;
 Cherishing tender thoughts, which else had pass'd
 Away like tears ; and saving the loved dead
 From death's worst part—its deep forgetfulness.

From the first moment when a falling leaf,
 Or opening bud, or streak of rose-touch'd sky,
 Waken'd in me the flush and flow of song,
 I gave my soul entire unto the gift
 I deem'd mine own, direct from heaven ; it was
 The hope, the bliss, the energy of life ;
 I had no hope that dwelt not with my lyre,
 No bliss whose being grew not from my lyre,
 No energy undevoted to my lyre.
 It was my other self, that had a power ;
 Mine, but o'er which I had not a control.
 At times it was not with me, and I felt
 A wonder how it ever had been mine :
 And then a word, a look of loveliness,
 A tone of music, call'd it into life ;
 And song came gushing, like the natural tears,
 To check whose current does not rest with us.

Had I lived ever in the savage woods,
 Or in some distant island, which the sea
 With wind and wave guards in deep loneliness ;
 Had my eye never on the beauty dwelt
 Of human face, and my ear never drank
 The music of a human voice ; I feel
 My spirit would have pour'd itself in song,
 Have learn'd a language from the rustling leaves
 The singing of the birds, and of the tide.
 Perchance, then, happy had I never known
 Another thought could be attach'd to song
 Than of its own delight. O ! let me pause
 Over this earlier period, when my heart
 Mingled its being with its pleasures, fill'd
 With rich enthusiasm, which once flung
 Its purple colouring o'er all things of earth,
 And without which our utmost power of thought
 But sharpens arrows that will drink our blood.
 Like woman's soothing influence o'er man,
 Enthusiasm is upon the mind ;
 Softening and beautifying that which is
 Too harsh and sullen in itself. How much
 I loved the painter's glorious art, which forms
 A world like, but more beautiful than this ;
 Just catching nature in her happiest mood
 How drank I in fine poetry, which makes
 The hearing passionate, fill'd with memories
 Which steal from out the past like rays from
 clouds !
 And then the sweet songs of my native vale,
 Whose sweetness and whose softness call'd to
 mind
 The perfume of the flowers, the purity
 Of the blue sky ; O, how they stir'd my soul !

Amid the many golden gifts which heaven
 Has left, like portions of its light, on earth,
 None hath such influence as music hath.
 The painter's hues stand visible before us
 In power and beauty ; we can trace the thoughts
 Which are the workings of the poet's mind :
 But music is a mystery, and viewless
 Even when present, and is less man's act,
 And less within his order ; for the hand
 That can call forth the tones, yet cannot tell
 Whither they go, or if they live or die,
 When floated once beyond his feeble ear ;
 And then, as if it were an unreal thing,
 The wind will sweep from the neglected strings
 As rich a swell as ever minstrel drew.

A poet's word, a painter's touch, will reach
 The innermost recesses of the heart,
 Making the pulses throb in unison
 With joy or grief, which we can analyze ;
 There is the cause for pleasure and for pain :
 But music moves us, and we knew not why ?
 We feel the tears, but cannot trace their source.
 Is it the language of some other state,
 Born of its memory ? For what can wake
 The soul's strong instinct of another world,
 Like music ? Well with sadness doth it suit,
 To hear the melancholy sounds decay,
 And think (for thoughts are life's great human
 links,
 And mingle with our feelings,) even so
 Will the heart's wildest pulses sink to rest.

How have I loved, when the red evening fill'd
 Our temple with its glory, first, to gaze
 On the strange contrast of the crimson air,
 Lighted as if with passion, and flung back,
 From silver vase and tripod rich with gems,
 To the pale statues round, where human life
 Was not, but beauty was, which seem'd to have
 Apart existence from humanity :
 Then, to go forth where the tall waving pines
 Seem'd as behind them roll'd a golden sea,
 Immortal and eternal ; and the boughs,
 That darkly swept between me and its light,
 Were fitting emblems of the worldly cares
 That are the boundary between us and heaven ;
 Meanwhile, the wind, a wilful messenger
 Lingering amid the flowers on his way,
 At intervals swept past in melody,
 The lutes and voices of the choral hymn
 Contending with the rose-breath on his wing !
 Perhaps it is these pleasures' chiefest charm,
 They are so indefinable, so vague.
 From earliest childhood all too well aware
 Of the uncertain nature of our joys,
 It is delicious to enjoy, yet know
 No after consequence will be to weep.
 Pride misers with enjoyment, when we have

(24)

Delight in things that are but of the mind :
 But half humility when we partake
 Pleasures that are half wants, the spirit pines
 And struggles in its fetters, and disdains
 The low base clay to which it is allied,
 But here our rapture raises us : we feel
 What glorious power is given to man, and find
 Our nature's nobleness and attributes,
 Whose heaven is intellect ; and we are proud
 To think how we can love those things of earth
 Which are least earthly ; and the soul grows pure
 In this high communing, and more divine.

This time of dreaming happiness pass'd by,
 Another spirit was within my heart ;
 I drank the maddening cup of praise, which grew
 Henceforth the fountain of my life ; I lived
 Only in others' breath ; a word, a look,
 Were of all influence on my destiny :
 If praise they spoke, 'twas sunlight to my soul,
 Or censure, it was like the scorpion's sting..

And a yet darker lesson was to learn—
 The hollowness of each ; that praise, which is
 But base exchange of flattery ; that blame,
 Given by cautious coldness, which still deems
 'Tis safest to depress ; that mockery,
 Flinging shafts but to show its own keen aim ;
 That carelessness, whose very censure's chance ;
 And, worst of all, the earthly judgment pass'd
 By minds whose native clay is unredeem'd
 By aught of heaven, whose every thought falls
 foul

Plague spot on beauty which they cannot feel
 Tainting all that it touches with itself.
 O dream of fame, what hast thou been to me
 But the destroyer of life's calm content !
 I feel so more than ever, that thy sway
 Is weaken'd over me. Once I could find
 A deeper and dangerous delight in thee ;
 But that is gone. I am too much awake.
 Light has burst o'er me, but not morning's light ;
 'Tis such light as will burst upon the tomb,
 When all but judgment's over. Can it be,
 That these fine impulses, these lofty thoughts,
 Burning with their own beauty, are but given
 To make me the low slave of vanity,
 Heartless and humbled ! O my own sweet power,
 Surely thy songs were made for more than this !
 What a worst waste of feeling and of life
 Have been the imprints on my roll of time,
 Too much, too long ! To what use have I turn'd
 The golden gifts in which I pride myself ?
 They are profaned ; with their pure ore I made
 A temple resting only on the breath
 Of heedless worshippers. Alas ! that ever
 Praise should have been what it has been to me.
 The opiate of my heart. Yet I have dream'd

q 2

Of things which cannot be; the bright, the pure,
That all of which the heart may only dream;
And I have mused upon my gift of song,
And deeply felt its beauty, and disdain'd
The pettiness of praise-to which at times
My soul was bow'd; and I have scorn'd myself
For that my cheek could burn, my pulses beat
At idle words. And yet, it is in vain
For the full heart to press back every throb
Wholly upon itself. Ay, fair as are
The visions of a poet's solitude,
There must be something more for happiness;
They seek communion. It had seem'd to me
A miser's selfishness, had I not sought
To share with others those impassion'd thoughts,
Like light, or hope, or love, in their effects.
When I have watch'd the stars write on the sky
In characters of light, have seen the moon
Come like a veil'd priestess from the east,
While, like a hymn, the wind swell'd on mine ear,
Telling soft tidings of eve's thousand flowers,
Has it not been the transport of my lute
To find its best delight in sympathy?
Alas! the idols which our hopes set up,
They are Chaldean ones, half gold, half clay;
We trust, we are deceived, we hope, we fear,
Alike without foundation; day by day
Some new illusion is destroy'd, and life
Gets cold and colder on towards its close.
Just like the years which make it, some are
check'd

By sudden blights in spring; some are dried up
By fiery summers; others waste away
In calm monotony of quiet skies,
And peradventure these may be the best:
They know no hurricanes, no floods that sweep
As a God's vengeance were upon each wave;
But then they have no ruby fruits, no flowers
Shining in purple, and no lighted mines
Of gold and diamond. Which is the best,—
Beauty and glory, in a southern clime,
Mingled with thunder, tempest; or the calm
Of skies that scarcely change, which, at the least,
If much of shine they have not, have no storms?
I know not: but I know fair earth or sky
Are self-consuming in their loveliness,
And the too radiant sun and fertile soil
In their luxuriance run themselves to waste,
And the green valley and the silver stream
Become a sandy desert. O! the mind,
Too vivid in its lighted energies,
May read its fate in sunny Araby.
How lives its beauty in each Eastern tale,
Its growth of spices, and its groves of balm!
They are exhausted; and what is it now?
A wild and burning wilderness. Alas!
For such similitude. Too much this is
The fate of this world's loveliest and best.

Is there not a far people, who possess
Mysterious oracles of older time,
Who say that this earth labours with a curse,
That it is fallen from its first estate,
And is now but the shade of what it was?
I do believe the tale. I feel its truth
In my vain aspirations, in the dreams
That are revealings of another world,
More pure, more perfect than our weary one,
Where day is darkness to the starry soul.

O heart of mine! my once sweet paradise
Of love and hope! how changed thou art to me!
I cannot count thy changes: thou hast lost
Interest in the once idols of thy being;
They have departed, even as if wings
Had borne away their morning; they have left
Weariness, turning pleasure into pain,
And too sure knowledge of their hollowness.

And that too is gone from me; that which
was
My solitude's delight! I can no more
Make real existence of a shadowy world.
Time was, the poet's song, the ancient tale
Were to me fountains of deep happiness,
For they grew visible in my lonely hours,
As things in which I had a deed and part;
Their actual presence had not been more true:
But these are bubbling sparkles, that are found
But at the spring's first source. Ah! years may
bring.

The mind to its perfection, but no more
Will those young visions live in their own light.
Life's troubles stir life's waters all too much,
Passions chase fancies, and, though still we dream,
The colouring is from reality.

Farewell, my lyre! thou hast not been to me
All I once hoped. What is the gift of mind,
But as a barrier to so much that makes
Our life endurable,—companionship,
Mingling affection, calm and gentle peace,
Till the vex'd spirit seals with discontent
A league of sorrow and of vanity,
Built on a future which will never be!

And yet I would resign the praise that now
Makes my cheek crimson, and my pulses beat,
Could I but deem that when my hand is cold,
And my lip passionless, my songs would be
Number'd 'mid the young poet's first delights;
Read by the dark-eyed maiden in an hour
Of moonlight, till her cheek shone with its
tears;
And murmur'd by the lover when his suit
Calls upon poetry to breathe of love.
I do not hope a sunshine burst of fame,
My lyre asks but a wreath of fragile flowers.

I have told passionate tales of breaking hearts,
Of young cheeks fading even before the rose ;
My songs have been the mournful history
Of woman's tenderness and woman's tears ;
I have touch'd but the spirit's gentlest chords,—
Surely the fittest for my maiden hand ;—
And in their truth my immortality.

Thou lovely and lone star, whose silver light,
Like music o'er the waters, steals along
The soften'd atmosphere ; pale star, to thee
I dedicate the lyre, whose influence
I would have sink upon the heart like thine.

In such an hour as this, the bottom turns
Back to its early feelings ; man forgets
His stern ambition and his worldly cares,
And woman loathes the petty vanities
That mar her nature's beauty ; like the dew,
Shedding its sweetness o'er the sleeping flowers
Till all their morning freshness is revived,
Kindly affections, sad, but yet sweet thoughts
Melt the cold eyes, long, long unused to weep.
O lute of mine, that I shall wake no more !
Such tearful music linger on thy strings,
Consecrate unto sorrow and to love ;
Thy truth, thy tenderness, be all thy fame !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE CONISTON CURSE :

A YORKSHIRE LEGEND.

There is a tradition of such a curse attached to one of the old mansions in the north of England ; I am not aware of any cause for the malediction. This will, I trust, be sufficient excuse for placing its origin in a period when such a circumstance was most likely to have taken place ; when enough of superstition remained for terror to have produced its fulfilment.

They knelt upon the altar steps, but other looks
were there
Than the calm and inward looks which suit the
evening hour of prayer ;
Many a cheek was deadly pale, while some were
flush'd with red,
And hurriedly and falteringly the holy words were
said.

They knelt their last, they sang their last ; for deep
the king hath sworn,
The silent cells should strangely change before the
coming morn :

The cloister'd votary henceforth is free from vow or
veil,
Her gray robes she may doff, and give her bright
hair to the gale.

And pardon be to them, if some, in their first hour
of bloom,
Thought all too lightly in their hearts 'twas not so
hard a doom ;
For they were young, and they were fair, and little
in their shade
Knew they of what harsh elements the jarring
world was made.

There knelt one young, there knelt one fair, but
unlike those around,
No change upon her steady mien or on her brow
was found,
Save haughtier even than its wont now seem'd
that lady's face,
And never yet was brow more proud among her
haughty race.

Betroth'd to one who fell in war, the last of all
her name,
In her first youth and loveliness the noble maiden
came ;
Vigil and prayer, and tears perchance, had worn
her bloom away,
When held that youthful prioress in St. Edith's
shrine her sway.

She gave her broad lands to its use, she gave her
golden dower,—
Marvel ye that ill she brook'd the chance that ruled
the hour !
And it may be more fiercely grew her pious zeal
allied
To this her all of earthly power—her all of earthly
pride.

Comes from the aisle a heavy sound, such steps as
tread in steel,
The clash of sword, the ring of shield, the tramp
of armed heel.
The prioress bade her nuns upraise the vesper's
sacred tone,
She led the hymn, but mute the rest—no voice
rose but her own :

For open now the gates were flung, in pour'd the
soldier train,
And shout and shriek, and oath and prayer, rang
through the holy fane.

Then forth the prioress stepp'd, and raised the red
cross in her hand—

No warrior of her race e'er held more fearless battle
brand.

"Now turn, Sir JOHN DE CONISTON, I bid thee
turn and flee,

Nor wait till Heaven, by my sworn lips, lay its
dread curse on thee!

Turn back, Sir JOHN DE CONISTON, turn from
our sainted shrine,

And years of penance may efface this godless deed
of thine."

Rough was Sir JOHN DE CONISTON, and hasty in
his mood,

And, soldierlike, then answer'd he, in angry speech
and rude:

"I would not back although my path were lined
with hostile swords,

And deem'st thou I will turn aside for only
woman's words?"

She raised her voice, the curse was pass'd; and to
their dying day

The sound, like thunder in their ears, will never
pass away;

Still haunted them those flashing eyes, that brow
of funeral stone,

When the words were said, she veil'd her face—
the prioress was gone.

No more in that calm sanctuary its vestal maids
abide,

Save one, Sir JOHN DE CONISTON, and that one is
thy bride;

The sister band to other homes at will might
wander free,

And their lonely prioress had fled a pilgrim o'er
the sea.

Seven years St. EDITH's votary has wander'd far
and near,

Barefoot and fasting, she has call'd on every saint
to hear:

Seven years of joy and festival have pass'd away
like hours,

Since that priory had changed its state to a baron's
lordly towers.

There was revelling in that stately hall, and in his
seat of pride

The Lord of Coniston was placed, with his lady
by his side;

And four fair children there were ranged beside
their parents' knee,

All glad and beautiful—a sight for weary eyes to
see.

Rang the old turrets with the pledge—"Now
health to thee and thine;

And long and prosperous may thy name last in thy
gallant line!"

When a voice rose up above them all, and that
voice was strange and shrill,

Like autumn's wind when it has caught winter's
first shriek and chill;

And forth a veil'd figure stepp'd, but back she
flung her veil,

And they knew St. EDITH's prioress by her brow
so deadly pale;

No sickly paleness of the cheek whence health
and hope have fled,

But that deadly hue, so wan, so cold, which only
suits the dead.

"The prey of the ungodly is taken by God's
hand—

I lay the endless curse of change upon this doomed
land:

They may come and possession take, even as thou
hast done,

But the father never, never shall transmit it to his
son.

"Yet I grieve for the fair branches, though of such
evil tree;

But the weird is laid, and the curse is said, and is
rests on thine and thee."

Away she pass'd, though many thought to stay
her in the hall,

She glided from them, and not one had heard her
footstep fall.

And one by one those children in their earliest
youth declined,

Like sickening flowers that fade and fall before the
blighting wind;

And their mother she too pined away, stricken by
the same blast,

Till Sir JOHN DE CONISTON was left, the lonely
and the last.

He sat one evening in his hall, still pride was on
his brow,

And the fierce spirit lingering there nor time nor
grief could bow;

Yet something that told failing strength was now
upon his face,

When enter'd that dark prioress, and fronted him
in place.

"Sir JOHN, thy days are number'd, and never
more we meet

Till we yield our last dread reckoning before God's
judgment-seat!

My words they are the latest sounds thine ear shall
ever take—

Then hear me curse again the land which is
cursed for thy sake.

“O, Coniston, thy lands are broad, thy stately
towers are fair,

Yet wo and desolation are for aye the tenants
there;

For Death shall be thy keeper, and two of the
same race

Shall ne'er succeed each other in thy fated dwelling-
place!”

The curse is on it to this day : now others hold
the land ;

But be they childless, or begirt with a fair infant
band,

Some sudden death, some wasting ill, some sick-
ness taints the air,

And touches all,—no master yet has ever left an
heir.

THE OMEN.

“O now we miss the young and bright,
With her feet of wind, her eyes of light,
Her fragrant hair like the sunny sea
On the perfumed shores of Araby,
Her gay step light as the snow-white deer,
And her voice of song ! O ! we miss her here.
There is something sad in the lighted hall ;
Without her can there be festival !
There is something drear in the meteor dance,
When we do not catch her laughing glance.
But pledge we her health.” Each one took up,
In that ancient hall, the red wine-cup :
Each started back from the turbid wine—
What could have dimm'd its purple shine ?
Each turn'd for his neighbour's look to express
The augury himself dared not to guess.

Swept the vaulted roof along,
A sound like the echo of distant song,
When the words are lost, but you know they
tell

Of sorrow's coming and hope's farewell.
Such sad music could only bear
Tale and tidings of long despair.
Pass'd the sound from the ancient hall ;
You heard in the distance its plaining fall,
Till it died away on the chill night-wind :
But it left its fear and its sadness behind ;
And each one went to his pillow that night
To hear fearful sound, and see nameless sight ;

Not such dreams as visit the bower
Of the gay at the close of the festal hour.

But next morning rose : 'twas a cheerful time
For the sunshine seem'd like the summer prime,
While the bright laurel leaves round the casements
spread,

And the holly with berries 'of shining red,
The heaven of blue, and the earth of green,
Seem'd not as if the winter had been.
Welcomed they in the Christmas morn,
With the sound of the carol, the voice of the
horn.

There was white snow lay on the distant hill,
The muttering river was cold and still ;
But their songs were so glad that they miss'd not
its tune,

And the hearth-fire was bright as an August noon
As if youth came back with the joyous strain,
The aged lord welcomed in the train
Of guest and vassal ; for glad seem'd he
To make and to share their festivity.

Though he may not see his EDITH's brow,
Though far away be his fair child now,
Over the sea, and over the strand,
In the sunny vales of Italian land,
He may reckon now the days to spring,
When her native birds and she will take wing,
Blithe and beautiful, glad to come
With the earliest flowers to their own dear home
Pass a short space of dark cold days,
Of drear nights told by the pinewood's blaze,
And the snow showers will melt into genial rain,
And the sunshine and she be back again.
And when she returns with her sweet guitar,
The song and the tale she has learn'd afar,
And caught the sweet sound to which once he
clung,

The southern words of her mother's tongue,
With her soft cheek touch'd with a rosier dye,
And a clearer light in her deep dark eye
He will not mourn that the winter hour
Has pass'd unfelt by his gentle flower.
It is Christmas day—'tis her natal morn,
Away be all thoughts of sorrowing borne :
There is no prayer a vassal can frame
Will fail to-day, if breathed in her name ;
Henceforth that guest is a bosom friend,
Whose wish a blessing for her may send.

Her picture hung in that hall, where to-day
Gather'd the guests in their festal array.
Twas a fragile shape, and a fairy face,
A cheek where the wild rose had sweet birth
place ;
But all too delicate was the red,
Such rainbow hues are the soonest fled .

The sweet mouth seem'd parted with fragrant air,
 A kiss and a smile were companions there:
 Never was wild fawn's eye more bright,
 Like the star that heralds the morning's light;
 Though that trembling pensiveness it wore
 Which bodes of a lustre, too soon to be o'er.
 But to mark these signs long gazing took;
 Seem'd it at first but that your look
 Dwelt on a face all glad and fair,
 'Mid its thousand curls of sunny hair.
 They raised the cup to pledge her name;
 Again that strange sad music came,
 But a single strain,—loud at its close
 A cry from the outer crowd arose.

All rush'd to gaze; and, winding through
 The length of the castle avenue,
 There was a hearse with its plumes of snow,
 And its night-black horses moved heavy and slow.
 One moment,—they came to the festal hall,
 And bore in the coffin a velvet pall.
 A name was whisper'd; the young, the fair,
 Their *EDITH* was laid in her last sleep there.
 It was her latest prayer to lie
 In the churchyard beneath her native sky;
 She had ask'd and pined for her early home,
 She had come at last,—but how had she come!
 O! that aged lord, how bore he this grief,
 This rending off of his last green leaf!
 He wasted away as the child that dies
 For love of its absent mother's eyes;
 Ere the spring flowers o'er her grave were
 weeping,
 The father beside his child was sleeping.

ONE DAY.

And this the change from morning to midnight.

THE sunshine of the morning
 Is abroad upon the sky,
 And glorious as that red sunshine
 The crimson banners fly;
 The snow-white plumes are dancing,
 Flash casques and helms of gold:
 'Tis the gathering of earth's chivalry,
 Her proud, her young, her bold.
 The fiery steeds are foaming,
 Sweeps by the trumpet blast,
 I hear a long and pealing shout,
 The soldier bands are past.

THE sunshine of the morning
 Is abroad upon the sea;
 And mistress of the wave and wind
 Yon vessel seems to be.

Like the pine tree of the forest
 Her tall mast heavenward springs,
 Her white sails bear her onwards
 Like the eagle's rushing wings.
 That deck is nobly laden,
 For gallant hearts are there;
 What danger is they would not face,
 The deed they would not dare!

THE sunshine of the morning
 Is abroad upon the hills,
 With the singing of the greenwood leaves.
 And of a thousand rills.
 There springs the youthful hunter
 With his winged spear and bow,
 He hath the falcon's flashing eye,
 The fleet foot of the roe.
 He goes with a light carol,
 And his own heart is as light;
 On, on he bounds from rock to rock,
 Rejoicing in his might.

THE sunshine of the morning
 Is abroad upon yon fane,
 There 'mid his country's monuments
 Dreams the young bard his strain.
 Stand there on marble pedestal
 The great of olden time:
 Marvel ye minstrel's brow is flush'd
 With thoughts and hopes sublime?

THE moonshine of the midnight
 Is abroad upon the plain,
 Where gather'd morning's glorious ranks,
 There welter now the slain.
 Thousands are sunk there dying,
 Pillow'd upon the dead;
 The banner lies by the white plume,
 But both alike are red.

THE moonshine of the midnight
 Is abroad upon the seas,
 The waves have risen in their might
 To battle with the breeze.
 That ship has been the victim;
 Stranded on yon bleak coast,
 She has lost her mast, her winged sails,
 And her deck its warlike boast.
 O'er her bravest sweep the waters,
 And a pale and ghastly band
 Cling to the black rock's side, or pace
 Like ghosts the sullen strand.

THE moonshine of the midnight
 Is abroad upon the hills;
 No hunter's step is ringing there,
 No horn the echo fills.
 He is laid on a snow pillow,
 Which his red heartblood has dyed;

One false step, and the jagged rock
Enter'd the hunter's side.

The moonshine of the midnight
Is shining o'er the fane,
Where the bard awoke the morning song
He'll never wake again.
Go thou to yon lone cavern,
Where the lonely ocean sweeps
There, silent as its darkness,
A maniac vigil keeps.
'Tis the bard ; his curse is on him,
His fine mind is o'erthrown,
Contempt hath jarr'd its tuneful chords,
Neglect destroy'd its tone.

These are but few from many
Of life's checker'd scenes ; yet these
Are but as all,—pride, power, hope,
Then weakness, grief, disease.
O, glory of the morning !
O, ye gifted, young, and brave !
What end have ye, but midnight ;
What find ye, but the grave !

LOVE'S LAST LESSON.

TEACH it me, if you can,—forgetfulness !
I surely shall forget, if you can bid me ;
I who have worshipp'd thee, my god on earth,
I who have bow'd me at thy lightest word.
Your last command, " Forget me," will it not
Sink deeply down within my inmost soul ?
Forget thee !—ay, forgetfulness will be
A mercy to me. By the many nights
When I have wept for that I dared not sleep,—
A dream had made me live my woes again,
Acting my wretchedness, without the hope
My foolish heart still clings to, though that hope
Is like the opiate which may lull a while,
Then wake to double torture ; by the days
Pass'd in lone watching and in anxious fears,
When a breath sent the crimson to my cheek,
Like the red gushing of a sudden wound ;
By all the careless looks and careless words
Which have to me been like the scorpion's
stinging ;
By happiness blighted, and by thee, forever ;
By the eternal work of wretchedness ;
By all my wither'd feelings, ruin'd health,
Crush'd hopes, and rifled heart, I will forget thee !
Alas ! my words are vanity. Forget thee !
Thy work of wasting is too surely done.
The April shower may pass and be forgotten,
The rose fall and one fresh spring in its place,
And thus it may be with light summer love.

It was not thus with mine : it did not spring,
Like the bright colour on an evening cloud,
Into a moment's life, brief, beautiful ;
Not amid lighted halls, when flatteries
Steal on the ear like dew upon the rose,
As soft, as soon dispersed, as quickly pass'd ;
But you first call'd my woman's feelings forth,
And taught me love ere I had dream'd love's name.
I loved unconsciously ; your name was all
That seem'd in language, and to me the world
Was only made for you ; in solitude,
When passions hold their interchange together,
Your image was the shadow of my thought ;
Never did slave, before his Eastern lord,
Tremble as I did when I met your eye,
And yet each look was counted as a prize ;
I laid your words up in my heart like pearls
Hid in the ocean's treasure cave. At last
I learn'd my heart's deep secret : for I hoped,
I dream'd you loved me ; wonder, fear, delight,
Swept my heart like a storm ; my soul, my life,
Seem'd all too little for your happiness ;
Had I been mistress of the starry worlds
That light the midnight, they had all been yours,
And I had deem'd such boon but poverty.
As it was, I gave all I could—my love,
My deep, my true, my fervent, faithful love ;
And now you bid me learn forgetfulness :
It is a lesson that I soon shall learn.
There is a home of quiet for the wretched,
A somewhat dark, and cold, and silent rest,
But still it is rest,—for it is the grave.

She flung aside the scroll, as it had part
In her great misery. Why should she write ?
What could she write ? Her woman's pride for
bade
To let him look upon her heart, and see
It was an utter ruin ;—and cold words,
And scorn and slight, that may repay his own,
Were as a foreign language, to whose sound
She might not frame her utterance. Down she
bent
Her head upon an arm so white that tears
Seem'd but the natural melting of its snow,
Touch'd by the flush'd cheek's crimson ; yet life-
blood
Less wrings in shedding than such tears as those.

And this then is love's ending ! It is like
The history of some fair southern clime.
Hot fires are in the bosom of the earth,
And the warm'd soil puts forth its thousand
flowers,
Its fruits of gold, summer's regality,
And sleep and odours float upon the air :
At length the subterranean element
Breaks from its secret dwelling-place, and lays

All waste before it ; the red lava stream
Sweeps like the pestilence ; and that which was
A garden in its colours and its breath,
Fit for the princess of a fairy tale,
Is as a desert, in whose burning sands,
And ashy waters, who is there can trace
A sign, a memory of its former beauty !
It is thus with the heart ; love lights it up
With hopes like young companions, and with joys
Dreaming deliciously of their sweet selves.

This is at first ; but what is the result ?
Hopes that lie mute in their own sullenness,
For they have quarrell'd even with themselves ;
And joys indeed like birds of Paradise :
And in their stead despair coils scorpionlike
Stinging itself ; and the heart, burnt and crush'd
With passion's earthquake, scorch'd and wither'd
up,
Lies in its desolation,—this is love.

What is the tale that I would tell ! Not one
Of strange adventure, but a common tale
Of woman's wretchedness ; one to be read
Daily in many a young and blighted heart.
The lady whom I spake of rose again
From the red fever's couch, to careless eyes
Perchance the same as she had ever been.

* In Eastern tales, the bird of Paradise never rests on earth.

But O, how alter'd to herself ! She felt
That birdlike pining for some gentle home
To which affection might attach itself,
That weariness which hath but outward part
In what the world calls pleasure, and that chill
Which makes life taste the bitterness of death.

And he she loved so well,—what opiate
Lull'd consciousness into its selfish sleep ?—
He said he loved her not ; that never vow
Or passionate pleading won her soul for him ;
And that he guess'd not her deep tenderness.

Are words, then, only false ? are there no looks,
Mute but most eloquent ; no gentle cares
That win so much upon the fair weak things
They seem to guard ? And had he not long read
Her heart's hush'd secret in the soft dark eye
Lighted at his approach, and on the cheek
Colouring all crimson at his lightest look ?
This is the truth ; his spirit wholly turn'd
To stern ambition's dream, to that fierce strife
Which leads to life's high places, and reck'd not
What lovely flowers might perish in his path.

And here at length is somewhat of revenge :
For man's most golden dreams of pride and power
Are vain as any woman dreams of love ;
Both end in weary brow and wither'd heart,
And the grave closes over those whose hopes
Have lain there long before.

THE VOW OF THE PEACOCK,
AND OTHER POEMS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE idea of the following poem was taken from a picture by Mr. M'Glise, called "The Vow of the Peacock," exhibited at Somerset House. I have attempted to attach a narrative to the brilliant scene represented by the painting.

The fact of a lady in distress applying to some renowned knight for assistance, belongs as much to the history of chivalry as to its romance. Vows on the heron, the pheasant, and the peacock, to do some deeds of arms, were common in the olden time. My story, founded on this picturesque custom, is entirely fanciful, though its scenes and manners are strictly historical.

L. E. L.

THE VOW OF THE PEACOCK.

The present! it is but a drop from the sea
In the mighty depths of eternity.
I love it not—it taketh its birth
Too near to the dull and the common earth.
It is worn with our wants, and steep'd with our
cares,

The dreariest aspect of life it wears;
Its griefs are so fresh, its wrongs are so near,
That its evils of giant shape appear;
The curse of the serpent, the sweat of the brow,
Lie heavy on all things surrounding us now.
Fill'd with repining, and envy, and strife,
What is the present—the actual of life?
The actual! it is as the clay to the soul,
The working-day portion of life's wondrous whole!
How much it needeth the light and the air
To breathe their own being, the beautiful, there!
Like the soil that asks for the rain from the sky,
And the soft west wind that goes wandering by,
E'er the wonderful world within will arise
And rejoice in the smile of the summer's soft eyes.

The present—the actual—were they our all—
Too heavy our burthen, too hopeless our thrall;
But heaven, that spreadeth o'er all its blue cope,
Hath given us memory,—hath given us hope!
And redeemeth the lot which the present hath
cast,

By the fame of the future, the dream of the past.
The future! ah, there hath the spirit its home,
In its distance is written the glorious to come.
The great ones of earth lived but half for their
day;
The grave was their altar, the far-off their way.
Step by step hath the mind its high empire won;
We live in the sunshine of what it hath done.

The present! it sinketh with sorrow and care,
That but for the future, it never could bear;
We dwell in its shadow, we see by its light,
And to-day trusts to-morrow, it then will be bright.

The maiden who wanders alone by the shore,
And bids the wild waters the dear one restore;
Yet lingers to listen the lute notes that swell
As the evening winds touch the red lips of the
shell,

She thinks of the time when no longer alone
Another will thank those sweet shells for their
tone

They soothed her with music, the soft and the
deep,
That whisper'd the winds, and the waves were
asleep.

Such music, hope brings from the future to still
Humanity vex'd with the presence of ill.

The past! ah, we owe it a tenderer debt,
Heaven's own sweetest mercy is not to forget;
Its influence softens the present, and flings
A grace, like the ivy, wherever it clings.
Sad thoughts are its ministers—angels that keep
Their beauty to hallow the sorrows they weep.
The wrong, that seem'd harsh to our earlier mood,
By long years with somewhat of love is subdued;—
The grief, that at first had no hope in its gloom,
Ah, flowers have at length sprung up over the
tomb.

The heart hath its twilight, which softens the
scene,

While memory recalls where the lovely hath been.
It builds up the ruin, restores the gray tower,
Till there looks the beauty still from her bower.
It leans o'er the fountain, and calls from the wave
The maid that dwells with her lute in the cave;—
It bends by the red rose, and thinketh old songs;—
That leaf to the heart of the lover belongs.
It clothes the gray tree with the green of its
spring,

And brings back the music the lark used to sing.
But spirits yet dearer attend on the past,
When alone, 'mid the shadows the dim hearth has
cast;

Then feelings come back, that had long lost their
tone,

And echo the music that once was their own.
Then friends, whose sweet friendship the world
could divide,

Come back with kind greetings, and cling to our
side.

The book which we loved when our young love
was strong;—

An old tree long cherish'd; a nursery song;—
A walk slow and pleasant by field and by wood;—
The winding 'mid water-plants of that clear flood,
Where lilies, like fairy queens, look'd on their
glass,—

That stream we so loved in our childhood to pass.

O! world of sweet phantoms, how precious thou art!

The past is perpetual youth to the heart.

The past is the poet's,—that world is his own;
Thence hath his music its truth and its tone.
He calls up the shadows of ages long fled,
And light, as life lovely, illumines the dead.
And the beauty of time, with wild flowers and green,

Shades and softens the world-worn, the harsh and the mean.

He lives, he creates, in those long vanish'd years—

He asks of the present but audience and tears.

Years, years have past along
Since the sword, and since the song
Made alike the bright and bold—
What one wrought—the other told.
When the lady in her bower
Held her beauty's conscious power;
When the knight's wild life was spent
Less in castle than in tent;
When romance, excitement, strife,
Flung the picturesque o'er life.

Lo, the past yields up an hour
To the painter's magic power—
Master'd into life and light,
Breathing beautiful and bright,—
One bright hour in glory dyed
Of the old chivalric pride.

With war music round them pour'd,
With the sunshine on the sword,
With the battlemented towers,
Crimsoning in the morning hours,
Girdled by their southern clime,
Stand a group of olden time.
They are gather'd,—wherefore now?
'Tis the Peacock's noble vow!
Vow that binds a knightly faith
Sure as love and strong as death.

Doth that kneeling bright hair'd dame
Succour or protection claim?
Is she wrong, is she forsaken?
Wherefore must that vow be taken?
What wild tale of old romance
Haunteth that bright lady's glance?
What proud deed of coming fight
Bares the blade of yonder knight?
Dare I give the colours words,—
Ask their music from the chords?

In sooth it was as fair a court
As ever in a morn of May,
Amid the greenwood's glad resort,
Made a perpetual holiday.

'Tis true she was a queen no more,
But still her robe the ermine bore;
And in her hand, and in her eye,
Was that which spoke of courts gone-by.
For Catherine look'd what she had been,
At once the beauty and the queen.
Both had their grief, whose memory throws
A deeper charm around repose.*

She knew the worth of quiet hours,
Past true and loving hearts among,
Whose history might be writ on flowers,
Or only chronicled in song.

Methinks, were it my lot to choose,
As my lot it will never be,

I'd colour life with those same hues
That, lady! colour'd life for thee.
Thou, to whom life enough was known—
The moonlit bower, the court, the throne,
The heart that maketh its own snare,
Passion and power, and grief and care;
Till the soul, sadden'd and subdued,
Rejoiced in haunted solitude.

Youth is too eager, forth it flings
Itself upon exulting wings,
Which seek the heaven they ask too near—
One wild flight ends the bright career;
With broken wing and darken'd eye,
Earth claims again its own to die,
No! solitude asks by-gone hours
Wherewith to fill its silent bowers,—
Memories that linger o'er the past,
But into softer shadow cast,
Like lovely pictures that recall
One look, but that most dear of all.

When life's more fierce desires depart,
Aware how false and vain they are,—

While youth yet lingers at the heart,
And hope, although it looks afar,—
Then takes the lute, its softest tone,
Its murmurs of emotions gone.
Then charms the picture most, it brings
So many unforgotten things.
Then breathes within the gifted scroll,
A deeper meaning to the soul,—
For that itself hath learnt before
The truth and secret of its lore.

Few know such blessed breathing time
As she, whose home beside the sea,
Beneath that lovely summer clime,
Seems such a fairy dream to me.

Within a fair Italian hall,
Round which an olive wood extends,
With summer for her festival,—
For camp and court a few tried friends,
The Queen of Cypress dwelt,—the last
That ever ruled that lovely isle;

The sceptre from her hand she cast,
And Venice wore her crown the while,
Whose winged lion loved to sweep
Sole master of his bride—the deep.
Her history is upon her face ;
Titian hath kept its pensive grace.

Divinest art, that can restore
The lovely and the loved of yore !
Her cheek is pale, her mouth is wrought
With lines that tell of care and thought,
But sweet, and with a smile, that seems
To brood above a world of dreams.
And with an eye of that clear blue,
Like heaven when stars are shining through,
The pure, the spiritual, the clear,
Whose light is of another sphere.
It was an eve when June was calling
The red rose to its summer state,
When dewlike tears around are falling—
Such tears as upon pity wait.
The woods obscured the crimson west,
Which yet shone through the shadowy screen
Like a bright sea in its unrest,
With gold amid the kindling green.
But softer lights and colours fall
Around the olive-shelter'd hall,
Which, opening to a garden, made
Its own, just slightly broken, shade.
Beneath a marble terrace spread,
Vein'd with the sunset's flitting red,
And lovely plants, in vases, there
Wore colours caught in other skies ;
Sweet prisoners, such—because so fair,
Made captives for their radiant eyes.
And in the centre of that room
A fountain, like an April shower,
Brought light—and bore away perfume
To many a pale and drooping flower,
That, wearied with the sultry noon,
Languish'd at that sweet water's tune.

The silvery sigh of that soft strain
Had lull'd the lady and her train ;
And she—her thoughts were far away—
Gone back unto that earlier day,
When heart and hope alike were young.
The tears within her eyelids sprung,
They mingled with the fountain stream—
It was too sweet, too sad a dream.
“What,” said she, “is the singer mute ?
Come young Azalio, take thy lute,
And tell me of those ancient days
Thou dost so love to sing and praise.
Hast thou no legend, minstrel mine,
Of my own old heroic line ;
Some tale of Cyprus, ere her strand
Was won to the Venetian's land ?

Ah ! ocean's loved and loveliest ark,
Thou did'st not always own St. Mark !
Hast thou no chronicle to tell
Of that fair land I love so well ?”

A pale and silent youth was he
Who took the lute upon his knee.
But now his inmost heart was stirr'd ;
He rose at his sweet sovereign's word :
A word to whose low tones were given
All he dream'd music was in heaven.
Ah ! love and song are but a dream,
A flower's faint smile on life's dark stream.
He sang—he loved ; though heart and strain
Alike might love and sing in vain.
Looks not the lover, nor the bard,
Beyond the present's sweet reward ;
Enough to feel the heart is full
With hopes that charm, and dreams that lull
One such impassion'd hour is worth
A thousand common days of earth ;
They know not how intense the beating
Of hearts where love and song are meeting.
He took the lute—he gave it words,
And breathed his spirit on the chords.
The world, save one sweet face, was dim ;
And that shone o'er his lute and him.

THE VOW OF THE PEACOCK.

There is a city, that for slaves,
Has kings, and nations, winds, and waves :
St. Mark is conscious of her power,
His winged lion marks her tower.
But that the bold republic stood,
And bought her empire with her blood,
The crescent's pale and silver lines
Would shine where now the red cross shines
But victory is a chained thing,
Beneath her haughty lion's wing.

One eye the sun was redly shining,
Crimson, as it is now declining,
When e'en the dark canals were bright
A moment with that rosy light ;
How glorious did its colours sweep,
As if in triumph o'er the deep.

One wander'd there, whose gazing eye
Deserved to mirror such a sky.
He of the laurel and the lyre,
Whose lip was song, whose heart was fire—
The gentle Petrarch—he whose fame
Was worship of one dearest name.
The myrtle planted on his grave,
Gave all the laurel ever gave ;
The life that lives in others' breath—
Love's last sweet triumph over death.

And tell me not of long disdain,
Of hope unblest—of fiery pain,—
Of lute and laurel vow'd in vain.

Of such the common cannot deem;
Such love hath an ethereal pride!

I'd rather feed on such a dream,
That win a waking world beside.

He wander'd, lonely, while his gaze
Mused o'er the sunset's failing rays;
When, lo! he saw a vessel ride,
As if in triumph o'er the tide.
Amid her sails were green boughs wreathing,
And music from her deck was breathing;
And from the mast a banner's fold
Flung forth its purple and its gold.
Now joy in Venice!—she has brought
Glad tidings of a battle fought:
The last of a victorious war,
She brings them triumph from afar.
Yet, further on, the dim and dark,
On the horizon hangs a bark;
A sad, small speck: o'er which a cloud
Hangs heavy, like a funeral shroud;

While others mark'd the ship that came
From fields of battle and of fame;
And told, with loud acclaim, the while
The conquest proud of Candia's isle.
The poet linger'd last to mark
The progress of that lonely bark.
He watch'd the worn and weary sail;
I would that he had told its tale!
Then, honour'd like a thing divine,
I had not dared to make it mine.

Upon that deck a lady stands,
The fairest that e'er wrung her hands;
Or bow'd a radiant brow to weep
O'er her wide un pitying deep.
And leave we Venice to her hour
Of festival, and pride, and power,
To learn whate'er the cause can be
That brings such maiden o'er the sea.

The Queen of Cyprus is the maid
But banish'd from her throne and land;
She comes to seek for foreign aid,
Against a false and factious band.
Ah, minstrel! song hath many wings!
From foreign lands its wealth it brings.

And it had brought, o'er sea and sky,
The tidings of Leoni's fame,
Till hope and honour seem'd to lie
Beneath the shadow of his name.
Irene's ear had often heard
The glory given to his sword;
And when she fled her prison-tower,
Ah! such a bird, for such a bower,

It was to seek the sea-beat strand
Where dwelt the hero and his band;
And ask that succour no true knight
Ere yet denied to lady bright.

They landed where a little bay
Flung o'er the shelving sands its spray;
And mingled with the rain, which kept
Perpetual moan, as if it wept.
While winds, amid the hollow caves,
Told the sad secrets of the waves.

It was a gloomy night—and, pale,
That young queen drew her morning veil,
Which ill could screen that slender form
From the rude beating of the storm.
A convent rear'd upon the height,
Gave shelter from the closing night.
Thankful was that bright head to rest,
For charity's sweet sake, their guest.

It was a mournful sight to see
That youthful brow lie down
Without its purple canopy,
Without its royal crown;
A rugged pallet which was laid
Upon the floor of stone,
Thro' whose dark chinks the night winds play'd
With low, perpetual moan;
A death's head telling from the wall—
"Thy heart beats high—but this ends all!"
A crucifix, a pictured saint,
With thin worn lip and colours faint,
All whereon youth loves not to dwell,—
Were gather'd in that gloomy cell.
I said, 'twas sad to see such head
Laid lowly in so rude a bed;
Eyes, long accusom'd to uncloze
Where sigh'd the lute, where breathed the rose,
Not for the lack of state or gold,
But for the history which it told.

The youthful sleeper slumbering there,
With the pale moonlight in her hair;
Her childlike head upon her arm,
Cradling the soft cheek, rosy warm;
The sweet mouth opening like a flower,
Whose perfume fills the midnight hour;
Her white hands clasped, as if she kept
A vigil even while she slept:
Or, as her rest too long delaying,
Slumber stole over her while praying.
Yet this is not the dreamless sleep
That youth should know;—the still, the deep!
See, on her cheek the unquiet red
A sudden crimson flush has shed!
And now it fades, as colours die,
While watching twilight's transient sky.
And now 'tis deadly pale in hue;
On the wan forehead stands the dew!

The small white hands are clench'd and wrung :

She wakes ! how wild a look is flung
From those blue eyes which, strange and wide,
Glance, like the deer's from side to side !
She listens ; but she cannot hear,
So loudly beats her heart with fear.
Gradual she knows the lonely cell—
She hears the midnight's bell ;
She sees the moonlight on the pane,
And, weary, drops her head again.

Alas ! the steps of that young queen
Upon life's rudest path have been.
An orphan ! ah, despair is heard
In but the echo of that word !
Left in her infancy, alone,
On that worst solitude—a throne,
Ill suited was that small snow hand
To sway the sceptre, or the brand.
In truth, the Cypriots need a lord
Who curbs a steed, and wears a sword ;
And a bold chieftain of their line
Had victor come from Palestine :
Fierce, ruthless, false, the crown he sought,
Nor reck'd how dearly it was bought.
Till lately had Irene been
In outward state and show a queen !
And she had been a toy and tool,
To grace each adverse faction's rule.
But when the bold usurper's claim
Ask'd royal place, and royal name ;
Made captive in a treacherous hour,
She pined within a sea-beat tower.

At length a small and faithful band
Escape and rescue bravely plann'd ;
They set the royal captive free,
And bore the maiden o'er the sea !
And now the lady comes to ask
Of chivalry its glorious task :
Aid at the brave Leoni's hand,
To win her back her father's land.
Three days have pass'd, for she was worn
With all that slender frame had borne ;
But tidings came that Venice gave
A general welcome to the brave,
And that a hundred hearts were bent
Upon the morrow's tournament.
Leoni, too, had raised his spear,
Impatient for the high career,
Where deeds of honour would be done,
In honour of the triumph won.

The following morn that sacred shrine
Saw toys and gauds unwonted shine.
The ivy o'er the lattice hung
Back, for a freer light was flung.
O'er the gray pallet were unroll'd
Silks heavv with the weight of gold.

The caskets are unlock'd, that show
Pearls glittering like untrodden snow :
The diamond, like stars at night ;
The emerald which has caught the light
Of early sunbeams, when they pass
Over the dewy morning grass.

The Queen of Cyprus, she has now
No empire but her own sweet brow—
No other influence than what lies
In the deep azure of her eyes.
But she who hath such look and mien
Is still the hearts' enthroned queen.
Her maiden train, with curious care,
Knit the rich tresses of her hair ;
And never king had carved gold
Like those bright lengths together roll'd,
With sunshine gather'd in each fold.
The velvet robe with gold was laced,
And jewels bound the slender waist :
They suited well her high degree,
And queenlike look and step had she !
She saw her graceful shadow fall
O'er the small mirror in the wall ;
Then like the swan with statelier swell,
She past the threshold of her cell.
No knight could see that lip and eye,
And boon, which they might ask, deny !
Thy smile securing thy behest,
Go, lady, in thy loveliest.

The morning ! 'tis a glorious time,
Recalling to the world again
The Eden of its earlier prime,
Ere grief, or care, began their reign.
When every bough is wet with dews,
Their pure pale lit with crimson hues ;
Not wan, as those of evening are,
But pearls unbraid'd from the hair
Of some young bride who leaves the glow
Of her warm cheek upon their snow.
The lark is with triumphant song
Singing the rose-touch'd clouds among :
'Tis there that lighted song has birth,
What hath such hymn to do with earth ?

Each day doth life again begin,
And morning breaks the heart within,
Rolling away its clouds of night,
Renewing glad the inward light.

Many a head that down had lain,
Impatient with its twelve hours' pain,
And wishing that the bed it prest,
Were, as the grave's, a long last rest,
Has sprung again at morning's call,
Forgiving, or forgetting all ;
Lighting the weary weight of thought
With colours from the daybreak brought
Reading new promise in the sky,
And hearing Hope, the lark on high.

But what must morning be to those
 Who sleep impatient of repose,
 The hand upon the spear and shield
 Which wait the morrow's glorious field.
 The tournament, where Venice asks
 All who delight in honour's tasks.
 The Count Leoni sees his band
 With helm on head and spear in hand,
 And proud, he mark'd the sunbeams shine
 Over the long embattled line,
 And said, exulting, "They are mine!"
 No chief were he who could have eyed
 Such soldiers without chieftain's pride!
 Plumed, and full arm'd from head to heel,
 They sat like statues carved in steel.
 He of that body was the soul,
 To lead, to curb, inspire, control.

And wherefore does the warrior wait?
 His steed is pawing at the gate,—
 His page is with his helmet near,—
 He has kiss'd his cousin's farewell tear.—
 He lingers—for a dwarf that seems
 More like a creature framed in dreams,
 'Mid midnight's strange fantastic strife,
 Than being form'd of actual life,
 Has pray'd him for a moment there
 To listen to a lady's prayer.
 And ever true knight owns the claim
 Whose suit is urged in woman's name.
 Stately as night, and fair as day,
 The lovely lady made her way
 Through armed ranks, that bent to her
 As if she were a conqueror:
 Then bending on her graceful knee
 Her lowly suit she made,
 And pray'd him of his courtesy
 To give an orphan aid;
 And leave the tourney for the far,
 And fatal scenes of actual war.

The colour kindled on his cheek,
 A moment and he could not speak;
 Then silence hastily broke he,
 And said, "O, fairest dame!
 Henceforth my sword is vow'd to thee,
 And asks no other fame.
 I pray thee rise, it were more meet
 For me to kneel before thy feet,
 And vow to thee, as at a shrine,
 That heart and hand, and sword are thine."
 Hope kindled in Irene's eyes,
 Yet from her knee she would not rise,
 But spoke again: "If true art thou,
 Take thou the Peacock's sacred vow."
 Her listening maidens caught the word,
 And forth they brought the royal bird;
 The glorious bird, to whom is given
 The colour of an eastern heaven.

Of all the fowls that sweep the air
 None with the Peacock may compare;
 Not only for its loveliness,
 Though queens in vain might ask such dress,
 But o'er those painted plumes are cast
 So many shadows from the past,—
 Those gorgeous ships which wont to bring
 The wealth of Ophir to that king
 Who ransack'd earth and swept the main,
 To find their pleasures were in vain.
 Or from those purple feathers peep
 Faces which they have lull'd to sleep,
 Cheeks of pale beauty, and dark eyes
 Wherein their eastern heaven lies;
 But tearful in their sleep, with dreams
 Of unforgotten mountain streams.
 Ah, childhood! lovely art thou, seen
 When care and passion intervene,
 And thou dost smile as smiles a star,—
 Calm, happy, undisturb'd, but far.
 And such a memory thou hast stirr'd
 Within my heart, enchanted bird!
 I see a little garden nook,
 It has a lorn deserted look;
 Conscious of better days, and pride
 To its neglected state denied:
 Yet is it lovely, or to me
 Lovely at least it seem'd to be.

Laurels stood shining in the sun—
 A golden green, half light, half gloom;
 Some early flowers to seed had run,
 But some were only just in bloom;
 And straggling over path and bed,
 The careless ones shone white and red.
 Spoilt children they, who wander on
 Till summer and themselves are gone.
 But in the midst a plot of grass
 Was to the sunshine as a glass;
 It had been turf, but weeds and flowers
 Had sprung through long neglected hours.

There stood an aged trunk, 'twas gray
 With moss and nature's slow decay.
 Yet there a peacock used to come
 He chose it for his summer home;
 A brave, bright bird, whose graceful head
 Stoop'd daily to my hand for bread.
 Then would he take his glittering stand,
 While to the sun his plumes expand.
 So from th' empurpled waves arise
 Such colours when the dolphin dies
 I loved it for its beauty's blaze,
 I love it now for by-gone days.
 Whene'er I see that bird it brings
 A world of long-forgotten things,—
 Romantic fancies, boldly plann'd,
 For childhood is a fairy land,
 And scorns to work by common means,
 The fair woof of its future scenes;

Hopes which, like dewdrops o'er the plain,
The very sunshine turns to rain;
Affections long since past away.—
But this is vain—on with my lay.

The golden dish is richly chased
On which the royal bird is placed;
And lovely are the bearers twain,
Who there the gorgeous weight sustain.
The one is fair, as that meek flower
The lily, hiding in her bower;
Fair as the north—whose sky and snows
Give softest white and purest rose.

The other—such soft shadows weave
The sweet shapes of a southern eve.
The fringed lashes darkly bend
Where moonbeams and where meteors blend,—
Eyes, full of danger and delight,
Where softness and where fire unite:

Before the armed knight they stand,
Then flashes forth his eager brand;
So help him God! as he shall fight
For honour and his lady's right;
So help him God! as he shall be
True to his faith, his sword, and thee.
She watch'd him while he swore—that queen
So fair a knight had never seen—
The past, to which she turn'd, grew dim,
How could she think, and not of him?

O! sweet and sudden fire that springs
With but a look to light its wings;
How false to say thou needest time
The bright ascent of hope to climb;
A star thou art, that may not be
Reckon'd by dull astronomy!
Henceforth Irene's heart must keep
A treasure!—silent, still, and deep.
A torture!—no one Love hath known,
Only the lovely and the lone.
His very favourites but possess
Gleams of unquiet happiness.

Love's gifts are like the vein of gold
That intersects earth's darker mould;
The gold is gain'd, the coin is wrought;
But how much trouble has it brought?

Alas! not hers the only gaze
Which too deep tenderness betrays:
Nor hers the only ear that hung
On the war music of his tongue.
A girl behind Leoni stands,
His scarf is in her trembling hands;
Scarce hath she power to bid each fold
Hang graceful with its blue and gold;
She droops beneath her shrouding veil,
Her lip, her cheek, are touch'd with pale;
A fear hath enter'd at her heart,—
Take life, so that fear also part.

His ward and cousin she has grown
Within Leoni's halls;
A flower which no rude wind hath blown,
O'er which no shadow falls.

So gradual has the maiden sprung
To womanhood's sweet prime;
So soft the shadow round her flung
By that enchanted time,
That still she seems the child to be
Who wander'd at his side,
Beneath the summer's greenwood tree
And by the sea's blue tide;
And heaping treasure for her bower
Of singing shell and breathing flower
But on her brow there is a shade
Scarcely for early April made:
But 'tis the heart that marks the hour;
And hers, in passion and in power,
Has long outgrown the simple fears
And buoyant hopes of childhood's years.
Love gathereth knowledge; and that tree
Hath good and ill in its degree;
With many an unaccustom'd guest
It stirs the spirit in its rest.
Emotions generous, deep, and strong,
That bear the fever'd soul along;
Shame, hidden in a rosy cloud,
By its own sweet self disallow'd;
Fancies that make their own distress,
And doubts that question happiness.
Love brings all these—he cannot bring
Again its freshness to the spring.

Orphan, or ere her footsteps knew
The weary earth they were to tread;
The love which with her stature grew,
Caught something mournful from the dead
And her young spirit quench'd its tone
Too much with dwelling on the gone.
She sat beside her mother's grave,
And thought of him, the loved, the brave;
He who had been the only guide
Of his betroth'd and orphan bride.
Thus had she grown, a lonely child
Like the woodflower, as sweet and wild;
The darling and delight of all
Within the old ancestral hall;
None look'd beyond the brow the while,
Which still was sweet with childhood's smile

How often has the maiden felt,
When at Leoni's feet she knelt,
Unquiet thoughts her joy disturb,
And shadowy fears she could not curb;
Still in her soul the whisper came,
"I love him—is his love the same?"
Love's instinct prompt at once to reach
All that experience soon must teach;

Then flinging down the chain and gem
 He deem'd she must delight to wear :
 How could she care for toys like them ;
 How could he think that she could care ?
 Then would he raise the golden head
 Whose bright hair droop'd around his knee ;
 And question what she wish'd instead,
 And promised what she wish'd should be.
 And, like a petted child, caress
 The eyes which she had downcast kept,
 Grew yet more tearful thus address,
 In wonder wherefore she had wept.
 She did not know herself ; so much
 Does the young heart itself deceive :
 If love—she did not dream it such,—
 She only felt that she must grieve ;
 And marvell'd with a sweet surprise
 Tears were so ready in her eyes.
 She blush'd them off, and put on mirth ;
 The mask youth ever wears to hide
 The deeper feelings that have birth
 In shame, in passion, and in pride.

At the first look Leoni turn'd
 Upon the fair and stranger dame,
 Her inmost heart within her burn'd,
 A light upon her darkness came.
 Past, present, future, seem'd to fling
 Their weight upon that moment's wing ;
 A shadow fell upon the air,
 The presence of one great despair.

Small time has she for thought ; to day
 The courteous hostess she must play.
 The gather'd bands are glad to hear
 Of nobler warfare for their spear.
 All kindle in one mutual flame,
 For such a cause and such a dame ;
 All crowd within that ancient hall
 To share the parting festival.
 To-morrow with the morning breeze,
 Their gallant fleet will cut the seas.
 The banquet shall be spread to-night ;
 The cup shall circle now
 For that fair lady and her knight,
 And for "the Peacock's Vow."

Amenaïde hath ta'en her seat
 Beside the radiant stranger's feet ;
 Whose purple canopy on high—
 The golden step and chair ;
 But most that regal form and eye
 Her regal state declare.
 Leoni serves her on his knee,
 But, with a fairy smile,
 She says such homage must not be,
 And she his guest the while.
 With softest look and courteous word
 She bid him carve the royal bird.

He carves it with a curious skill
 And when his task was done,
 The little flame was burning still
 That from its bright beak shone.
 He pledged the purple cup that night,
 His soul drank brighter wine
 Than ever fill'd a cup with light
 Or made the hour divine ;
 As if its passing shade had caught
 All treasures that a life had sought.
 Ah, no—a deeper joy he drank
 Than ever floated on the bowl,
 A joy, that colour'd while it sank
 In sweet enchantment on the soul.
 The rosy thralldom of the vine
 Would vanish with the morning's shrine ;
 But he who wakes from such a dream,
 Wakes never more to dream again ;
 The hues have died on life's dull stream,
 Which seeks that earlier light in vain.
 But who e'er turn'd from beauty's ray
 For fear of future shade ;
 Or who e'er flung a rose away
 Because that rose might fade.
 It was a newborn joy to watch
 Those blue eyes sink beneath his own ;
 The colour of the blush to catch,
 The colour which his gaze had thrown
 Upon a cheek, else pale and fair
 As lilies in the summer air.

Amenaïde sat watching by,
 With kindled cheek and flashing eye ;
 She saw before the rest,—to her
 Her own heart was interpreter.—
 She knew the fix'd, yet timid look,
 As if the soul some treasure took ;—
 She knew the soft, yet eager tone ;
 So had she look'd, so had she spoken :
 The past now made the present known
 By many a sad familiar token.
 Ah ! those who love can well divine
 The slightest look, the merest sign.—
 And she was gay,—though love is strong,
 Yet pride is stronger still ;
 She felt, but show'd not of her wrong—
 It master'd not her will.
 Strange ! her young heart could have such
 power
 Upon its most impassion'd hour.
 Ah ! call it by some dearer name—
 The effort made by maiden shame
 Its agony of soul to hide,
 It is too deep, too soft for pride.

Upon her cheek a burning red,
 But richly beautiful, is shed ;
 So kindles on the funeral pyre
 The flame by perfume fed :—

How few remember that sweet fire
Is rising o'er the dead.
And clouds grow crimson with the glow
Of the poor human dust below.—
The light which that young cheek illumed
Came from all precious things consumed;
Hopes, dreams, ere those bright hues depart,
Sent from the ashes of the heart.
The stranger queen had lifted up
In her small hands the golden cup,
And drank her timid thanks to all
Gather'd within Leoni's hall;
But he—he saw that azure eye
Grow softer as it pass'd him by,
And indistinct her voice became
Beneath the music of his name.
She left the hall, she past like light;
So in the east comes sudden night.
She past—so graceful glides the swan
Some lone and lovely lake upon.

And sought her chamber,—it was fair
With perfume on the midnight hour;
Amenaide, with graceful care,
Had made it like a fairy's bower.
She placed within the fragrant light—
Then bade her weary guest good-night.
A moment more and she was gone:
Both were so glad to be alone,

But soon Irene's eyelids close
'Mid those sweet visions which repose,
Gathering their fragrant life by day
From violet bells and hawthorn spray—
I hold that in the noontide hours
Sweet dreams are treasured up in flowers.
But for Amenaide, her head
Reposed not on its silken bed;
Ah! what have eyes to do with sleep
That seek, and vainly seek, to weep!
No dew on the dark lash appears,—
The heart is all too full for tears.
Awhile she paced her stately room—
She felt its heat, she felt its gloom—
The tapestry o'er the walls that hung
Flung shadows it had never flung;
She loathed each old familiar thing,—
Her missal with its golden band;
The lute, whose scarcely silent string
Yet trembled with her last command;
The song she sang last night—such song
Would never more to her belong;
Her books, her flowers—o'er all was cast
The bitter presence of the past.

The silken curtains back she drew,
And back the moonlit lattice threw;
In came the soft and fragrant air,—
In came the moonlight soft and fair,—

It soothed her not,—that tranquil sky
Seem'd as it said, "despair, and die!
She gazed upon the lovely night,—
She sicken'd at its unshared light.
O! that a single cloud had thrown
Its shadow sharing with her own.
Ah! loving weakness of the soul,
That asks the wild waves as they roll,—
That asks the light winds as they sweep,—
To share the human tears we weep:
Not all in vain is such a prayer—
They soothe, although they may not share.
But 'twas too soon for the sweet sense
Of Nature's hallowing influence;
Her silent and subduing power
Is felt upon a later hour;
Not on the first dream-haunted mood
Of youth's impassion'd solitude.
It was Amenaide's first sorrow:—
To such there seemeth no to-morrow.

As yet she knew not how such tears
Are half forgot in future years;
How life effaces as it goes
The keenest pang of earlier woes.
How careless and how cold we grow,
Dry as the dust we tread below;
As if the grave its chillness threw,
The grave—which all are hastening to!
But she, the youthful mourner there,
Was bow'd beneath her first despair.

The first,—ah! none can ever know
That agony again—
When youth's own force is on the blow
Its keenness in the pain.

She gazed, although she knew not why
Where ocean seem'd another sky.
The moon look'd down upon the deep,
Till in that deep it seem'd to be;
Scarce might the eye the image keep,
Of which was sky, and which was sea.

But soft! above the glittering tide
Black shadows in their silence glide;
They are not from the heavens above,
They keep the moonlight from the wave
Slowly the far-off phantoms move,
And bring the darkness of the grave.
They leave the rocky coast that flings
Its gloom above their spreading wings;
They sweep before the rising gale,
The moonlight falls upon the sail;
With swelling canvass, snowy crest,
Like sea-birds in their plumage drest,
The tall ships come, that soon afar
Will bear Leoni to the war.

She watch'd them on their shining track,—
 So looks the wretch upon the rack ;
 Though dews upon her forehead rise,
 No tears are in her large wild eyes.
 She starts, some strange and sudden thought
 The crimson to her cheek has brought ;
 Her bitten lip is yet more white,
 Her blue eye fills with eager light ;
 Some wish, o'er which she dares not brood,
 Has risen on her feverish mood.
 Some thoughts there are, that may not brook
 Upon their own resolve to look,
 The grief which acts is easier borne,
 Than that which weeps,—the lone and lorn ;
 And, urged by love and love's despair,
 What is there woman will not dare ?

SECOND CANTO.

O ! fairest of the viewless powers
 That guide the fairy fall of night,
 The last and loveliest of the hours
 That blush away the lingering light.
 The twilight, when our earth seems blending
 Its human passion with the skies ;
 And rosy clouds above ascending,
 Wear mortal colours while they rise,
 Till, purified, they disappear
 Amid the high pale atmosphere.
 The twilight melts upon the air,—
 But what hath it with earth to do ?
 Only the spreading sea is there,
 With heaven above to close the view.
 But yet a passionate emotion
 Stirs the warm depths of sky and ocean ;
 And not a cloud, and not a surge,
 But bears a blush upon its verge.

Softly the crimson shadows fall
 Around the cabin's tapestried wall ;
 Where, with the rich light round her dying,
 On silken couch the queen is lying ;
 For, with its proud, yet graceful state,
 That ship is worthy of its freight.
 Upon her arm Irene bends,
 Her long gold hair like light descends ;
 While the soft shades of evening fling
 A richer darkness on each ring.

She looks around, 'tis not to watch
 The purple fantasies of eve ;

She listens, it is not to catch
 The music which the waters weave ;
 For, with a low, perpetual sound,
 The haunted waves are dashing round.
 A face is present to her eye,

A voice is ringing in her ear ;

Ah ! love brings many an object nigh
 The heart alone can see and hear.

Her broidery aside is flung,
 Aside the small seed pearls she strung ;
 She will not touch her lute's hush'd chords,
 She will not list her maiden's words.
 The shadows on her eyelids press
 Of Love's delicious idleness.

Amid her train there was a page,
 A Moorish youth of tender age
 A delicate, pale orphan flung
 Too soon the world's rude paths among :
 Friendless, save one old harper's care :
 Too young to strive, too weak to bear
 The many evils that await
 The lonely path—the low estate.
 Irene's tenderness was moved,
 And soon her gentle page she loved.
 He was so timid, and so weak,
 The tears so soon on his dark cheek,
 O'er which the frequent blushes came,
 Like night lit up with sudden flame ;
 And with a voice !—such tones may dwell
 Where the wave whispers to the shell,
 Half song, half sigh—such music hung
 On that young Moor's enchanted tongue.

He sat apart—around his head
 Was bound a shawl of deepest red,
 Which hid his brow, and gave his eye
 A wilder light with its fierce dye ;
 A foreign lute was in his hand—
 Small, dark—his southern sun had tann'd
 All colours, those, the soft and frail,
 Into an olive, clear and pale.

She mark'd the lute, and bade him sing
 One of those songs so much his own ;
 Where a sweet sadness woke the string,
 Till sorrow's self might claim the tone.
 'Tis strange, the happy and the young,
 At whose feet life its flower hath flung—
 Whose future like a dream appears,
 Yet only ask the lute for tears.
 Instinct of sorrow, that prepares
 Its sympathy before it shares.

He took his lute—his voice was low,
 So lapsing waters softly flow
 Amid the drooping flowers around,
 As if they turn'd their sighs to sound.
 Ah, magic ! of a voice that seems
 To haunt the soul with hopes and dreams
 Which gives to minstrel words the power
 And passion of their early hour,
 When in their sweetness first they came,
 And turn'd the heart they fill'd to flame ;—
 Such soft, sad voice can give the lay
 All that its poet meant to say.

SONG.

O! cast that shadow from thy brow,
My darkeyed love! be glad awhile:
Has Leila's song no music now?
Is there no charm in Leila's smile?

There are young roses in my hair,
And morn and spring are on their bloom;
Yet you have breathed their fragrant air,
Like some old vapour from the tomb.

There stands the vase of crystal light,
Vein'd with the red wine's crimson stains:
Has the grape lost its spell to-night?
For there the cup, untouch'd, remains.

I took my lute for one sad song;
I sang it, though my heart was wrung—
The sad, sweet notes we've loved so long—
You listen'd not, though Leila sung.

I press'd my pale, pale cheek to thine;
Though it was wet with many tears,
No pressure came to answer mine,—
No murmur breathed to soothe my fears.

Ah! silent still! then know I all!
I know that we shall part at last!
In mercy, gentle Heaven, recall
Only the memory of the past.

Ah! never did the first June flower
Bare purer bosom to the bee,
Than that which yielded to love's power,
And gave its sweetest wealth to thee.

'Twas a new life—the earth—the sky—
Seem'd to grow fairer for thy sake,
But this is gone—O, destiny!
My heart is wither'd—let it break!

My garden will lie desolate;
My flowers will die; my birds will pine:
All I once loved I now shall hate;—
With thee changed every thing of mine.

O! speak not now—it mocks my heart;
How can hope live when love is o'er?
I only feel that we must part;
I only know—we meet no more!

Never that youthful Moor had lent
The plaining lute o'er which he bent
More sweetness than he gave those chords—
The lady hath not heard the words.
Upon her cheek the rose is bright,
Her eyes are lit with inward light;
Leoni's stately step is near,
What other music can she hear?

Her heart that distant sound has stirr'd,
Ere others but its echo heard.

He comes to say that they can see
The island darkening on the air;
The while their welcome seems to be,
The perfume which these breezes bear—
Breezes that bring from myrtle groves
The memory of their former loves,
When the first poets fill'd the earth
With dreams which in themselves have birth.
Irene lean'd and watch'd the isle,
At least she seem'd to watch the while;
But the faint smile her roselip wore
Was never given to sea or shore.
She look'd, but saw not—that soft eye
Had sweeter fancies flitting by.

She felt the look she could not meet,
She droop'd beneath Leoni's gaze;
Ah! never words can be so sweet
As silence which itself betrays.
Yes, love has happy hours, which rise
O'er earth as over Paradise.
Hours which o'er life's worst darkness fling
Colours as from an angel's wing,
Which gild the common, soothe the drear,
Bring heaven down to earth's cold sphere;
But never has it such an hour
As in its first unspoken power.
No hue has faded from its bloom,
No light has fallen from its plume—
No after-fear, no common care,
Has weigh'd on its enchanted air.
Mortality forgets its thrall;
It stands a thing apart from all—
A thing, alas! too soon to be
Number'd amid the things that were,
As morning hues upon the sea
Fade as they never had been there.
But ere those charmed lights depart—
There is no future for the heart.

They lean'd upon that vessel's side,
That youthful lady and the knight,
Till one by one from ocean's tide
The stars had risen into light.
She told him of that lovely clime,
She told him of her childhood's time:
Not much the words, but soft and low,
Straight to the heart such accents go;
And all was hush, the sky and sea
Shared in the sweet tranquillity.
With half a song and half a sigh
The rippling waves went murmuring by.
The loosen'd sails were lightly stirr'd,
Like wings of some lone forest bird
That cannot sweep from spray to spray,
Nor waken music on its way.

While all around seems spell or sleep,
Why doth the dark page turn and weep?

Ah! never yet was scene so fair,
But some heart watch'd in its despair.

The ranks are set, the hosts are met,
The morning sunbeams shine
O'er tents with dew of nightfall wet
O'er the long warrior line.
By heaven it is a glorious thing
Upon the gallant steed to spring,
With white plume dancing o'er the crest,
With spur on heel, and spear in rest,
And sword impatient of its light,
A sun that reddens into night.
To feel the energy of strife,
The life that is so much of life,
The pulse's quicken'd beat—the eye,
Whose dark light kindles to defy.

By heaven it is a glorious pride
To lead the stormy battle tide.
Aye, let the crimson banner spread
So soon to wear a darker red—
Let the proud trumpet wake the air
As victory's sounding wing were there :
It is in death and danger's hour
That most existence feels its power.
And is this all?—the flush and glow—
When war's wild waves at morning flow?
Ah, no! night cometh, and she flings
The weight and darkness of her wings.
The tide has ebb'd—the beach is left,
Of its bright panoply bereft;
The glittering waves that caught the sun—
Their light is past, their course is done :
The field is fought—who walketh there?—
The shadowy victory casts—Despair!

For the proud chief, in shining mail,
Comes the young orphan mute and pale;
For the red banner's radiant fold,
Some maiden rends her locks of gold
For the war steed, with bit of foam,
The image of a desolate home.
While wandering o'er the ghastly plain,
Some mother seeks her child in vain.
Ah, War! if bright thy morning's rise,
Dark is thine evening sacrifice.

But for the orphan's sacred cause,
His sword the Count Leoni draws;
And it is for a maiden's right
He leads the thickest of the fight.
It matters not who soonest fled—
Who longest fought—what numbers bled;
Enough, that evening's setting sun
Redden'd above a battle won.

Dismounted from his weary steed,
That well had served the struggle's need;
A page the noble creature led,
With panting chest and drooping head.

His master came—in battle stain'd,
But still his stately step retain'd.
No more his glittering armour shone—
His helm and glancing plume were gone;
And heart and toil their darkness threw
O'er curls that lost their sunny hue;
The azure scarf which he had worn,
Afar amid the struggle borne;
By all and by himself forgot,
One only mark'd he wore it not.
The Moorish page! upon his brow
Is seen the only shadow now.

Forth comes the Queen—the first to yield
Due honour to the glorious field,
Which gives the sceptre to her hand,
And, more—gives back her native land.
She came—the purple evening air
Grew as her sweet face shone more fair;
She came, the flowers beneath her feet
Sprung up amid the grass most sweet.
Leoni kneels more graceful far
Than in the morning pomp of war.
Dust—paleness—blood—a charm confer;
Irene felt they were for her.
Such service might the proudest move,
And gratitude excuses love.

With queenly step, but eye that bent
Too conscious on the earth beneath;
Herself she led him to the tent
Where hung the victor's laurel wreath.
Herself unclasp'd the bands of steel,
Herself unbound the armed heel;
And murmur'd broken thanks the while,
The soft blush brightening with a smile;
Then bade him rest. Ah, looks like those
Were never heralds of repose.
He slept not; but the dreams that steep
Such sweet unrest are more than sleep.

Night came—the deep and purple time
Of summer in a southern clime.
The curtains of the tent were sway'd
As the night-wind among them play'd!
And he could see the distant sky,
Where stars in crowds uncounted lie:
And all seem'd bright excepting one;

He fancied he could see it pale,
As if forsaken by its sun,
Its golden light began to fail.
A deeper sympathy there came
For that expiring shadowy flame,
Deserted by its radiant tide,
Than all the brighter stars beside.
And while his fancy work'd and brought
Phantoms of many a gloomy thought,
Upon the air a song arose,
An old song with a mournful close:

A song of days far hence removed,
 In childhood heard, in childhood loved.
 A fitful song it was, and low
 And indistinct as waters flow
 When sighing leaves and flowers are near
 And yet he held his breath to hear.

SONG.

Take that singing bird away ;
 It has too glad a lay
 For an ear so lorn as mine !
 And its wings are all too light,
 And its feathers all too bright,
 To rest in a bosom like mine !

But bring that bird again
 When winter has changed its strain ;
 Its pining will be sweet to me
 When toil and stain are on its breast,
 And its pinions droop for rest ;—
 O, then, bring that bird to me !

Together, poor bird, will pine
 Over beauty and hope's decline ;
 Yet I'll envy in pitying thee :
 Never may the months restore
 The sweet spring they brought before
 To me—but they will to thee !

The lute was hush'd—but soon again
 The singer's voice took up the strain.

One word, although that word may pass
 Almost neglected by,
 With no more care than what the glass
 Bears of a passing sigh :

One word to breath of love to thee,
 One low, one timid word,
 To say that thou art beloved by me,
 But rather felt than heard.

I scarcely wish thy heart were won ;
 Mine own, with such excess,
 Would like the flower beneath the sun
 Die with its happiness.

I pray for thee on bended knee,
 But not for mine own sake ;
 My heart's best prayers are all for thee—
 It prays itself to break.

Farewell ! farewell ! I would not leave
 A single trace behind ;
 Why should a thought, if me to grieve,
 Be left upon thy mind ?

I would not have thy memory dwell
 Upon one thought of pain ;
 And sad it must be the farewell
 Of one who loved in vain.

Farewell ! thy course is in the sun,
 First of the young and brave ;
 For me,—my race is nearly run,
 And its goal is the grave.

There was a sadness in the words,
 There was a memory on the chords,
 That to the listening warrior brought
 Thoughts that he fain would not have thought,
 And sudden to his lip there came
 A dear, yet half forgotten name ;
 Forgotten as all else had been
 In the sweet eyes of that young queen.
 Amenaïde had often sung
 The mournful airs on which he hung.
 Up sprung the soldier from his rest ;
 His brow upon his hands he prest.
 O, misery for the heart to prove
 The strife of honour and of love !
 Pale was Leoni's cheek next day,
 When forth he led his brave array
 In triumph through the crowded street,
 Where thousands their young sovereign meet,
 With loud acclaim and greeting hand,
 As if she had not left their land :
 Deserted in her hour of need,
 With life and death upon her speed.

But now she comes—the fair, the bright,
 As if her reign were a delight.
 Its path of flowers, its way through song,
 Rolls her triumphal car along ;
 Noble or vassal, each one vies
 To catch the sunshine of her eyes :
 And yet beneath her silver veil
 The maiden's cheek is lovely pale.
 Ah, on such gentle cheek is laid
 The shadow of a lover's shade !
 Her smile had to Leoni flown—
 Alas ! his answer'd not her own.
 In that bright hour of joy and pride,
 Two hearts had bitter thoughts to hide :
 So waves fling up their sunlit glow,
 While rocks and darkness lurk below.
 O, weary day that seem'd so long !
 O, hours that dragg'd their weight along !
 At last 'twas night ; escaped from all
 The crowds that made her splendid thrall,
 The young queen sought a garden wild,
 Where she had roam'd a happy child—
 A child that neither hopes nor fears,
 Unconscious of its coming years.
 She sought a little fountain playing,
 With lilies 'mid its waters straying ;

A fairy thing, that sang by night,
 And gave the stars again their light.
 'Twas somewhat desolate, for wide
 The myrtles swept from every side,
 And weeds around the margin meet—
 But there the very weeds are sweet.
 She sat her down, her glittering dress
 Contrasting with the dark recess;
 The orange buds that cluster'd there,
 Shed their sweet leaves amid her hair;
 And to the wave below her face
 Lent, like a fairy gift, its grace.
 Transient and fair,—e'en now 'tis past,
 Some other shadow there is cast.

She started from her mossy seat,
 And both stood silent, pale, and still—
 Only was heard the heart's loud beat,
 Only was heard the plaining rill.
 Like statues placed in that lone nook,
 To mock it with the human look;
 And paint upon the moonlit air
 The ghastly aspect of despair!
 There was heart-broken silence first,
 Then passionate those accents burst,
 Whose utter agony of woe,
 Once—only once—the heart can know!
 She bade him go—for true she read

The beating of that noble heart;
 Better it rested with the dead,

Than see its stainless life depart.
 She bade him go—although the word
 Was scarcely from her pale lip heard—
 One desperate prayer, one wild caress,
 And she is left in loneliness,
 The darkest hours of night were spent
 Before Leoni sought his tent;
 Then, feverish, down he lay to ask
 For sleep, as if sleep were a task;
 When, lo! upon his pillow laid,
 A mass of hair by a braid
 Of silken and golden hue,—
 Ah, with both and hair he knew!

THE LETTER.

A few last words—they are not much
 To ask, my early friend, of thee;
 My friend, at least thou still art such—
 The dearest earth can hold for me.

Once, and once only, let me speak
 Of all that I have felt for years;
 You read it not upon my cheek,
 You dream'd not of it in my tears.

And yet I loved thee with a love
 That into every feeling came;
 I never look'd on heaven above
 Without a prayer to bless thy name.

I had no other love to share,
 That which was thine—and thine alone;
 A few sad thoughts it had to spare
 For those beneath the funeral stone.

But every living hope was thine,
 Affection with my being grew;
 Thy heart was as a home and shrine,
 Familiar, and yet sacred too.

How often have I watch'd the spot
 On which thy step had only moved;
 My memory remembers not
 The hour when thou wert not beloved.

I never had a grief or care
 I sought not from thine eyes to hide:
 In joy I said, "Ah! would he were
 My pleasure sharing at my side."

I bent above each old romance,
 And seem'd to read thy history there;
 I saw, in each brave knight, thy glance
 Distinct upon the kindled air.

Whene'er I sang, our songs they seem
 To paint thee only in the lay;
 Of only thee at night I dream'd,
 Of only thee I thought by day.

The wind that wander'd round our towers
 Brought echoes of thy voice to me;
 Our old hall's solitary hours
 Were peopled with sweet thoughts of thee.

And yet we part—this very hour!
 Ah!—only if my beating heart
 Could break for both—there is no power
 Could force me with your love to part.

There is no shape that pain could take,
 No ill that would not welcome be,
 If suffer'd but for thy dear sake;
 But they must be unshared by thee.

I cannot watch the cold decline
 Of love that wastes itself away:
 I am too used to warm sunshine,
 To bear the moonlight's paler ray.

I am too proud—vain hope to feel
 I could not brook thy secret sighs;
 I love—how could I bear to read
 Reproach or sorrow in thine eyes?

O, vain it were that honour kept
 Sacred the early vow it made,
 Or pity like a phantom wept
 O'er the dark urn where love was laid

Farewell, farewell. I do resign
 All hope of love—all early claim;

I only ask that I may pine
 • Upon the memory of thy name.

Alas ! I linger ere I go,
 So drowning wretches grasp the wave ;
 I cannot quite endure to throw
 The last cold earth on young Love's grave.

No more ; another word would be
 A prayer to keep me still thine own.
 So long my heart has beat for thee,
 How can, it beat at once alone ?

Farewell,—it is the heart's farewell,—
 My summer-shine of love past o'er,
 Only the pang of death can tell
 That of the words—we meet no more.

He moved not, spoke not, but he grew
 More deathlike in his pallid hue :
 He hid his face, he could not bear
 To think of that young heart's despair.
 Whate'er his lot, hers must not be
 The same in mutual misery.
 No, he would seek and bear her home,
 And watch o'er every hour to come.
 In look or word, she should not guess
 His depths of silent wretchedness.
 Let her be happy—he would make
 His heart the ruin for her sake.
 At length he slept—the heavy sleep
 Of those who have such vigils kept ;
 Who comes above his rest to weep,
 And watch the warrior as he slept ?
 A maiden, beautiful and pale,
 Shrouded beneath a pilgrim's veil,
 Which, backward flowing as she kneels,
 A face, an angel's face reveals,
 Save that it has a look of care
 Which angel beauty cannot wear
 It was Amenaïde,—she sought,
 To see that worshipp'd face again,
 Although its presence only brought
 A keener bitterness to pain.
 The moorish garb is laid aside,
 That sex and loveliness belied,
 For she has join'd a pilgrim band,
 Who journey to the Holy Land,
 To rest each mortal grief and care
 Beside the Saviour's sepulchre.
 She bent above the sleeper's face,
 'Tis the last time her eyes will trace
 The features graven in her heart,
 With life, life only to depart.
 A sad and solemn look she wore,
 For hope and passion are no more ;
 And on her pallid brow appears
 The tenderness of prayers and tears

The quiet of unchanging gloom,
 The shadow of an early tomb.

She starts ! some other step is near,
 A stranger must not find her here ;
 The heavy curtains round will hide
 Her last sad vigil at his side.
 The darkness favours her escape,
 She holds her breath—a muffled shape
 Glides slow and silent through the shade
 To where the sleeping chief is laid ;
 Then listens, but there is no sound,
 Then flings a cautious glance around ;
 Then glitters the assassin brand,
 She sees him raise his desperate hand !
 She flings herself before the foe,
 Too late to ward, she meets the blow.
 Wild on the air her death shriek rings,
 Leoni from his slumber springs,
 And sage and guard attendant nigh,
 Come hurrying at the fearful cry.
 Leoni looks not on his foe,
 Only he sees the lifeblood flow
 Of her it is too late to know.
 Gently he bears her to the bed,
 Where still his arm supports her head :
 A faint smile meets his anxious eye,
 She murmurs "It is sweet to die."
 The effort was too much to speak,
 Her languid head sinks down more weak ;
 Her hand relaxes its faint hold,
 Her sweet mouth sinks, the white and cold,
 The light within her eyes grows dim,
 They close—the last look was on him.

DIREX.

They laid her where earliest flowers were bend-
 ing,
 With lives like her own life, so fair and so
 frail ;
 They laid her where showers of sweet leaves were
 descending,
 Like tears when the branches were stirr'd by
 the gale.

They laid her where constant the south winds
 awaken
 An echo that dwells in that lone myrtle-grove,
 That the place of her rest might be never forsaken
 By murmurs of sorrow, and murmurs of love.
 They raised the white marble, a shrine for her
 slumbers,
 Whose memories remain, when the summers
 depart ;

There a lute was engraven, and more than its numbers,
The strings that were broken appeal'd to the heart.

The bride brought her wreath of the orange-flowers hither,
And cast the sweet buds from her tresses of gold;
Like her in their earliest beauty to wither,
Like her in their sunshine of hope to grow cold.

The wild winds and waters together bewailing,
Perpetual mourners lamented her doom;
Still sadness amid nature's sounds is prevailing,
Ah! what is all nature but one general tomb?

But vainly the spring's gentle children were dying,
And the tears of the morning amid the long grass,
And vain, vainer still was the human heart's sighing,
That one so beloved, and so lovely, should pass.

The grave is an altar, whereon the heart proffers
Its feverish pleasures, its troubles, its woes;
Stern, silent, and cold, the dark sanctuary proffers
Its gloomy return of unbroken repose.

How much of the sorrow that life may inherit,
That early departure to slumber will save;
The hope that drags onward the world-weary spirit,
Rests but when its fever is quench'd in the grave.

Weep not for the dead with a fruitless recalling,
Their soul on the wings of the morning hath fled;
Mourn rather for those whom yet life is entralling,
Ah! weep for the living—weep not for the dead.

Months pass'd, and at Leoni's side
The bright Irene stood a bride;
They wore a joy somewhat subdued,
With shadows from another mood:
They gave the young, the lost, the fair,
Tears that the happy well may spare.
Here ends my lay; for what have I
With life's more sunny side to do?
From night I only ask its sigh,
From morn I only ask its dew:
My lute was only made to pine
Upon the weeping cypress tree;
Its task and hope, Love mine,
To breathe its mournful songs to thee.

NOTES TO THE VOW OF THE PEACOCK.

Page 169.

"For Catherine look'd what she had been,
At once the beauty and the queen."

"The new king of Cyprus had been attached from early youth to Catarina, niece of Andréa Cornaro, a Venetian noble, resident on his Cypriot estate; and no sooner was he freed from certain political and domestic obstacles, than he tendered his hand to that lady. In order to satisfy the rigid law which forbade the marriage of any Venetian of noble birth with a foreigner, the destined royal bride was solemnly adopted by the state, and declared a daughter of St. Mark; she was then married by proxy, in the presence of the doge and signory, conducted by the bucentaur to the galley which awaited her in the port, and escorted by a squadron of ships of war, with becoming pomp, and a portion of 100,000 ducats, to the territories of her husband." After his death the island was governed by his widow.

"Fifteen years had now passed, during which the signory had governed Cyprus, under the name of Catarina, whose son died not long after his birth; and the islanders, who at first chafed beneath the yoke of the republic, and earnestly sought to transfer all their allegiance to Naples, had now become accustomed to their virtual masters. There were contingencies, nevertheless, not likely to escape the sagacity of Venice, by which some other hand, after all her long intrigue, might perhaps gather its fruits. Catarina still retained more than ordinary beauty; and her picture, in widow's weeds (even now glowing with almost original freshness among the treasures of the *Palazzo Manfrini*), was one of the earliest great works of Titian, which, both from the skill of the artist and the loveliness of the subject, extended his growing fame beyond the borders of the Lagune. With so great attractions, coupled to the rich dowry of a kingdom, it was not probable that the queen of Cyprus would long remain without suitors; and rumour already declared her to be the intended bride of Frederic, a son of the king of Naples. If she married and bore children, Cyprus would become their inheritance; and to prevent the possibility of such an extinction of their hopes, the Venetian government resolved to assume its sovereignty directly in their own persons. The civilians, therefore, were instructed to avouch the legitimacy of this claim; and they declared, perhaps with less sincerity than solemnity, that the son of Giacompo Lusignano inherited the crown from his father; that since he died a minor, his mother inherited from him; and that finally Venice inherited from his mother, an adopted daughter of St. Mark.

"Giorgio Cornaro, a brother of the queen, was solicited to conduct the ungrateful process of her

deposition. To his representations,—that by abandoning the care of a turbulent kingdom, and returning to her native land, in which she might pass the remainder of her life tranquilly and securely, amongst those bound to her by natural ties, she would far more consult her own happiness than by remaining exposed in a remote and foreign country to the hazards of its ambiguous friendship,—she replied with confidence, that there was little which could allure a woman environed with the splendour of royalty and the observance of a court, to descend to the parsimonious habits and undistinguished level of a republican life; and that it would please her far better if the signory would await her decease before they occupied her possessions. But to arguments explanatory of the will, the power, and the inflexibility of the senate, it was not easy to find an adequate answer; and the *natural eloquence*, as the historian styles it, of her brother ultimately prevailed. ‘If such,’ she observed, as soon as tears permitted speech, ‘be your opinion, such also shall be mine; nevertheless, it is more from you than from myself that our country will obtain a kingdom.’ Having thus reluctantly consented, after a few days delay she commenced her progress to Famagosta; royal honours attended her everywhere as she passed, and on the 6th of February she signed the formal act of abdication in the presence of her council; attended a solemn mass, at which the banner of St. Mark was consecrated; delivered that standard to the charge of the Venetian general; and saw it raised above her own on the towers of the citadel. On the approach of summer she embarked for Venice, where she was received as a crowned head by the doge and signory; and in return for the surrender of her sceptre, she enjoyed a privilege never before or since accorded to any of her country women, a triumphal entry to St. Mark’s *Piazzetta*, on the deck of the *Bucentaur*. A revenue of 8000 ducats was assigned her for life; and the delights of the ‘Paradise’ of Asola, in the Trevisan mountains, in which the unqueened queen continued to assemble her little court, have been immortalized by a volume long among the most popular works of early Italian literature; and graced by the poetry, the sentiment, the piety, and the metaphysics of the illustrious historian from whom we have borrowed our narrative of *Catrina’s* dethronement.”

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“Divinest Petrarch.”

“It was on the 4th of June, that the poet, in company with the Archbishop of Patra, was enjoying a delicious prospect of the sea from his windows, and cheating a summer evening with familiar talk, when the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of a galley in the offing, fanci-

fully dressed out with green boughs. This unusual decoration, the rapid motion of the oars, the joyful shouts of the mariners, the garlands which they had twined round their caps, the streamers which floated from their masts, all betokened the arrival of some pleasing intelligence. A signal was given from the beacon-tower of the port, and the whole population of the city flocked to the water’s edge, breathless with curiosity, to ascertain the news. As the bark came nearer shore, some flags of the enemy were seen hanging from her stern; and all doubt was then removed that she was the messenger of victory. What, however, was the general surprise and joy, when it was announced that the rebels were not only worsted, but conquered, that Candia was subdued, and that the war was at an end! The doge, with his court and prelates, and the whole attendant crowd of citizens, immediately repaired to St. Mark’s and offered up a solemn service of thanksgiving. The festivals which succeeded lasted for many days; and they were closed by a tournament and a magnificent equestrian parade, for which Petrarch is unable to find an adequate Latin name.

In this last spectacle, a troop of four-and-twenty noble Venetian youths, headed by a Ferrarese, splendidly arrayed, and mounted on horses gorgeously caparisoned, started singly, but in quick succession, from a barrier in the *Piazza di San Marco*, and, coursing round to a goal, uninterruptedly renewed the same circle, brandishing lances from which silken ribands fluttered to the wind. The doge, with his brilliant train, sat in his marble gallery over St. Mark’s porch, by the well-known horses, whence the evening sun was shaded by richly embroidered canopies. On his right hand sat Petrarch himself, whose love of pleasure was satisfied by two days’ attendance on the protracted festivity. The splendour of the scene was heightened by the presence of several English barons, some of them of the royal blood, who at that time were in Venice, so far as we can understand Petrarch’s obscure statement, engaged in some maritime negotiation; though one of the chroniclers assures us that they had no other object than a laudable desire of seeing the world. In the court below not a grain of sand could have fallen to the pavement, so dense was the throng. A wooden scaffolding, raised for the occasion, on the right of the piazza, contained a bright store of beauty; the forty noblest dames of Venice, glittering with costly jewels. In the horse-course, honour was the sole prize; but, for the tournament, in which danger was to be encountered, more substantial rewards were proposed. For the most successful champion, a crown of solid gold, chased with precious stones; for the second, a silver belt, of choice workmanship.

CLASSICAL SKETCHES.

SAPPHO.

..... She was one
Whose lyre the spirit of sweet song had hung
With myrtle and with laurel; on whose head
Genius had shed his starry glories . . .
" . . . transcripts of woman's loving heart
And woman's disappointment." . . .

She leant upon her harp, and thousands look'd
On her in love and wonder—thousands knelt
And worshipp'd in her presence—burning tears,
And words that died in utterance, and a pause
Of breathless, agitated eagerness,
First gave the full heart's homage: then came
forth

A shout that rose to heaven; and the hills,
The distant valleys, all rang with the name
Of the Æolian Sappho—every heart
Found in itself some echo to her song.
Low notes of love—hopes beautiful and fresh,
And some gone by forever—glorious dreams,
High aspirations, those thrice gentle thoughts
That dwell upon the absent and the dead,
Were breathing in her music—and these are
Chords every bosom vibrates to. But she
Upon whose brow the laurel crown is placed,
Her colours varying with deep emotion—
There is a softer blush than conscious pride
Upon her cheek, and in that tremulous smile
Is all a woman's timid tenderness:
Her eye is on a Youth, and other days
And young warm feelings have rush'd on her
soul

With all their former influence,—thoughts that
slept

Cold, calm as death, have waken'd to new life—
Whole years' existence have pass'd in that
glance . . .

She had once lived in very early days:
That was a thing gone by: one had call'd forth
The music of her soul: he loved her too,
But not as she did—she was unto him
As a young bird, whose early flight he train'd,
Whose first wild song were sweet, for he had
taught

Those songs—but she look'd up to him with all
Youth's deep and passionate idolatry:
Love was her heart's sole universe—he was

To her, Hope, Genius, Energy, the God
Her inmost spirit worshipp'd—in whose smile
Was all e'en minstrel pride held precious; praise
Was prized but as the echo of his own.

But other times and other feelings came:
Hope is love's element, and love with her
Sicken'd of its own vanity". . . . She lived
'Mid bright realities and brighter dreams,
Those strange but exquisite imaginings
That tinge with such sweet colours minstrel
thoughts;

And fame, like sunlight, was upon her path;
And strangers heard her name, and eyes that
never

Had look'd on Sappho, yet had wept with her.
Her first love never wholly lost its power,
But, like rich incense shed, although no trace
Was of its visible presence, yet its sweetness
Mingled with every feeling, and it gave
That soft and melancholy tenderness
Which was the magic of her song That
Youth

Who knelt before her was so like the shape
That haunted her spring dreams—the same dark
eyes,

Whose light had once been as the light of
heaven!—

Others breathed winning flatteries—she turn'd
A careless hearing—but when Phaon spoke,
Her heart beat quicker, and the crimson light
Upon her cheek gave a most tender answer
She loved with all the ardour of a heart
Which lives but in itself: her life had pass'd
Amid the great creations of the mind:
Love was to her a vision—it was now
Heighten'd into devotion But a soul
So gifted and so passionate as hers
Will seek companionship in vain, and find
Its feelings solitary Phaon soon
Forgot the fondness of his Lesbian maid;
And Sappho knew that genius, riches, fame,
May not soothe slighted love. . . .

. . . There is a dark rock looks on the blue sea;
'Twas there love's last song echo'd—there she
slept,

Whose lyre was crown'd with laurel, and whose
name

Will be remember'd long as Love or Song
Are sacred—the devoted Sappho!

BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.

LEONARDI. 'Tis finish'd now: look on my picture, Love!

ALVINE. O, that sweet ring of graceful figures!
one

Flings her white arms on high, and gayly strikes
Her golden cymbals—I can almost deem
I hear their beatings; one with glancing feet
Follows her music, while her crimson cheek
Is flush'd with exercise, till the red grape
'Mid the dark tresses of a sister nymph
Is scarcely brighter: there another stands,
A darker spirit yet, with joyous brow,
And holding a rich goblet: O, that child!
With eyes as blue as spring-days, and those curls
Throwing their auburn shadow o'er a brow
So arch, so playful—have you bodied forth
Young Cupid in your colours!

LEONARDI. No—O no,
I could not paint Love as a careless boy,—
That passionate Divinity, whose life
Is of such deep and intense feeling! No,
I am too true, too earnest, and too happy,
To ever image by a changeful child
That which is so unchangeable. But mark
How sweet, how pale, the light that I have thrown
Over the picture: it is just the time
When Dian's dewy kiss lights up the dreams
That make Endymion's sleep so beautiful.
Look on the calm blue sky, so set with stars:
Is it not like to what we both recall!
Those azure shadows of a summer night,
That veil'd the cautious lutanist who waked
Thy slumbers with his song. How more than
fair,
How like a spirit of that starry hour,
I used to think you, as your timid hand
Unbarr'd the casement, and you leant to hear,
Your long hair floating loose amid the vines
Around your lattice; and how very sweet
Your voice, scarce audible, with the soft fear
That mingled in its low and tender tones!

ALVINE. Nay, now I will not listen to the tales
Our memory is so rich in. I have much
For question here. Who is this glorious shape,
That, placed on a bright chariot in the midst,
Stands radiant in his youth and loveliness?
Around his sunny locks there is a wreath
Of the green vine leaves, and his ivory brow
Shines out like marble, when a golden ray
Of summer light is on it, and his step
Scarce seems to touch his pard-drawn car, but
floats
Buoyant upon the air;—and who is she
On whom his ardent gaze is turn'd? So pale,—

Her dark hair gather'd round her like a shroud,
Yet far more lovely than the sparkling nymphs
Dancing around that chariot. Yet how sweet,
Though dimm'd with tears, those deep blue eyes,
Half turn'd and half averted timidly
From the youth's lightning glance. O tell me
now

One of those legends that I love so well:
Has not this picture some old history?

LEONARDI. 'Tis one of those bright fictions
that have made

The name of Greece only another word
For love and poetry; with a green earth—
Groves of the graceful myrtle—summer skies,
Whose stars are mirror'd in ten thousand
streams—

Winds that move but in perfume and in music,
And, more than all, the gift of woman's beauty.
What marvel that the earth, the sky, the sea,
Were fill'd with all those fine imaginings
That love creates, and that the lyre preserves!

ALVINE. But for the history of that pale girl
Who stands so desolate on the seashore?

LEONARDI. She was the daughter of a Cretan
king—

A tyrant. Hidden in the dark recess
Of a wide labyrinth, a monster dwelt,
And every year was human tribute paid
By the Athenians. They had bow'd in war;
And every spring the flowers of all the city,
Young maids in their first beauty—stately youths,
Were sacrificed to the fierce King! They died
In the unfathomable den of want,
Or served the Minotaur for food. At length
There came a royal Youth, who vow'd to slay
The monster or to perish!—Look, Alvine,
That statue is young Theseus.

ALVINE. Glorious!
How like a god he stands, one haughty hand
Raised in defiance! I have often look'd
Upon the marble, wondering it could give
Such truth to life and majesty.

LEONARDI. You will not marvel, Ariadne
loved.

She gave the secret clue that led him safe
Through all the labyrinth, and she fled with him

ALVINE. Ah, now I know your tale: he
proved untrue.

This ever has been woman's fate,—to love,
To know one summer day of happiness,
And then to be most wretched!

LEONARDI. She was left
By her so heartless lover while she slept.
She woke from pleasant dreams—she dreamt of
him—

Love's power is felt in slumber—woke, and found
Herself deserted on the lonely shore!
The bark of the false Theseus was a speck

Scarce seen upon the waters, less and less,
Like hope diminishing, till wholly past.
I will not say, for you can fancy well,
Her desolate feelings as she roam'd the beach,
Hurl'd from the highest heaven of happy love!
But evening crimson'd the blue sea—a sound
Of music and of mirth came on the wind,
And radiant shapes and laughing nymphs danced
by,

And he, the Theban God, look'd on the maid,
And look'd and loved, and was beloved again.
This is the moment that the picture gives:
He has just flung her starry crown on high,
And bade it there a long memorial shine
How a god loved a mortal. He is springing
From out his golden car—another bound—
Bacchus is by his Ariadne's side!

ALVINE. She loved again! O cold inconstancy!
This is not woman's love; her love should be
A feeling pure and holy as the flame
The vestal virgin kindles, fresh as flowers
The spring has but just colour'd, innocent
As the young dove, and changeless as the faith
The martyr seals in blood. 'Tis beautiful
This picture, but it wakes no sympathy.

LEONARDI. Next time, Alvine, my pencil shall
but give

Existence to the memory of love's truth.

ALVINE. Do you recall a tale you told me once,
Of the forsaken Nymph that Paris left
For new love and ambition; at his death
He bade them bear him to Enone's arms?
She never had forgotten him: her heart,
Which beat so faithfully, became his pillow;
She closed his eyes, and pardon'd him and died!

LEONARDI. Love, yes; I'll paint their meet-
ing: the wan youth,

Dying, but yet so happy in forgiveness;
The sweet Enone, with her gentle tears,
Fill'd with meek tenderness, her pensive brow
Arching so gracefully, with deep blue eyes
Half hidden by the shadowy lash—a look
So patient, yet so fraught with tenderest feeling,
Like to an idol placed upon the shrine
Of faith, for all to worship. She shall be,
Saving thine own inimitable smile,
In all like thee, Alvine!

UNKNOWN FEMALE HEAD.

I KNOW not of thy history, thou sad
Yet beautiful faced Girl:—the chestnut braid
Bound darkly round thy forehead, the blue veins
Wandering in azure light, the ivory chin
Dimpled so archly, have no characters

Graven by memory; but thy pale cheek,
Like a white rose on which the sun hath look'd
Too wildly warm, (is not this passion's legend?)
The drooping lid whose lash is bright with tears,
A lip which has the sweetness of a smile
But not its gayety—do not these bear
The scorch'd footprints sorrow leaves in passing
O'er the clear brow of youth?—It may but be
An idle thought, but I have dream'd thou wert
A captive in thy hopelessness: afar
From the sweet home of thy young infancy,
Whose image unto thee is as a dream
Of fire and slaughter, I can see thee wasting
Sick for thy native air, loathing the light
And cheerfulness of men; thyself the last
Of all thy house, a stranger and a slave!

LEANDER AND HERO

It is a tale that many songs have told,
And old, if tale of love can e'er be old;
Yet dear to me this lingering o'er the fate
Of two so young, so true, so passionate!
And thou, the idol of my harp, the soul
Of poetry, to me my hope, my whole
Happiness of existence, there will be
Some gentlest tones that I have caught from thee:
Will not each heart-pulse vibrate, as I tell
Of faith even unto death unchangeable?
Leander and his Hero! they should be,
When youthful lovers talk of constancy,
Invoked. O, for one breath of softest song,
Such as on summer evenings floats along,
To murmur low their history! every word
That whispers of them, should be like those heard
At moonlight casements, when the awaken'd maid
Sighs her soft answer to the serenade.

She stood beside the altar, like the queen,
The bright-eyed queen that she was worshipping.
Her hair was bound with roses, which did fling

A perfume round, for she that morn had been
To gather roses, that were clustering now
Amid the shadowy curls upon her brow.
One of the loveliest daughters of that land,
Divinest Greece! that taught the painter's hand
To give eternity to loveliness;

One of those dark-eyed maids, to whom belong
The glory and the beauty of each song

Thy poets breathed, for it was theirs to bless
With life the pencil and the lyra's dreams,
Giving reality to vision'd gleams
Of bright divinities. Amid the crowd
That in the presence of young Hero bow'd,
Was one who knelt with fond idolatry,
As if in homage to some deity,

Gazing upon her as each gaze he took
Must be the very last—that intense look
That none but lovers give, when they would trace
On their heart's tablets some adored face.

The radiant priestesses from the temple past :
Yet there Leander stayed, to catch the last
Wave of her fragrant hair, the last low fall
Of her white feet, so light and musical ;

And then he wander'd silent to a grove,
To feed upon the full heart's ecstasy.
The moon was sailing o'er the deep blue sky,

Each moment shedding fuller light above,
As the pale crimson from the west departs.
Ah, this is just the hour for passionate hearts
To linger over dreams of happiness,
All of young love's delicious loveliness !

The cypress waved upon the evening air
Like the long tresses of a beauty's hair ;
And close beside was laurel ; and the pale
Snow blossoms of the myrtle tree, so frail
And delicate, like woman ; 'mid the shade
Rose the white pillars of the colonnade
Around the marble temple, where the Queen
Of Love was worshipp'd, and there was seen,
Where the grove ended, the so glorious sea.
Now in its azure sleep's tranquillity.
He saw a white veil wave,—his heart beat high :
He heard a voice, and then a low toned sigh.
Gently he stole amid the shading trees—
It is his love—his Hero that he sees !
Her hand lay motionless upon the lute,
Which thrill'd beneath the touch, her lip was
mute,

Only her eyes were speaking ; dew and light
There blended like the hyacinth, when night
Has wept upon its bosom ; she did seem
As consciousness were lost in some sweet dream—
That dream was love ! Blushes were on her
cheek,

And what, save love, do blushes ever speak ?
Her lips were parted, as one moment more,
And then the heart would yield its hidden store.
'Twas so at length her thought found utterance :
Light, feeling, flash'd from her awaken'd glance—
She paused—then gazed on one pale star above,
Pour'd to her lute the burning words of love !
Leander heard his name ! How more than sweet
That moment, as he knelt at Hero's feet,
Breathing his passion in each thrilling word,
Only by lovers said, by lovers heard.

That night they parted—but they met again ;
The blue sea roll'd between them—but in vain !
Leander had no fear—he cleft the wave—
What is the peril fond hearts will not brave !
Delicious were their moonlight wanderings,
Delicious were the kind and gentle things
Each to the other breathed ; a starry sky,
Music and flowers,—this is love's luxury :

The measure of its happiness is full
When all round shares its own enchanted lull.
There were sweet birds to count the hours, and
roses,

Like those which on a blushing cheek repose ;
Violets fresh as violets could be ;
Stars overhead, with each a history
Of love told by its light ; and waving trees,
And perfumed breathings upon every breeze :
These were beside them when they met. And
day,

Though each was from the other far away,
Had still its pleasant memories ; they might
Think what they had forgotten the last night,
And make the tender thing they had to say
More warm and welcome from its short delay
And then their love was secret,—O, it is
Most exquisite to have a fount of bliss
Sacred to us alone, no other eye
Conscious of our enchanted mystery,
Ourselves the sole possessors of a spell
Giving us happiness unutterable !
I would compare this secrecy and shade
To that fair island, whither Love convey'd
His Psyche, where she lived remote from all :
Life one long, lone, and lovely festival ;
But when the charm, concealment's charm, was
known,

O then good-by to love, for love was flown !
Love's wings are all too delicate to bear
The open gaze, the common sun and air.

There have been roses round my lute ; but
now

I must forsake them for the cypress bough.
Now is my tale of tears :—One night the sky,
As if with passion darken'd angrily,
And gusts of wind swept o'er the troubled main
Like hasty threats, and then were calm again :
That night young Hero by her beacon kept
Her silent watch, and blamed the night, and wept,
And scarcely dared to look upon the sky :
Yet lulling still her fond anxiety—
With, " Surely in such a storm he cannot brave,
If but for my sake only, wind and wave," * *
At length Aurora led young Day and blush'd,
In her sweet presence sea and sky were hush'd ;
What is there beauty cannot charm ? her power
Is felt alike, in storm and sunshine hour,
And light and soft the breeze which waved the
veil

Of Hero, as she wander'd, lone and pale,
Her heart sick with its terror, and her eye
Roving in tearful, dim uncertainty.
Not long uncertain,—she mark'd something glide
Shadowy and indistinct, upon the tide
On rush'd she in that desperate energy,
Which only has to know, and, knowing, die.
It was Leander !

HEAD OF ARIADNE.

O, WHY should Woman ever love,
 Throwing her chance away,
 Her little chance of summer shine,
 Upon a rainbow ray!

Look back on each old history,
 Each fresh remember'd tale;
 They'll tell how often love has made
 'The cheek of woman pale;—

Her unrequited love, a flower
 Dying for air and light;
 Her love betray'd, another flower
 Withering before a blight.

Look down within the silent grave;
 How much of breath and bloom
 Have wasted,—passion's sacrifice
 Offer'd to the lone tomb.

Look on her hour of solitude,
 How many bitter cares
 Bese the smile with which the lip
 Would sun the wound it bears.

Mark this sweet face! O, never blush
 Has pass'd o'er one more fair,
 And never o'er a brighter brow
 Has wander'd raven hair.

And mark how carelessly those wreaths
 Of curl are flung behind,
 And mark how pensively the brow
 Leans on the hand reclined.

'Tis she of Crete!—another proof
 Of woman's weary lot;
 Their April doom of sun and shower,—
 To love, then be forgot.

Heart-sickness, feelings tortured, torn,
 A sky of storm above,
 A path of thorns,—these are love's gifts,—
 Ah, why must woman love!

A NEREID FLOATING ON A SHELL.

THE dwelling is the coral cave,
 Thy element the blue sea wave,
 Thy music the wild billows dashing,
 Thy light the diamond's crystal flashing;
 I'd leave this earth to dwell with thee,
 Brighter'd daughter of the sea!

It was an hour of lone starlight
 When first my eye caught thy sweet sight
 Thy white feet press'd a silver shell,
 Love's own enchanted coracle;
 Thy fair arms waved like the white foam
 The seas dash from their billowy home;
 And far behind, thy golden hair,
 A bright sail, floated on the air;
 And on thy lips there was a song,
 As music wafted thee along.
 They say, sweet daughter of the sea,
 Thy look and song are treachery;
 Thy smile is but the honey'd bait
 To lure thy lover to his fate.
 I know not, and I care still less;
 It is enough of happiness
 To be deceived. O, never yet
 Could love doubt—no, one doubt would set
 His fetter'd pinions free from all
 His false but most delicious thrall.
 Love cannot live and doubt; and I,
 Vow'd slave to my bright deity,
 Have but one prayer: Come joy, come ill,
 If you deceive, deceive me still;
 Better the heart in faith should die
 Than break beneath love's perjury.

THE THESSALIAN FOUNTAIN.

Gleanings of poetry,—if I may give
 That name of beauty, passion, and of grace,
 To the wild thoughts that in a starlit hour,
 In a pale twilight, or a rosebud morn,
 Glance o'er my spirit—thoughts that are like light,
 Or love, or hope, in their effects.

A SMALL clear fountain, with green willow trees
 Girdling it round, there is one single spot
 Where you may sit and rest, its only bank;
 Elsewhere the willows grew so thick together:
 And it were like a sin to crush that bed
 Of pale and delicate narcissus flowers,
 Bending so languidly, as still they found
 In the pure wave a love and destiny;
 But here the moss is soft, and when the wind
 Has been felt even through the forest screen,—
 For round, like guardians to the willows, stand
 Oaks large and old, tall firs, dark beech, and elms
 Rich with the yellow wealth that April brings,—
 A shower of rose leaves makes it like a bed
 Whereon a nymph might sleep, when, with her
 arm
 Shining like snow amid her raven hair,
 She dreamt of the sweet song wherewith the
 faun

Had lull'd her, and awakening from her rest
When through the leaves an amorous sunbeam
stole

And kiss'd her eyes; the fountain were a bath
For her to lave her ivory feet, and cool
The crimson beauty of her sleep-warm cheek,
And bind her ruffled curls in the blue mirror
Of the transparent waters. But these days
Of visible poetry have long been past!—
No fear that the young hunter may profane
The haunt of some immortal; but there still—
For the heart clings to old idolatry,
If not with true belief, with tenderness,—
Lingers a spirit in the woods and flowers
Which have a Grecian memory,—some tale
Of olden love or grief link'd with their bloom,
Seem beautiful beyond all other ones.
The marble pillars are laid in the dust,
The golden shrine and its perfume are gone;
But there are natural temples still for those
Eternal though dethroned Deities,
Where from green altars flowers send up their
incense:

This fount is one of them. - - -

AN OLD MAN OVER THE BODY OF HIS SON.

I AM too proud by far to weep,
Though earth had naught so dear
As was the Soldier Youth to me
Now sleeping on that bier.
It were a stain upon his fame
Would do his laurel crown a shame,
To shed one single tear.
It was a blessed lot to die
In battle and for liberty!

He was my first, my only child,
And when my race was run,
I was so proud to send him forth
To do as I had done.
It was his last, his only field:
They brought him back upon his shield,
But victory was won.
I cannot weep when I recall
Thy land has cause to bless thy fall.

When others tell their children all
The fame that warriors win,
I must sit silent, and but think
On what my child has been,
It is a father's joy to see
The young eyes glow exultingly
When warlike tales begin;
And yet I know no living one
I would change for my sleeping Son.

(38)

L'AMORE DOMINATORE.

THEY built a temple for the God,
'Twas in a myrtle grove,
Where the bee and the butterfly
Vied for each blossom's love.

The marble pillars rose like snow,
Glittering in the sunshine:
A thousand roses shed their breath,
Like incense, o'er the shrine.

And there were censers of perfume,
Vases with their sweet showers,
And wreaths of every blended hue
That lights the summer flowers.

And, like the breathing of those flowers
Made audible, a sound
Came, lulling as a waterfall,
From lutes and voices 'round.

I look'd upon the altar,—there
The pictured semblance lay
Of him the temple's lord; it shone
More beautiful than day.

It was a sleeping child, as fair
As the firstborn of spring;
Like Indian gold waved the bright curls
In many a sunny ring.

His cheek was flush'd with its own rose,
And with the crimson shed
From the rich wings that like a cloud
Were o'er his slumbers spread.

And by him lay his feather'd shafts,
His golden bow unbent;—
Methought that, even in his sleep,
His smile was on them sent.

I heard them hymn his name—his power:—
I heard them, and I smiled;
How could they say the earth was ruled
By but a sleeping child?

I went then forth into the world
To see what might be there;
And there I heard a voice of woe,
Of weeping, and despair.

I saw a youthful warrior stand
In his first light of fame,—
His native city fill'd the air
With her deliverer's name.

I saw him hurry from the crowd
And fling his laurel crown,
In weariness, in hopelessness,
In utter misery, down.

And what the sorrow, then I ask'd,
Can thus the warrior move
To scorn his meed of victory ?
They told me it was Love.

I sought the forum, there was one
With dark and haughty brow,—
His voice was as the trumpet's tone,
Mine ear rings with it now.

They quail'd before his flashing eye,—
They watch'd his lightest word—
When suddenly that eye was dim,
That voice no longer heard.

I look'd upon his lonely hour,
The weary solitude ;
When over dark and bitter thoughts
The sick heart's left to brood.

I mark'd the haughty spirit's strife
To rend its bonds in vain :
Again I ask'd the cause of all,
And heard love's name again.

Yet on I went : I thought that Love
To woman's gentle heart,
Perhaps, had flung a lighter shaft,
Had given a fairer part.

I look'd upon a lovely face,
Lit by a large dark eye ;
But on the lash there was a tear
And on the lip a sigh.

I ask'd not why that form had droop'd,
Nor why that cheek was pale ?
I heard the maiden's twilight song,
It told me all her tale.

I saw an urn, and round it hung
An April diadem
Of flowers, telling they mourn'd one
Faded and fair like them.

I turn'd to tales of other days,
They spoke of breath and bloom ;
And proud hearts that were bow'd by Love
Into an early tomb.

I heard of every suffering
That on this earth can be :
How can they call a sleeping child
A likeness, Love, of thee ?

They cannot paint thee :—let them dream
A dark and nameless thing.
Why give the likeness of the dove
Where is the serpent's sting ?

A SERIES OF TALES.

THE CASTILIAN NUPTIALS.

And days fled by,
A cloud came o'er my destiny,
The dream of passion soon was last,
A summer's day may never past,
Yes, every feeling then knew change,
One only hope was left—revenge !
He wedded with another—tears
Are very vain, and as for fears
I know them not—I deeply swore
No lip should sigh where mine before
Had seal'd its vow, no heart should rest
Upon the bosom mine had prest.
Life had no ill I would not brave
To claim him, even in the grave !

FAIR is the form that in yon orange bower,
Like a lone spirit, bends beside the lamp,
Whose silver light is flung o'er clustering rose,
And myrtle with pearl buds and emerald leaves.
Green moss and azure violets have form'd
The floor, and fragrant bloom the canopy,

And perfumed shrubs and pillars, round whose
stems

The vine has crept, and mix'd its purple fruit
Amid the rich-hued blossoms. Citron trees,
And beds of hyacinths, have sent their sweets
Upon the odorous dew of the night gale,
Which, playing with the trembling lamp, flings
round

A changeful light—now glancing on the flowers,
And brightening every hue—now lost in shade.
Look out upon the night ! There is no star
In beauty visible—the Moon is still
Sojourning in her shadowy hall—the clouds
Are thickening round ; but though the tempest's
wing

Will herald in the morning, all is still,
And calm, and soothing now,—no rougher sounds
Than the low murmur of the mountain rill,
And the sweet music of the nightingale,
Are on the air. But a far darker storm
The tempest of the heart, the evil war
Of fiery passions, is fast gathering

O'er that bright creature's head, whose fairy bower
 And fairy shape breathe but of happiness.
 She is most beautiful! The richest tint
 That e'er with roselight dyed a summer cloud,
 Were pale beside her cheek; her raven hair
 Falls even to her feet, though fasten'd up
 In many a curl and braid with bands of pearl;
 And that white bosom and those rounded arms
 Are perfect as a statue's, when the skill
 Of some fine touch has moulded it to beauty.
 Yet there are tears within those radiant eyes,
 And that fair brow is troubled! She is young;
 But her heart's youth is gone, and innocence,
 And peace, and soft and gentle thoughts, have
 fled

A breast, the sanctuary of unhallow'd fires,
 That love has led to guilt. At each light stir
 Of but a waving branch, a falling leaf,
 A deeper crimson burnt upon her cheek,
 Each pulse beat eagerly, for every sound
 To her was Fernand's step, and then she sank
 Pallid and tearful, with that sickening throb
 Of sadness only love and fear can know.
 The night pass'd on—she touch'd the silver chords,
 And answer'd with her voice her lone guitar.
 It pleased her for a while:—it soothes the soul
 To pour its thoughts in melancholy words;
 And if aught can charm sorrow, music can.
 The song she chose was one her youth had loved
 Ere yet she knew the bitterness of grief,
 But thought tears luxury:—

O take that starry wreath away,
 Fling not those roses o'er my lute!
 The brow that thou wouldst crown is pale,
 The chords thou would awaken mute.

Look on those broken gems that lie
 Beside those flowers, withering there;
 Those leaves were blooming round my lute,
 Those gems were bright amid my hair.

And they may be a sign to tell
 Of all the ruin love will make:
 He comes in beauty, and then leaves
 The hope to fade, the heart to break!

The song died in low sobs. "I ever felt
 That it would come to this,—that I should be
 Forsaken and forgotten! I would give
 Life, more than life, those precious memories
 Of happiness and Fernand! I'd forget
 That I have been beloved, all I have known
 Of rapture, all the dreams that long have been
 My sole existence, but to feel again
 As I felt ere I loved—ere I had given
 My every hope as passion's sacrifice."
 Her face was hidden in her hands; but tears

Trickled through her slight fingers—tears, those
 late
 Vain tributes to remorse! At length she rose,
 And paced with eager steps her scented bower,
 Then trimm'd her lamp, and gather'd flowers and
 leaves,

Twined them in wreaths, and placed them gracefully;
 Then felt the vanity of all her care,
 And scatter'd them around. The morning broke,
 And hastily she left the shade, to hide
 From all her anxious heart—her misery!
 That day she knew her fate—heard that Fernand
 Was now betroth'd to the high-born Blanche.
 Hermione wept not, although her heart
 Swell'd nigh to bursting; but she hid her thoughts
 Next morning she was gone! - - -

The palace was all lustre, like a dome,
 A fairy dome; the roofs were all one blaze
 With lamp and chandelier; the mirrors shone
 Like streams of light, and, waving gracefully,
 The purple draperies hung festoon'd with wreaths,
 That shed their incense round. Hall after hall
 Open'd in some new splendour. Proud the feast
 The duke to-night gives for his peerless child,
 And Castile's noblest are all met to greet
 Blanche and her gallant lover: princely forms,
 And ladies beautiful, whose footsteps fell
 Soft as the music which they echo'd; light
 And melody, and perfume, and sweet shapes,
 Mingled together like a glorious dream.—
 Hermione is there! She has forsaken
 Her woman's garb, her long dark tresses float
 Like weeds upon the Tagus, and no one
 Can in that pale and melancholy boy
 Recall the lovely woman. All in vain
 She look'd for him she sought; but when one
 pass'd

With raven hair and tall, her heart beat high—
 Then sank again, when her impatient glance
 Fell on a stranger's face. At length she reach'd
 A stately room, richer than all the rest,
 For there were loveliest things, though not of life:
 Canvass, to which the painter's soul had given
 A heaven of beauty; and statues, which were
 touch'd

With art so exquisite, the marble seem'd
 Animate with emotion. It is strange,
 Amid its deepest feelings, how the soul
 Will cling to outward images, as thus
 It could forget its sickness! There she gazed.
 And envied the sad smile, the patient look,
 Of a pale Magdalen: it told of grief,
 But grief long since subdued. Half curtain'd
 round

By vases fill'd with fragrant shrubs, were shapes
 Of Grecian deities and nymphs. She drew
 Sad parallels with her of Crete, who wept

O'er her *Athenian* lover's perjury.
 She left the hall of paintings, and pursued
 A corridor which open'd to the air,
 And enter'd in the garden: there awhile,
 Beneath the shadow of a cypress tree,
 She breathed the cooling gale. Amid the shade
 Of those bright groves were ladies lingering,
 Who listen'd to most gentle things, and then
 Blush'd like the roses near them; and light groups
 Of gladsome dancers, gliding o'er the turf,
 Like elfin revelling by the moonlight.
 She look'd up to the lovely face of heaven:—
 It was unclouded, and the rolling moon
 Pass'd o'er the deep blue sky like happiness,
 Leaving a trace of light. She gazed around,—
 There was no gloom but that within her heart.
 Ah, this is very loneliness to feel
 So wholly destitute, without one thing
 That has a portion in our wretchedness!

Then two came by—that voice to her was
 death—

It was her false *Fernand's*! A lovely girl
 Hung on his arm, so soft, so delicate,
 It seem'd a breath might sweep her from the earth;
 And *Fernand* bent with so much tenderness
 To catch the music of the timid voice,
 Which dared not breathe its love-vow audibly.
Hermione rush'd thence, as if her step
 Had been upon the serpent's lair. That night
 She brooded o'er her wrongs, and bitterly
 Pray'd for revenge! - - - And this is *Woman's*
 fate:

All her affections are call'd into life
 By winning flatteries, and then thrown back
 Upon themselves to perish, and her heart,
 Her trusting heart, fill'd with weak tenderness,
 Is left to bleed or break! - - -
 The marriage feast was spread, the guests were
 round,
 The halls were fill'd with mirth, and light, and
 song.

High o'er the rest the youthful pair were placed,
 Beneath a canopy of fretted gold
 And royal purple. With a shout they drank
 Health and long blessedness to the fair bride!
 And *Fernand* call'd for wine, to pledge them back
 His thanks. A slender *Page* approach'd, and held
 The golden cup; - - - There is a marble look
 In the dark countenance of that pale boy
 Ill suiting one so youthful. *Fernand* drain'd
 The liquor to the dregs; yet, while he drank
 He felt the eagle glance of that strange *Page*
 Fix on him like a spell. With a wild laugh
 Of fearless taunting, he took back the cup—
 That laugh rang like a demon's curse! The
 sounds

Of revelry one moment paused—they heard

Mutter'd the words—"Vengeance!" "*Hermione*!"

Blanche broke the silence by her shriek—*Fernand*
 Had fallen from his seat, his face was black
 With inward agony—that draught bore fate!
 That *Page* had poison'd him!—In dread they
 turn'd

To where the murderer was: she had not moved,
 But stood with fixed eyes! the clouds of death
 Were on her face—she too had pledged the cup!

THE LOVER'S ROCK.

"O why should Fate such pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining;
 Or why so sweet a flower as love
 Depend on Fortune's shining?
 This world's wealth, when I think upon't,
 Is pride and a' the lave on't;
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,
 That he should be the slave on't."—*BURNS*.

Most beautiful, most happy! must there be
 Clouds on thy sky, and thorns upon thy path?
 Love, why art thou so wretched? thou so form'd
 To be the blessedness of life, the last
 Sweet relic left of Eden! Yet on thee,
 Even on thee, the curse is laid! Thy cup
 Has its full share of bitterness. The heart
 Is chill'd, crush'd, and constrain'd by the cold
 world,

Outraged and undervalued; the fine throb
 Of feeling turn to ministers of grief;
 All is so false around, affection's self
 Becomes suspected. But of all drear lots
 That love must draw from the dark urn of fate,
 There is one deepest misery—when two hearts,
 Born for each other, yet must beat apart.
 Aye, this is misery, to check, conceal
 That which should be our happiness and glory;
 To love, to be beloved again, and know
 A gulf between us:—aye, 'tis misery!
 This agony of passion, this wild faith,
 Whose constancy is fruitless, yet is kept
 Inviolable:—to feel that all life's hope,
 And light, and treasure, cling to one from whom
 Our wayward doom divides us. Better far
 To weep o'er treachery or broken vows,—
 For time may teach their worthlessness:—or pine
 With unrequited love;—there is a pride
 In the fond sacrifice—the cheek may lose
 Its summer crimson; but at least the rose
 Has wither'd secretly—at least, the heart
 That has been victim to its tenderness,

Has sigh'd unecho'd by some one as true,
As wretched as itself. But to be loved
With feelings deep, eternal as our own,
And yet to know that we must quell those feelings
With phantom shapes of prudence, worldly care—
For two who live but in each other's life,
Whose only star in this dark world is love!
Alas, that circumstance has power to part
The destiny of true lovers!

Yonder rock

Has a wild legend of untoward love,
Fond, faithful, and unhappy! There it stands
By the blue Guadalquivir; the green vines
Are like a girdle round the granite pillars
Of its bare crags, and its dark shadow falls
Over an ancient castle at the base.
Its lord had a fair daughter, his sole child,—
Her picture is in the old gallery still;
The frame is shatter'd, but the lovely face
Looks out in all its beauty; 'tis a brow
Fresh, radiant as the spring,—a pencill'd arch,
One soft dark shadow upon mountain snow.
A small white hand flings back the raven curls
From off the blue-vein'd temples; on her cheek
There is a colour like the moss rosebud
When first it opens, ere the sun and wind
Have kiss'd away its delicate slight blush.
And such a fairy shape, as those fine moulds
Of ancient Greece, whose perfect grace has given
Eternity to beauty. She was loved!
And the wild songs that tell how she was loved
Yet haunt their native valley. He was one
Who had each great and glorious gift, save gold;
Music was ever round his steps :—to him
There was deep happiness in nature's wild
And rich luxuriance, and he had the pride,
The buoyant hope, that genius ever feels
In dreaming of the path that it will carve
To immortality. A sweeter dream
Soon fill'd the young Leandro's heart: he loved,
And all around grew Paradise,—Inez
Became to him existence, and her heart
Soon yielded to his gentle constancy.

They had roam'd forth together : the bright dew
Was on the flowers that he knelt and gave,
Sweet tribute to his idol. A dark brow
Was bent upon them—'tis her father's brow!
And Inez flung her on his neck and wept.
He was not one that prayers or tears might move;
For he had never known that passion's power,
And could not pardon it in others. Love
To him was folly and a feverish dream,
A girl's most vain romance—he did but mock
Its truth and its devotion. "You shall win
Your lady love," he said with scornful smile,
"If you can bear her, ere the sun is set,
To yonder summit: 'tis but a light burden,
And I have heard that lovers can do wonders!"

He deem'd it might not be; but what has love
E'er found impossible! - - - -
Leandro took his mistress in his arms.
Crowds gather'd round to look on the pale youth,
And his yet paler Inez; but she hid
Her face upon his bosom, and her hair,
Whose loose black tresses floated on the wind,
Was wet with tears! - - They paused 'to rest
awhile

Beneath a mulberry's cool sanctuary—
(Ill-omen'd tree, two lovers met their death
Beneath thy treacherous shade! 'Twas in old
time

Even as now :)—it spread its branches round,
The fruit hung like dark rubies 'mid the green
Of the thick leaves, and there like treasures shone
Balls of bright gold, the silkworm's summer
palace.

Leandro spoke most cheerfully, and soothed
The weeping girl beside him; but when next
He loosed her from his arms he did not speak,
And Inez wept in agony to look
Upon his burning brow. The veins were swell'd,
The polish'd marble of those temples now
Were turn'd to crimson—the large heavy drops
Roll'd over his flush'd cheek—his lips were
parch'd,
And moisten'd but with blood; each breath he
drew

Was a convulsive gasp! She bathed his face
With the cool stream, and laid her cheek to his—
Bade him renounce his perilous attempt,
And said, at least they now might die together!
He did not listen to her words, but watch'd
The reddening west—the sun was near the wave:
He caught the fainting Inez in his arms—
One desperate struggle—he has gain'd the top,
And the broad sun has sunk beneath the river!
A shout arose from those who watch'd; but why
Does still Leandro kneel, and Inez hang
Motionless round his neck? The blood has
gush'd—

The lifeblood from his heart! a vein had burst.
- - - And Inez was dead too! - - -

THE PAINTER.

I know not which is the most fatal gift,
Genius or Love, for both alike are ruled
By stars of bright aspect and evil influence.

He was a lonely and neglected child!
His cheek was colourless, save when the flush
Of strong emotion master'd its still whiteness;
His dark eyes seem'd all heaviness and gloom,

So rarely were they raised. His mother's love
Was for her other children : they were fair,
And had health's morning hues and sunny looks.
She had not seen him, when he watch'd the sun
Setting at eve, like an idolater,
Until his cheek grew crimson in the light
Of the all-radiant heaven, and his eyes
Were passionately eloquent, all fill'd
With earth's most glorious feelings. And his
father,

A warrior and a hunter, one whose grasp
Was ever on the bridle or the brand,
Had no pride in a boy whose joy it was
To sit for hours by a fountain side
Listening its low and melancholy song.
Or wander through the gardens silently,
As if with leaves and flowers alone he held
Aught of companionship. In his first years
They sent him to a convent, for they said
Its solitude would suit with Guido's mood.
And there he dwelt, while treasuring those rich
thoughts

That are the food on which young genius lives.
He rose to watch the sunlight over Rome
Break from its purple shadows, making glad
Even that desolate city, whose dim towers,
Ruins, and palaces, seem as they look'd
Back on departed time. Then in the gloom
Of his own convent's silent burying ground,
Where, o'er the quiet dead, the cypresses mourn'd,
He pass'd the noon, dreaming those dear day-
dreams,

Not so much hopes as fancies. Then at eve,
When through the painted windows the red sun
Rainbow'd the marble floor with radiant hues,
Where spread the ancient church's stately arch,
He stay'd, till the deep music of the hymn,
Chanted to the rich organ's rolling notes,
Bade farewell to the day. Then to his cell
He went, and through the casement's iron bars
The moon look'd on him, tenderly as Love,
Lighting his slumber. On the church's wall
There hung one lovely portrait, and for hours
Would Guido, in the fulness of his heart,
Kneel, watching till he wept. The subject was
A dying Magdalene. Her long black hair
Spread round her like a shroud, one pale thin hand
Pillow'd a cheek as thin and pale, and scarce
The blue light of the eyes was visible
For the death dampness on the darken'd lids ;—
As one more effort to look on the cross,
Which seem'd just falling from the fainting arm,
And they would close forever. In that look
There was a painter's immortality,
And Guido felt it deeply, for a gift
Like his whose work that was, was given him,—
A gift of beauty and of power,—and soon
He lived but in the exquisite creations

His pencil call'd to life. But as his thoughts
Took wider range, he languish'd to behold
More of a world he thought must be so fair,
So fill'd with glorious shapes. It chanced that he
Whose hand had traced that pale sad loveliness,
Came to the convent ; with rejoicing wonder
He mark'd how like an, unknown mine, whose
gold

Gathers in silence, had young Guido's mind
Increased in lonely richness ; every day
New veins of splendid thought sprang into life.
And Guido left his convent cell with one
Who, like a geni, bore him into scenes
Of marvel and enchantment. And then first
Did Guido feel how very precious praise
Is to young genius, like sunlight on flowers,
Ripening them into fruit. And time pass'd on ;—
The lonely and neglected child became
One whom all Rome was proud of, and he dwelt
There in the sunshine of his spreading fame.

There was a melancholy beauty shed
Over his pictures, as the element
In which his genius lived was sorrow. Love
He made most lovely, but yet ever sad ;
Passionate partings, such as wring the heart
Till tears are lifeblood ; meetings, when the
cheek

Has lost all hope of health in the long parting ;
The grave, with one mourning in solitude :
These made his fame, and were his excellence,—
The painter of deep tears. He had just gain'd
The summer of his glory and of his days,
When his remembering art was call'd to give
A longer memory to one whose life
Was but a thread. Her history may be told
In one word—love. And what has love e'er been
But misery to woman ? Still she wish'd—
It was a dying fancy which betray'd
How much, though known how false its god had
been,

Her soul clung to its old idolatry,—
To send her pictured semblance to the false one.
She hoped—how love will hope !—it might recall
The young and lovely girl his cruelty
Had worn to this dim shadow ; it might wake
Those thousand fond and kind remembrances
Which he had utterly abandon'd, while
The true heart he had treasured next his own
A little time, had never ceased to beat
For only him, until it broke. She leant
Beside a casement when first Guido look'd
Upon her wasted beauty. 'Twas the brow,
The Grecian outline in its perfect grace,
That he had learnt to worship in his youth,
By gazing on that Magdalene, whose face
Was yet a treasure in his memory ;
But sunken were the temples,—they had lost
Their ivory roundness, yet still clear as day

The veins shone through them, shaded by the
braids,
Just simply parted back, of the dark hair,
Where grief's white traces mock'd at youth. A
flush,
As shame, deep shame, had once burnt on her
cheek,
Then linger'd there forever, look'd like health
Offering hope, vain hope, to the pale lip;
Like the rich crimson of the evening sky,
Brightest when night is coming. Guido took
Just one slight sketch; next morning she was
dead!

Yet still he painted on, until his heart
Grew to the picture,—it became his world,—
He lived but in its beauty, made his art
Sacred to it alone. No more he gave
To the glad canvass green and summer dreams
Of the Italian valleys; traced no more
The dark eyes of its lovely daughters, look'd
And caught the spirit of fine poetry
From glorious statues: these were pass'd away.
Shade after shade, line after line, each day
Gave life to the sweet likeness. Guido dwelt
In intense worship on his own creation,
Till his cheek caught the hectic tinge he drew,
And his thin hand grew tremulous. One night—
The portrait was just finish'd, save a touch,
A touch to give the dark light of the eyes—
He painted till the lamps grew dim, his hand
Scarce conscious what it wrought; at length his
lids
Closed in a heavy slumber, and he dream'd
That a fair creature came and kiss'd his brow,
And bade him follow her: he knew the look,
And rose. Awakening, he found himself
Kneeling before the portrait:—'twas so fair
He deem'd it lived, and press'd his burning lips
To the sweet mouth; his soul pass'd in that kiss,—
Young Guido died beside his masterpiece!

A VILLAGE TALE.

.... How the spirit clings
To that which once it loved, with the same feeling
That makes the traveller turn from his way
To look upon some boyish haunt, though dark
And very desolate grown, no longer like
That which was dear to him.

It was a low white church: the elm which
grew
Beside it shadow'd half the roof; the clock
Was placed where full the sunbeams fell;—what
deep,

Simple morality spoke in those hands,
Going their way in silence, till a sound,
Solemn and sweet, made their appeal to Time,
And the hour spoke its only warning!—Strange
To note how mute the soft song of the wren,
Whose nest was in that old elm tree, became
When the clock struck: and when it ceased again,
Its music like a natural anthem breathed.
Lowly the osier'd graves around, wild flowers
Their epitaph, and not one monument
Was there rich with the sculptor's graceful art.

There sat one, by a grave whose weeded turf
Show'd more than common care, his face bent
down,

A fine and manly brow, though sun and wind
Had darken'd it, and that a shade of grief
Seem'd natural from long habit; by his side
A little laughing child, with clear blue eyes,
Cheek like a dimpled rose, and sunny curls,
Was gathering blossoms, gathering but to crush,
Till the sod was all colours with the leaves.
Even in childhood's innocence of pleasure
Lives that destroying spirit which in time
Will waste, then want, the best of happiness.
I mark'd the boy's companion: he was yet
In life's first summer; and he seem'd to watch
With such sad tenderness the child, which came
When tired to nestle in his bosom, sure
That it was welcome,—and the grave was kept
So fresh, so green, so cover'd with sweet flowers,
I deem'd 'twas some young widower, whose love
Had pass'd away, or ever it had known
One sting of sorrow or one cloud of care,—
Pass'd in its first delicious confidence
Of vow'd affection;—'twas the grave, I thought,
Of his young wife, and that the child was left
A dear memorial of that cherish'd one.
I read his history wrong. In early youth,
When hopes and pleasures flit like butterflies
Around our pleasant spring, had Edward loved,
And sought in Marion's deep blue eyes his
world,—

Loved with the truth, the fervour of first love,
That delicate bloom which can come o'er the soul
But only once. All other thoughts and feelings
The heart may know again, but first love never!
Its hopes, bright as the azure flower that springs
Where'er the radiance of the rainbow falls;
Its fears, soft as the leaves that shade the lily;
Its fairyland romance, its tenderness
Its timid, and yet passionate devotion—
These are not annual blooms, that die, then rise
Again into another summer world.
They may live long, and be the life of life,
But, like the rose, when they are once destroy'd
They perish utterly. And, like that tree,
How sweet a memory, too, remains! though dead
The green leaves, and decay'd the stem, yet still

The spirit of fragrance lingers, loath to leave
Its dear abode. Just so love haunts the heart,
Though wither'd, and to be revived no more.
O, nothing has the memory of love!

It was a summer twilight; crimson lights
Play'd o'er the bridal bowers of the west,
And in the gray horizon the white moon
Was faintly visible, just where the sky
Met the green rolling of the shadowy sea.
Upon a little hill, whose broken ridge
Was cover'd with the golden furze, and heath
Gay with its small pink blossoms, in a shade
Form'd of thick hazels and the graceful sweep
Of the ash-boughs, an old beach-trunk the seat,
With a sweet canopy of honeysuckle
Mix'd with the wild briar-roses, Edward sat,
Happy, for Marion lean'd upon his bosom
In the deep fondness of the parting hour;
One of those partings memory will keep
Among its precious things. The setting sun
Shed such rich colour o'er the cheek, which
press'd

Closer and closer, like a rose, that sought
A shelter next his heart; the radiant eyes,
Glorious as though the sky's own light were there,
Yet timid, blue, and tender as the dove's;
The soft arm thrown around his neck; the hair
Falling in such profusion o'er a face
That nestled like a bird upon his breast.
Murmurs, the very breath of happiness;
Low and delighted sighs, and lengthen'd looks,
As life were looking words inaudible,
Yet full of music; whispers such as are
What love should ever speak in; soft yet deep,
As jealous even that the air should share
In the delicious feeling. And around,
All seem'd the home and atmosphere of love:
The air sweet with the woodbine and the rose;
The rich red light of evening; the far sea,
So still, so calm; the vale, with its corn-fields
Shooting their green spears 'mid the scarlet
banners

Of the wild poppies; meadows with the hay
Scatter'd in fragrance, clover yet uncut.
And in the distance a small wood, where oaks
And elms threw giant shadows; and a river
Winding, now hidden and now visible,
Till close beside their bower it held its course,
And fed a little waterfall, the harp
That answer'd to the woodlark's twilight hymn.
Their last, last evening! Ah, the many vows
That Edward and his Marion pledged! She took
A golden ring and broke it, hid one-half
Next her own heart, then cut a shining curl,
As bright as the bright gift, and round his neck
Fasten'd the silken braid, and bade him keep
The ring and hair for Marion's sake. They
talk'd

Of pleasant hopes, of Edward's quick return.
With treasure gather'd on the stormy deep,
And how they then would build a little cot;
They chose the very place; and the bright moon
Shone in her midnight, ere their schemes
Were half complete. They parted. The next
morn

With the day-blush had Marion sought the
bower
Alone, and watch'd upon the distant sea
A ship just visible to those long looks
With which love gazes. . . . How most sweet
it is

To have one lonely treasure, which the heart
Can feed upon in secret, which can be
A star in sorrow, and a flower in joy;
A thought to which all other thoughts refer.
A hope, from whence all other hopes arise,
Nursed in the solitude of happiness!
Love, passionate young Love, how sweet it is
To have the bosom made a Paradise
By thee—life lighted by thy rainbow smile!
Edward lived in one feeling, one that made
Care, toil, and suffering pleasant; and he hail'd
England, dear England, happy in success,
In hope, and love. It was a summer morn—
The very season he had left that vale—
When he return'd. How cheerfully the fields,
Spread in their green luxuriance of corn,
The purple clover, and the newcut hay,
Loading the air with fragrance! the soft river
Winding so gently! there seem'd nothing changed,
And Edward's heart was fill'd with gladness: all,
He fancied, look'd as if they welcomed him.
His eyes fill'd with sweet tears, and hasty words
Of love and thankfulness came to his lips.
His path lay through the churchyard, and the
bells

Were ringing for a wedding. What fond thoughts
They waken'd, of how merrily their round
Would peal for him and Marion! He kiss'd
The broken ring, the braid of golden hair,
And bounded, with light step and lighter heart
Across the churchyard; from it he could see
The cottage where his own true maiden dwelt.
Just then the bridal party left the church,
And, half unconsciously, young Edward look'd
Upon the bride—that bride was Marion!
He stopp'd not in the village,—spoke to none,—
But went again to sea; and never smile
Lighted the settled darkness in his eyes:
His cheek grew pale, his hair turn'd gray, his
voice

Became so sad and low. He once had loved
To look upon the sunset, as that hour
Brought pleasant memories, such as feed sweet
hopes;
Now ever gazed he on it with the look

Of the young widow over her fair child,
 Her only child, in the death agony.
 His heart was wither'd. Yet, although so false,
 He never parted with his Marion's gift:
 Still the soft curl and the bright ring were kept,
 Like treasures, in his bosom. Years pass'd by,
 And he grew tired of wandering; back he came
 To his own village, as a place of rest.
 'Twas a drear autumn morning, and the trees
 Were bare, or cover'd but with yellow leaves;
 The fields lay fallow, and a drizzling rain
 Fell gloomily: it seem'd as all was changed,
 Even as he himself was changed; the bell
 Of the old church was tolling dolefully
 The farewell of the living to the dead.
 The grave was scant, the holy words were said
 Hurriedly, coldly but for a poor child,
 That begg'd the pit to give him back his mother,
 There had not been one single tear. The boy
 Kept on his wail; but all his prayers were made
 To the dark tomb, as conscious those around
 Would chide if he ask'd them; and when they
 threw

The last earth on the coffin, down he laid
 His little head, and sobb'd most bitterly.
 And Edward took him in his arms, and kiss'd
 His wet pale cheeks; while the child clung to
 him,
 Not with the shyness of one petted, loved,
 And careless of a stranger's fond caress,
 But like one knowing well what kindness was,
 But knew not where to seek it, as he pined
 Beneath neglect and harshness, fear and want.
 'Twas strange, this mingling of their destinies:
 That boy was Marion's—it was Marion's grave!
 She had died young, and poor, and broken-hearted.
 Her husband had deserted her: one child
 Was buried with its mother, one was left
 An orphan unto chance; but Edward took
 The boy unto him even as his own.
 He buried the remembrance of his wrongs,
 Only recalling that he once had loved,
 And that his love was dead.

THE SISTERS.

Now, Maiden, wilt thou come with me,
 Far over yonder moonlight sea?
 There's not a cloud upon the sky,
 The wind is low like thine own sigh;
 The azure heaven is vein'd with light,
 The water is as calm and bright
 As I have sometimes seen it lie
 Beneath a sunny Indian sky.

(29)

My bark is on the ocean riding,
 Like a spirit o'er it gliding;
 Maiden, wilt thou come—and be
 Queen of my fair ship and me?

She follow'd him. The sweet night breeze
 Brought odours from the orange trees,—
 She paused not for their fragrant sigh:
 There came a sound of music nigh,
 A voice of song, a distant chime
 To mark the vespers' starry time,—
 She heard it not: the moonbeams fell
 O'er vine-wreath'd hill and olive dell,
 With cottages, and their gay show
 Of roses for a portico;
 One which stood by a beech alone,—
 Look'd she not back upon that one!
 Alas! she look'd but in that eye
 Where now was writ her destiny.
 The heart love leaves looks back ever;
 The heart where he is dwelling, never.
 Yet as her last step left the strand,
 Gheraldi then might feel her hand
 Grow cold, and tremble in his own:
 He watch'd her lip, its smile was flown;
 Her cheek was pale, as if with fears;
 Her blue eyes darken'd with their tears:
 He prest her rosebud mouth to his,
 Blush, smile, return'd to grace that kiss;
 She had not power to weep, yet knew
 She was his own, come weal come woe.
 O, who—reposed on some fond breast,
 Love's own delicious place of rest—
 Reading faith in the watching eyes,
 Feeling the heart beat with its sighs,
 Could no regrets, or doubts, or cares,
 That we had bound our fate with theirs!

There was a shadow on their mirth;
 A vacant place is by their hearth,
 When at the purple evening's close
 Around its firelight gather'd those
 With whom her youth's sweet course had
 run,
 Wept, for the lost, the alter'd one!
 She was so beautiful, so dear,
 All that the heart holds precious here!
 A skylark voice, whose lightest sound
 So glad made every heart-pulse bound
 'Twas a fair sight to see her glide
 A constant shadow by the side
 Of her old Father! At dayrise,
 With light feet and with sunny eyes,
 Busy within: and then, at times,
 Singing old snatches of wild rhymes
 Italian peasants treasure up,
 O'erflowings of the poet's cup,
 Suited to those whose earth and sky,
 Temples and groves, are poetry.

And then at eve, her raven hair
Braided upon a brow as fair
As are the snowy chestnut flowers
When blooming in the first spring hours,
She sat beneath the old beech tree,
Her mandolin upon her knee.
But Blanche was gone, and guilt and shame
Made harsh the music of her name.
—But he had yet another child,—
The Father Blanche could leave,— who
smiled

Gently and cheerfully away
The cloud that on his spirit lay.

It was a lovely morn in June,
And in the rosy light of noon
The olive crown'd village shone
As the glad sun were all its own;
And, suiting with such golden hours,
With music, and with songs and flowers,
A bridal train pass'd gayly by:
In the midst, with blue downcast eye
And blush of happiness, came the Bride!
And youths with flutes were by her side,
And maidens, with their wreaths, as gay
As life but lasted one sweet day.

One follow'd them with bursting heart,
With pallid cheek, and lips apart,
As every breath were gasp'd! Ah this,
Alas, is what love ever is!
False or unhappy, twin to sorrow,
Forced Hope's deceiving lights to borrow,
Gilding in joy a little way,
Doubly to lead the heart astray.
Beneath a shadowy beech tree
At length paused the gay company:
And there sat an old Man. The Bride
Took off her veil, and knelt beside,
And from his feet look'd up and smiled,
And pray'd that he would bless his child!
The gentle prayer was scarcely said,
Yet lay his hand upon her head!
When knelt another in that place,
With shrouded form and veiled face;
A broken voice breathed some low words
They struck on memory's tenderest chords:
"My Blanche! yes, only ask of Heaven,
Thy father has long since forgiven.
Look up!" "O not till thou hast pray'd
For the unhappy and betray'd!"
And paused at once the bridal song,
And gather'd round the gazing throng.
And as the old man pray'd, Blanche press'd
Closer and closer to his breast!
He raised her, for he long'd to gaze
Upon the loved of other days,
And threw the veil back from her head,
And look'd,—but look'd upon the dead!

THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

O, there are evil moments in our life,
When but a thought, a word, a look, has power
To dash the cup of happiness aside,
And stamp us wretched!

AND there are bitter tears in Arnold's hall—
A wail of passionate lament! The night
Is on the towers, but night has not brought
Silence and sleep. A sound is in the courts,
Of arms and arm'd men; the ring of spears,
The stamp of iron feet, and voices, mix'd
In deep confusion. With the morning's rise,
Lord Arnold leads these men to Palestine.

There were two figures on a terrace, raised
O'er all the rest. The moon was on its sweep,
Lightning the landscape's midnight loveliness!
Below it, first were gardens set with flowers,
In beds of many shape and quaint device,
So very sweet they fill'd the air with scents;
Beyond, the ground was steep and rough; dwarf
oak,

Spring on the sides, but all the nobler growth
Of those proud trees was seen in yon dark wood,
Its world of leaves blent with the distant sky,
And sheltering a green park, where the smooth
grass

Was fitting herbage for the gentle fawn,
Which sported by its mother's spotted side,
And some so white that in the moon they shone
Like silver. In the midst, a diamond sheet
Of clear bright water spread, and on its breast
Gather'd a group of swans; and there was one,
Laid on a little island which the leaves
Of the waterflag had made; and suddenly
A sound of music rose, and leaf and flower
Seem'd hush'd to hear the sweet and solemn hymn
Sung by the dying swan. And then the two
Upon the terrace, who as yet had look'd
But in each other's eyes, turn'd to the lake:
It was to them, even as if their love
Had made itself a voice to breathe Farewell!—

Ceased the unearthly song, and Adeline
Threw her on Arnold's breast, and wept, and said
It was her warrior's dirge and hers—for never
Such sad sweet sounds had breathed on mortal
ear,

And yet no omen. But her Arnold kiss'd
Her tears away; and whisper'd 'twas the song
Of some kind Spirit, who would guard his love
While he was fighting for the Cross afar.
O, who can tell the broken-heartedness
Of parting moments!—the fond words that gush
From the full heart, and yet die in the throat,

Whose pulses are too choked for utterance;
 The lingering look of eyes half blind with tears;
 The yet more lingering kiss, as if it were
 The last long breath of life! Then the slow step,
 Changing anon to one of hurried speed,
 As that the heart doubted its own resolve!
 The fix'd gaze of her, who, left behind,
 Watches till shadows grow reality!
 And then the sudden and sick consciousness—
 How desolate we are!—O, misery!
 Thy watchword is, Farewell!—And Arnold took
 A few sweet buds from off a myrtle tree,
 And swore to Adeline, before the spring
 Had cover'd twice that plant with its white
 flowers,

He would return. With the next morning's sun
 Lord Arnold led his vassals to the war,
 And Adeline was left to solitude—
 The worst of solitude, of home and heart.

If I must part from those whom I have loved,
 Let me, too, part from where they were beloved!
 It wrings the heart to see each thing the same;
 Tread over the same steps; and then to find
 The difference in the heart. It is so sad—
 So very lonely—to be the sole one
 In whom there is a sign of change! - - -

There are two words to tell the warrior's course,
 Valour and Victory. But fortune changed,
 And Arnold was a prisoner at last.
 And there he lay and pined, till hope grew tired,
 Even of its sweet self; and now despair
 Reach'd its last stage, for it was grown familiar.
 Change came, when there was not a thought of
 change

But in his dreams. Thanks to a pitying Slave
 Whom he had spared in battle, he escaped!
 And over sea and land the pilgrim went.

It was a summer evening, when again
 He stood before his castle, and he paused
 In the excess of happiness. The sun
 Had set behind the towers, whose square heights
 Divided the red west; and on its verge,
 Just where the crimson faded, was a star—
 The twilight star—pale, like dew turn'd to light.
 Through the fair park he wander'd on, and
 pass'd

The lake and its white swans: at length he came
 To his sweet garden and its thousand flowers.
 The roses were in blossom, and the air
 Oppress'd him with its fragrance. On a walk,
 As if just fallen from some beauty's hair,
 There lay a branch of myrtle—Arnold caught
 Its leaves, and kiss'd them!—Sure, 'twas Ade-
 line's!

He stood now by a little alcove, made
 Of flowers and green boughs—Adeline is there—
 But, wo for Arnold, she is not alone!—
 So lovely, and so false!—And here, there she sat,

Her white arm round a stranger's neck, her fair
 brow

Bow'd on his shoulder, while her long black hair
 Stream'd o'er his bosom—There they sat, so still,
 Like statues in that light; and Arnold thought
 How often he had leant with Adeline
 In such sweet silence. But they rose to go;
 And then he mark'd how tenderly the youth
 Drew his cloak round her, lest the dew should
 fall

Upon her fragile beauty. They were gone—
 And Arnold threw him on the turf, which still
 Retain'd the pressure of her fairy feet—
 Then started wildly from the ground, and fled
 As life and death were on his speed. His towers
 Were but a little distant from the sea;
 And ere the morning broke, Arnold was toss'd
 Far over the blue wave. He did not go,
 As the young warrior goes, with hope and pride
 As he once went; but as a pilgrim, roam'd
 O'er other countries, any but his own,
 At last his steps sought pleasant Italy.

It was one autumn evening that he reach'd
 A little valley in the Apennine:
 It lay amid the heights—a restingplace
 Of quiet and deep beauty. On one side
 A forest of a thousand pines arose,
 Darken'd with many winters; on the left
 Stood the steep crags, where, even in July,
 The white snow lay, carved into curious shapes
 Of turret, pinnacle, and battlement;
 And in the front, the opening mountains show'd
 The smiling plains of grape-clad Tuscany;
 And farther still was caught the skylike sweep
 Of the blue ocean. Small white cottages
 And olive trees fill'd up the dell. But, hid
 By the sole group of cypresses, whose boughs,
 As the green weeping of the seaweed, hung
 Like grief or care around, a temple stood
 Of purest marble, with its carved dome
 And white Corinthian pillars strangely wreath'd
 By the thick ivy leaves. In other days,
 Some nymph or goddess had been worshipp'd
 there,

Whose name was gone, even from her own shrine.
 The cross stood on the altar, and above
 There hung the picture of Saint Valerie:
 Its pale calm beauty suited well the maid,
 Who left the idol pleasures of the world
 For solitude and heaven in early youth.
 And Arnold knelt to the sweet saint, and pray'd
 For pity and for pardon; and his heart
 Clung to the place, and thought upon repose.
 He made himself a home in the same cave
 Where once St. Valerie had dwelt: a rill,
 That trickled from a rock above, his drunk,
 The mountain fruits his food: and there he lived:
 Peasants, and one or two tired pilgrims, all

That e'er disturb'd his hermit solitude.
 Long months had pass'd away, when one hot
 noon
 He sat beneath the cypresses, and saw
 A pilgrim slowly urging up the height:
 The sun was on her head, yet turn'd she not
 To seek the shade beside; the path was rough;
 Yet there she toil'd, though the green turf was
 near.
 At last she reach'd the shrine—and Arnold knew
 His Adeline! Her slender frame was bent,
 And her small feet left a red trace behind—
 The blood flow'd from them. And he saw her
 kneel,
 And heard her pray for him and his return.
 "Adeline! art thou true?"—One moment more

Her head is on his bosom, and his lips
 Feeding on her pale cheek!—He heard it all—
 How that youth was her brother, just return'd
 From fighting with the infidels in Spain;
 That he had gone to Palestine to seek
 Some tidings of her Arnold; and, meanwhile,
 Herself had vow'd a barefoot pilgrimage
 To pray St. Valerie to bless the search!—
 And she indeed had bless'd it!—
 There is that English castle once again.
 With its green sweep of park and its clear lake;
 And there that bower; and in its shade is placed
 A statue of St. Valerie; and a shrine,
 Graven with names of those who placed it here,
 Record and tribute of their happiness—
 Arnold and Adeline!

FUGITIVE PIECES.

THE FACTORY.

'Tis an accursed thing!

THERE rests a shade above yon town,
 A dark funereal shroud:
 'Tis not the tempest hurrying down,
 'Tis not a summer cloud.

The smoke that rises on the air
 Is as a type and sign;
 A shadow flung by the despair
 Within those streets of thine.

That smoke shuts out the cheerful day
 The sunset's purple hues,
 The moonlight's pure and tranquil ray,
 The morning's pearly dew.

Such is the moral atmosphere
 Around thy daily life;
 Heavy with care, and pale with fear,
 With future tumult rife.

There rises on the morning wind
 A low appealing cry,
 A thousand children are resign'd
 To sicken and to die!

We read of Moloch's sacrifice,
 We sicken at the name,
 And seem to hear the infant cries—
 And yet we do the same;—

And worse—'twas but a moment's pain
 The heathen altar gave,
 But we give years,—our idol, Gain,
 Demands a living grave!

How precious is the little one,
 Before his mother's sight,
 With bright hair dancing in the sun,
 And eyes of azure light!

He sleeps as rosy as the south,
 For summer days are long;
 A prayer upon the little mouth,
 Lull'd by his nurse's song.

Love is around him, and his hours
 Are innocent and free;
 His mind essays its early powers
 Beside his mother's knee.

When afteryears of trouble come,
 Such as await man's prime,
 How will he think of that dear home,
 And childhood's lovely time!

And such should childhood ever be,
 The fairy well; to bring
 To life's worn, weary memory
 The freshness of its spring.

But here the order is reversed,
 And infancy, like age,
 Knows of existence but its worst,
 One dull and darken'd page;—

Written with tears and stamp'd with toil,
 Crush'd from the earliest hour,
 Weeds darkening on the bitter soil
 That never knew a flower.

Look on yon child, it droops the head,
 Its knees are bow'd with pain;
 It mutters from its wretched bed,
 "O, let me sleep again!"

Alas! 'tis time, the mother's eyes
Turn mournfully away;
Alas! 'tis time, the child must rise,
And yet it is not day.

The lantern's lit—she hurries forth,
The spare cloak's scanty fold
Scarce screens her from the snowy north,
The child is pale and cold.

And wearily the little hands
Their task accustom'd ply;
While daily, some 'mid those pale bands,
Droop, sicken, pine, and die.

Good God! to think upon a child
That has no childish days,
No careless play, no frolics wild,
No words of prayer and praise!

Man from the cradle—'tis too soon
To earn their daily bread,
And heap the heat and toil of noon
Upon an infant's head.

To labour ere their strength be come,
Or starve,—is such the doom
That makes of many an English home
One long and living tomb?

Is there no pity from above,—
No mercy in those skies;
Hath then the heart of man no love,
To spare such sacrifice?

O, England! though thy tribute waves
Proclaim thee great and free,
While those small children pine like slaves,
There is a curse on thee!

APRIL.

Of all the months that fill the year
Give April's month to me,
For earth and sky are then so fill'd
With sweet variety.

The apple-blossoms' shower of rose,
The pear tree's pearly hte,
As beautiful as woman's blush,
As evanescent too.

The purple light, that like a sigh
Comes from the violet bed,
As there the perfumes of the East
Had all their odours shed.

The wild-brier rose, a fragrant cup
To hold the morning's tear;
The bird's eye, like a sapphire star;
The primrose, pale like fear.

The balls that hang like drifted snow
Upon the guelderose;
The woodbine's fairy trumpets, where
The elf his warnote blows.

On every bough there is a bud,
In every bud a flower;
But scarcely bud or flower will last
Beyond the present hour.

Now comes a shower-cloud o'er the sky
Then all again sunshine;
Then clouds again, but brighten'd with
The rainbow's colour'd line.

Ay, this, this is the month for me!
I could not love a scene
Where the blue sky was always blue,
The green earth always green.

It is like love; 'O, love should be
An ever-changing thing,—
The love that I could worship must
Be ever on the wing.

The chain my mistress flings round me
Must be both brief and bright;
Or form'd of opals, which will change
With every changing light.

To-morrow she must turn to sighs
The smiles she wore to-day;
This moment's look of tenderness,
The next one must be gay.

Sweet April! thou the emblem art
Of what my love must be;
One varying like the varying bloom
Is just the love for me.

GLENCOE.

LAY by the harp, sing not that song
Although so very sweet;
It is a song of other years,
For thee and me unmeet.

Thy head is pillow'd on my arm,
Thy heart beats close to mine;
Methinks it were unjust to heaven,
If we should now repine.

I must not weep, you must not sing
That thrilling song again,—
I dare not think upon the time
When last I heard that strain

It was a silent summer eve:
We stood by the hill side,
And we could see my ship afar
Breasting the ocean tide.

Around us grew the graceful larch,
A calm blue sky above,
Beneath were little cottages,
The homes of peace and love.

Thy harp was by thee then; as now
One hand in mine was laid;
The other, wandering 'mid the chords,
A soothing music made:

Just two or three sweet chords, that seem'd
An echo of thy tone,—
The cushat's song was on the wind,
And mingled with thine own.

I look'd upon the vale beneath,
I look'd on thy sweet face;
I thought how dear, this voyage o'er,
Would be my restingplace.

We parted; but I kept thy kiss,—
Thy last one,—and its sigh,
As safely as the stars are kept
In yonder azure sky.

Again I stood by that hill side,
And scarce I knew the place,
For fire, and blood, and death, had left
On every thing their trace.

The lake was cover'd o'er with weeds,
Choked was our little rill,
There was no sign of corn or grass,
The cushat's song was still:

Burnt to the dust, an ashy heap
Was every cottage round;—
I listen'd, but I could not hear
One single human sound:

I spoke, and only my own words
Were echo'd from the hill;
I sat me down to weep, and curse
The hand that wrought this ill.

We met again by miracle:
Thou wert another one
Saved from this work of sin and death,—
I was not quite alone.

And then I heard the evil tale
Of guilt and suffering,
Till I pray'd the curse of God might fall
On the false-hearted king.

I will not think on this,—for thou
Art saved, and saved for me!
And gallantly my little bark
Cuts through the moonlight sea.

There's not a shadow in the sky,
The waves are bright below;
I must not, on so sweet a night,
Think upon dark Glencoe.

If thought were vengeance, then its thought
A ceaseless fire should be,
Burning by day, burning by night,
Kept like a thought of thee.

But I am powerless and must flee;—
That e'er a time should come,
When we should shun our own sweet land,
And seek another home!

This must not be,—yon soft moonlight
Falls on my heart like balm;
The waves are still, the air is hush'd,
And I too will be calm.

Away! we seek another land
Of hope, stars, flowers, sunshine;
I shall forget the dark green hills
Of that which once was mine!

THE WRECK.

THE moonlight fell on the stately ship;
It shone over sea and sky;
And there was nothing but water and air
To meet the gazing eye.

Bright and blue spread the heaven above,
Bright and blue spread the sea;
The stars from their home shone down on the
wave,
Till they seem'd in the wave to be.

With silver foam like a cloud behind,
That vessel cut her way;
But the shadow she cast, was the sole dark thing
That upon the waters lay.

With steps of power, and with steps of pride,
The lord of the vessel paced
The deck, as he thought on the wave below,
And the glorious heaven he faced.

One moment's pause, and his spirit fell
From its bearing high and proud—
But yet it was not a thought of fear,
That the seaman's spirit bow'd:

For he had stood on the deck when wash'd
With blood, and that blood his own;
When the dying were pillow'd upon the dead,
And yet you heard not a groan—

For the shout of battle came on the wind,
And the cannon roar'd aloud ;
And the heavy smoke hung round each ship,
Even like its death shroud.

And he had guided the helm, when fate
Seem'd stepping every wave,
And the wind swept away the wreath of foam,
To show a yawning grave.

But this most sweet and lighted calm,
Its blue and midnight hour,
Waken'd the hidden springs of his heart
With a deep and secret power.

Is there some nameless boding sent,
Like a noiseless voice from the tomb ?—
A spirit note from the other world,
To warn of death and doom ?

He thought of his home, of his own fair land,
And the warm tear rush'd to his eye ;
Almost with fear he look'd around,
But no cloud was on the sky.

He sought his cabin, and join'd his band—
The wine cup was passing round ;
He join'd in their laugh, he join'd in the song,
But no mirth was in the sound.

Peaceful they sought their quiet sleep,
In the soft and lovely night ;
But, like life, the sea was false, and hid
The cold dark rock from sight.

At midnight there came a sudden shock,
And the sleepers sprang from bed ;
There was one fierce cry of last despair—
The waves closed over head.

There was no dark cloud on the morning sky,
No fierce wind on the morning air ;
The sun shone over the proud ship's track,
But no proud ship was there !

MOON.

THE Moon is sailing o'er the sky,
But lonely all, as if she pined
For somewhat of companionship,
And felt it was in vain she shined :
Earth is her mirror, and the stars
Are as the court around her throne ;
She is a beauty and a queen ;
But what is this ? she is alone.

Is there not one—not one—to share
Thy glorious royalty on high ?
I cannot choose but pity thee,
Thou lovely orphan of the sky.

I'd rather be the meanest flower
That grows, my mother Earth, on thee
So there were others of my kin,
To blossom, bloom, droop, die with me.

Earth, thou hast sorrow, grief, and death ;
But with these better could I bear,
Than reach and rule yon radiant sphere,
And be a Solitary there.

THE FROZEN SHIP

THE fair ship cut the billows,
And her path lay white behind,
And dreamily amid her sails
Scarce moved the sleeping wind.

The sailors sang their gentlest songs,
Whose words were home and love ;
Waveless the wide sea spread beneath—
And calm the heaven above.

But as they sung, each voice turn'd low,
Albeit they knew not why ;
For quiet was the waveless sea,
And cloudless was the sky.

But the clear air was cold as clear ;
'Twas pain to draw the breath ;
And the silence and the chill around
Were e'en like those of death.

Colder and colder grew the air,
Spell-bound seem'd the waves to be ;
And ere night fell, they knew they were
lock'd
In the arms of that icy sea.

Stiff lay the sail, chain-like the ropes,
And snow pass'd o'er the main ;
Each thought, but none spoke, of distant home
They should never see again.

Each look'd upon his comrade's face,
Pale as funereal stone ;
Yet none could touch the other's hand,
For none could feel his own.

Like statues fix'd, that gallant band
Stood on the dread deck to die ;
The sleet was their shroud, the wind their
dirge,
And their churchyard the sea and the sky

Fond eyes watch'd by their native shore,
And prayers to the wild winds gave ;
But never again came that stately ship
To breast the English wave.

Hope grew fear, and fear grew hope,
Till both alike were done:
And the bride lay down in her grave alone,
And the mother without her son.

Years pass'd, and of that goodly ship
Nothing of tidings came;
Till, in after-time, when her fate had grown
But a tale of fear and a name—

It was beneath a tropic sky
The tale was told to me;
The sailor who told, in his youth had been
Over that icy sea.

He said it was fearful to see them stand,
Nor the living nor yet the dead,
And the light glared strange in the glassy eyes
Whose human look was fled.

For frost had done one-half life's part,
And kept them from decay;
Those they loved had moulder'd, but these
Look'd the dead of yesterday.

Peace to the souls of the graveless dead!
'Twas an awful doom to dree;
But fearful and wondrous are thy works,
O God! in the boundless sea!

THE MINSTREL'S MONITOR.

SILENT and dark as the source of yon river,
Whose birth-place we know not, and seek not
to know,
Though wild as the flight of the shaft from yon
quiver,
Is the course of its waves as in music they flow.

The lily flings o'er it its silver white blossom,
Like ivory barks which a fairy hath made;
The rose o'er it bends with its beautiful bosom,
As though 'twere enamour'd itself of its shade.

The sunshine, like Hope, in its noontide hour
slumbers
On the stream, as it loved the bright place of
its rest;
And its waves pass in song, as the sea shell's soft
numbers
Had given to those waters their sweetest and best.

The banks that surround it are flower-dropt and
sunny;
There the first birth of violets' odour-showers
weep—
There the bee heaps his earliest treasure of honey,
Or sinks in the depths of the harebell to sleep.

Like prisoners escaped during night from their
prison,
The waters fling gayly their spray to the sun;
Who can tell me from whence that glad river has
risen?
Who can say whence it springs in its beauty?—
not one.

O my heart, and my song, which is as my heart's
flowing,
Read thy fate in yon river, for such is thine
own!
'Mid those the chief praise on thy music bestowing,
Who cares for the lips from whence issue the
tone?

Dark as its birth-place so dark is my spirit,
Whence yet the sweet waters of melody came:
'Tis the long after-course, not the source, will in-
herit
The beauty and glory of sunshine and fame.

THE SPIRIT AND THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

SPIRIT. I have been over the joyous earth,
When the blushing morning gave daylight birth:
The boughs and the grass were sown with
pearls,

As an Eastern queen had unbound her curls,
And shower'd their tresses o'er leaf and flower;
And then I saw how the noontide hour
Kiss'd them away, as if the sun
Touch'd all with joy that it shone upon.
I saw a crimson rose, like an urn
Wherein a thousand odours burn;
It grew in the shade, but the place was bright
With the glory and glow of its fragrant light.
Then a young lover came beside its dwelling,
To a maiden his gentle love-tale telling;
He pluck'd a rose from out of the shade—
'Twas not bright as the cheek on which it was
laid:

The tale was told in the sunny noon,
Yet the same was heard by the rising moon.

I have been where the azure violet dwells;
I have sang the sweet peal of the lily bells;
I have pass'd on a diamond lake,
Where white swans summer pleasure take;
I saw the sun sink down in the sea,—
Blushes and bridal seem'd there to be.

Next o'er a noble city I swept,—
Calm, in the moonlight, its proud towers slept,
And its stately columns arose on the air
As cut from snow mountains—they were so fair.
Enter'd I next a stately hall;
The young and the gay were at festival

The cheek of rose flush'd a redder dye ;
Flash'd the wild light from the full dark eye ;
Laugh'd the sweet lip with a sunny glance,
As the beauty went through the graceful dance.
And I saw the rich wine from the goblet spring,
Like the sudden flash of a spirit's wing.

Thence I went in the twilight dim,
I heard a convent's vesper hymn :
Beautiful were the vestal train
That dwelt at peace in their holy fane.
Paused I in air, to hear a song
Which rather might to heaven belong ;
The very winds for delight were mute,—
And I know 'twas the poet's gifted lute.
Then came a sound of the trumpet afar,—
The nations were gathering together in war,
Like a cloud in the sunset ; the banner was
spread ;

Victory had dyed it of meteor red ;
Floating scarfs show'd their broider'd fold,
White foam dash'd the bridles of gold :
Gallant it was the sight to see
Of the young and noble chivalrie.

In sooth, this earth is a lovely place ;
Pass not in darkness over her face ;
Yet call back thy words of doom—
They are too gay and too fair for the tomb.

ANGEL OF DEATH. Thou has seen on earth, as
a passer by,

But the outward show of mortality :
Go, let the veil from thine eyes depart ;
Search the secrets of every heart ;
Look beyond what they seem to be ;
Then come and say, are they not ripe for me.

SPIRIT. I have been over the green earth again ;
I have heard the voice of sorrow and pain ;
I saw a shining almond tree fling
Its silver wreath, like a gift, to Spring :
A cold breath came from the northern air ;
The leaves were scatter'd, the boughs were bare.

I saw a ship launch'd on the sea,—
Queen of the waters she seem'd to be ;
An hundred voices benizon gave,
As she cut her path through the frothing wave.
'Twas midnight—she anchor'd before a town,
Over which the sun had gone lingering down,
As loath to set upon what was so fair.
Now the smiling moon rode on the air,
Over towers and turrets, sailing in light,
And gardens, that seem'd to rejoice in night ;
When the pealing thunder roll'd on the main,
And the town was awaked by the fiery rain,
And the cry of battle, for blood and fame
Follow'd wherever that war ship came.

I heard, on the night-wind borne along,
Sweet as before, that gifted song.
But look'd I now on the minstrel's thought—
There many an inward sorrow wrought,

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Work of wasting ; pining for fame,
Yet loathing the gift of an empty name ;
Hope, whose promise was little worth.
And Genius, tainted with cares of earth.
I have watch'd the young,—there are thorns with
their bloom ;

The gay, but their inward heart was gloom ;
I have seen the snake steal amid flowers ;
Showers that came down on April hours ;
And have seen—alas ! 'tis but outward show—
The sunshine of yon green earth below :
Glad of rest must the wretched and way-worn be—
Angel of Death, they are ready for thee !

THE LOST STAR.

A LIGHT is gone from yonder sky,
A star has left its sphere ;
The beautiful—and do they die
In yon bright world as here ?
Will that star leave a lonely place,
A darkness on the night ?—
No ; few will miss its lovely face,
And none think heaven less bright !

What wert thou star of !—vanish'd one !
What mystery was thine ?
Thy beauty from the east is gone :
What was thy sway and sign ?
Wert thou the star of opening youth ?—
And is it then for thee,
Its frank glad thoughts, its stainless truth,
So early cease to be ?

Of hope ?—and was it to express
How soon hope sinks in shade ;
Or else of human loveliness,
In sign how it will fade ?
How was thy dying ? like the song,
In music to the last,
An echo flung the winds among,
And then forever past ?

Or didst thou sink as stars whose light
The fair moon renders vain ?
The rest shone forth the next dark night,
Thou didst not shine again.
Didst thou fade gradual from the time
The first great curse was hurl'd,
Till lost in sorrow and in crime,
Star of our early world ?

Forgotten and departed star !
A thousand glories shine
Round the blue midnight's regal ca,
Who then remembers thine ?

Save when some mournful bard like me,
 Dreams over beauty gone,
 And in the fate that waited thee,
 Reads what will be his own.

THE DANISH WARRIOR'S DEATH SONG.

Away, away! your care is vain;
 No leech could aid me now;
 The chill of death is at my heart,
 Its damp upon my brow.

Weep not—I shame to see such tears
 Within a warrior's eyes:
 Away! how can ye weep for him
 Who in the battle dies?

If I had died with idle head
 Upon my lady's knee—
 Had Fate stood by my silken bed,
 Then might ye weep for me.

But I lie on my own proud deck
 Before the sea and sky;
 The wind that sweeps my gallant sails
 Will have my latest sigh.

My banner floats amid the clouds,
 Another droops below:
 Well with my heart's best blood is paid
 Such purchase from a foe.

Go ye and seek my halls, there dwells
 A fairhair'd boy of mine;
 Give him my sword, while yet the blood
 Darkens that falchion's shine.

Tell him that only other blood
 Should wash such stains away;
 And if he be his father's child,
 There needs no more to say.

Farewell, my bark! farewell, my friends!
 Now fling me on the wave;
 One cup of wine, and one of blood,
 Pour on my bounding grave.

THE CHANGE.

Thy features do not wear the light
 They wore in happier days;
 Though still there may be much to love,
 There's little left to praise.

The rose has faded from thy cheek—
 There's scarce a blush left now;
 And there's a dark and weary sign
 Upon thine alter'd brow.

Thy raven hair is dash'd with gray,
 Thine eyes are dim with tears;
 And care, before thy youth is past,
 Has done the work of years.

Beautiful wreck! for still thy face,
 Though changed, is very fair:
 Like beauty's moonlight, left to show
 Her morning sun was there.

Come, here are friends and festival,
 Recall thine early smile;
 And wear yon wreath, whose glad red rose
 Will lend its bloom awhile.

Come, take thy lute, and sing again
 The song you used to sing—
 The birdlike song:—See, though unused,
 The lute has every string.

What, doth thy hand forget the lute?
 Thy brow reject the wreath!
 Alas! whate'er the change above,
 There's more of change beneath!

The smile may come, the smile may go,
 The blush shine and depart;
 But farewell when their sense is quench'd
 Within the breaking heart.

And such is thine: 'tis vain to seek
 The shades of past delight:
 Fling down the wreath, and break the lute;
 They mock our souls to-night.

THE ASPEN TREE.

The quiet of the evening hour
 Was laid on every summer leaf;
 That purple shade was on each flower,
 At once so beautiful, so brief.

Only the aspen knew not rest,
 But still, with an unquiet song,
 Kept murmuring to the gentle west,
 And cast a changeful shade along.

Not for its beauty—other trees
 Had greener boughs, and statelier stem;
 And those had fruit, and blossoms these,
 Yet still I chose this tree from them.

'Tis a strange thing, this depth of love
 Which dwells within the human heart;

From earth below to heaven above,
In each, in all, it fain has part.

It must find sympathy, or make ;
And hence beliefs, the fond, the vain,
The thousand shapes that fancies take,
To bind the fine connecting chain.

We plant pale flowers beside the tomb,
And love to see them droop and fade ;
For every leaf that sheds its bloom
Seems like a natural tribute paid.

Thus Nature soothes the grief she shares :
What are the flowers we hold most dear ?
The one whose haunted beauty wears
The sign of human thought or tear.

Why hold the violet and rose
A place within the heart, denied
To fairer foreign flowers, to those
To earlier memories allied ?

Like those frail leaves, each restless thought,
Fluctuates in my weary mind ;
Uncertain tree ! my fate was wrought
In the same loom where thine was twined.

And thus from other trees around
Did I still watch the aspen tree,
Because in its unrest I found
Somewhat of sympathy with me.

THE VIOLET.

Why better than the lady rose
Love I this little flower ?
Because its fragrant leaves are those
I loved in childhood's hour.

Though many a flower may win my praise,
The violet has my love ;
I did not pass my childish days
In garden or in grove :

My garden was the window-seat,
Upon whose edge was set
A little vase—the fair, the sweet—
It was the violet.

It was my pleasure and my pride ;
How I did watch its growth !
For health and bloom, what plans I tried,
And often injured both !

I placed it in the summer shower,
I placed it in the sun ;
And ever, at the evening hour,
My work seem'd half undone.

The broad leaves spread, the small buds grew,
How slow they seem'd to be !
At last there came a tinge of blue,—
'Twas worth the world to me !

At length the perfume fill'd the room,
Shed from their purple wreath ;
No flower has now so rich a bloom,
Has now so sweet a breath.

I gather'd two or three,—they seem'd
Such rich gifts to bestow ;
So precious in my sight, I deem'd
That all must think them so.

Ah ! who is there but would be fain
To be a child once more ;
If future years could bring again
All that they brought before ?

My heart's world has been long o'erthrown—
It is no more of flowers ;
Their bloom is past, their breath is flown,
Yet I recall those hours.

Let Nature spread her loveliest,
By spring or summer nurs'd ;
Yet still I love the violet best,
Because I loved it first.

THE LITTLE SHROUD.

SHE put him on a snow-white shroud,
A chaplet on his head ;
And gather'd early primroses
To scatter o'er the dead.

She laid him in his little grave—
'Twas hard to lay him there,
When spring was putting forth its flowers,
And every thing was fair.

She had lost many children—now
The last of them was gone ;
And day and night she sat and wept
Beside the funeral stone.

One midnight, while her constant tears
Were falling with the dew,
She heard a voice, and lo ! her child
Stood by her weeping too !

His shroud was damp, his face was white,
He said,—“ I cannot sleep,
Your tears have made my shroud so wet ;
O, mother, do not weep ! ”

O, love is strong!—the mother's heart
Was fill'd with tender fears;
O, love is strong!—and for her child
Her grief restrain'd its tears.

One eve a light shone round her bed,
And there she saw him stand—
Her infant in his little shroud.
A taper in his hand.

"Lo! mother, see my shroud is dry,
And I can sleep once more!"
And beautiful the parting smile
The little infant wore.

And down within the silent grave
He laid his weary head;
And soon the early violets
Grew o'er his grassy bed.

The mother went her household ways—
Again she knelt in prayer,
And only ask'd of Heaven its aid
Her heavy lot to bear.

THE CHURCHYARD.

The shadow of the church falls o'er the ground,
Hallowing its place of rest; and here the dead
Slumber, where all religious impulses,
And sad and holy feelings, angel like,
Make the spot sacred with themselves, and wake
Those sorrowful emotions in the heart
Which purify it, like a temple meet
For an unearthly presence. Life, vain Life,
The bitter and the worthless, wherefore here
Do thy remembrances intrude?

The willow shade is on the ground,
A green and solitary shade;
And many a wild flower on that mound
Its pleasant summer home has made.
And every breath that waves a leaf
Flings down upon the lonely flowers
A moment's sunshine, bright and brief—
A blessing look'd by passing hours.

Those sweet, vague sounds are on the air,
Half sleep, half song—half false, half true,
As if the wind that brought them there
Had touch'd them with its music too.
It is the very place to dream
Away a twilight's idle rest;

Where Thought floats down a starry stream,
With a shadow on its breast.

Where Wealth, the fairy gift's our own,
Without its low and petty cares;
Where Pleasure some new veil has thrown,
To hide the weary face she wears.
Where hopes are high, yet cares come not,
Those fellow-waves of life's drear sea,
Its froth and depth—where Love is what
Love only in a dream can be.

I cannot muse beside that mound—
I cannot dream beneath that shade—
Too solemn is the haunted ground
Where Death his resting-place has made.
I feel my heart beat but to think
Each pulse is bearing life away;
I cannot rest upon the grave,
And not feel kindred to its clay.

There is a name upon the stone—
Alas! and can it be the same—
The young, the lovely, and the loved?
It is too soon to bear thy name.
Too soon!—O no, 'tis best to die
Ere all of life save breath is fled:
Why live when feelings, friends, and hopes,
Have long been number'd with the dead?

But thou, thy heart and cheek were bright—
No check, no soil had either known;
The angel natures of yon sky
Will only be to thee thine own.
Thou knew'st no rainbow hopes that weep
Themselves away to deeper shade;
Nor Love, whose very happiness
Should make the wakening heart afraid.

The green leaves e'en in spring they fall,
The tears the stars at midnight weep,
The dewy wild-flowers—such as these
Are fitting mourners o'er thy sleep.
For human tears are lava-drops,
That scorch and wither as they flow;
Then let them flow from those who live,
And not for those who sleep below.

O, weep for those whose silver chain
Has long been loosed, and yet live on—
The doom'd to drink of life's dark wave,
Whose golden bowl has long been gone?
Ay, weep for those, the wearied, worn,
Dragg'd downward by some earthly tie,
By some vain hope, some vainer love,
Who loathe to live, yet fear to die.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

I.

They dwelt in a valley of sunshine, those
 Brothers;
 Green were the palm trees that shadow'd their
 dwelling;
 Sweet, like low music, the sound of the fountains
 That fell from the rocks round their beautiful
 home:
 There the pomegranate blush'd like the cheek of
 the maiden
 When she hears in the distance the step of her
 lover,
 And blushes to know it before her young friends.
 They dwelt in the valley—their mine was the
 corn-field
 Heavy with gold, and in autumn they gather'd
 The grapes that hung clustering together like
 rubies:
 Summer was prodigal there of her roses,
 And the ringdoves fill'd every grove with their
 song.

II.

But those Brothers were weary; for hope like a
 glory
 Lived in each bosom—that hope of the future
 Which turns where it kindles the heart to an altar,
 And urges to honour and noble achievement.
 To this fine spirit our earth owes her greatest:
 For the future is purchased by scorning the pre-
 sent,
 And life is redeem'd from its clay soil by fame.
 They leant in the shades of the palm trees at
 evening,
 When a crimson haze swept down the side of the
 mountain:
 Glorious in power and terrible beauty,
 The Spirit that dwelt in the star of their birth
 Parted the clouds and stood radiant before them:—
 Each felt his destiny hung on that moment;
 Each from his hand took futurity's symbol—
 One took a sceptre, and one took a sword;
 But the little lute fell to the share of the youngest,
 And his Brothers turn'd from him and laugh'd
 him to scorn.

III.

And the King said, "The earth shall be fill'd with
 my glory,
 And he built him a temple—each porphyry column
 Was the work of a life; and he built him a city—
 A hundred gates open'd the way to his palace,
 (Too few for the crowds that there knelt as his
 slaves.)
 And the highest tower saw not the extent of the
 walls.

The banks of the river were cover'd with gardens:
 And even when sunset was pale on the ocean,
 The turrets were shining with taper and lamp,
 Which fill'd the night-wind, as it pass'd them,
 with odours.

The angel of death came and summon'd the
 monarch;

But he look'd on the city, the fair and the mighty,
 And said, "Ye proud temples, I leave ye my
 fame."

IV.

The conqueror went forth, like the storm over
 ocean,

His chariot-wheels red with the blood of the van-
 quish'd;

Nations grew pale at the sound of his trumpet,
 Thousands rose up at the wave of his banners,
 And the valleys were white with the bones of the
 slain.

He stood on a mountain, no foe-man was near him,
 Heavy and crimson his banner was waving
 O'er the plain where his victories were written in
 blood,

And he welcomed the wound whence his life's tide
 was flowing;

For death is the seal to the conqueror's fame.

V.

But the youngest went forth with his lute—and
 the valleys

Were fill'd with the sweetness that sigh'd from its
 strings;

Maidens, whose dark eyes but open'd on palaces,
 Wept as at twilight they murmur'd his words.

He sang to the exile the songs of his country,
 Till he dream'd for a moment of hope and of
 home;

He sang to the victor, who loosen'd his captives,
 While the tears of his childhood sprang into his
 eyes.

He died—and his lute was bequeath'd to the
 cypress,

And his tones to the hearts that loved music and
 song.

VI.

Long ages pass'd, from the dim world of shadows:
 These brothers return'd to revisit the earth;

They came to revisit the place of their glory,

To hear and rejoice in the sound of their fame.

They look'd for the palace—the temple of
 marble—

The rose-haunted gardens—a desert was there;

The sand, like the sea in its wrath, had swept o'er
 them,

And tradition had even forgotten their names.

The Conqueror stood on the place of his battles,

And his triumph had pass'd away like a vapour,

And the green grass was waving its growth of
wild flowers ;
And they, not his banner, gave name to the place.
They pass'd a king's garden, and there sat his
daughter,
Singing a sweet song remember'd of old,
And the song was caught up, and sent back like an
echo,
From a young voice that came from a cottage be-
side.
Then smiled the Minstrel, "You hear it, my
Brothers,
My Songs yet are sweet on the lute and the lip."
King, not a vestige remains of your palaces ;
Conqueror, forgotten the fame of your battles :
But the Poet yet lives in the sweetness of music—
He appeal'd to the heart, that never forgets.

CHANGE.

I would not care, at least so much, sweet Spring,
For the departing colour of thy flowers—
The green leaves early falling from thy boughs—
Thy birds so soon forgetful of their songs—
Thy skies, whose sunshine ends in heavy showers ;
But thou dost leave thy memory, like a ghost,
To haunt the ruin'd heart, which still recurs
To former beauty ; and the desolate
Is doubly sorrowful when it recalls
It was not always desolate.

When those eyes have forgotten the smile they
wear now,
When care shall have shadow'd that beautiful brow—
When thy hopes and thy roses together lie dead,
And thy heart turns back pining to days that are
fled—
Then wilt thou remember what now seems to pass
Like the moonlight on water, the breath-stain on
glass :
O ! maiden, the lovely and youthful, to thee
How rose-touch'd the page of thy future must be !
By the past, if thou judge it, how little is there
But flowers that flourish but hopes that are fair ;
And what is thy present 't a southern sky's spring,
With thy feelings and fancies like birds on the
wing.
As the rose by the fountain flings down on the
wave
Its blushes, forgetting its glass is its grave :
So the heart sheds its colour on life's early hour,
But the heart has its fading as well as the flower.
The charmed light darkens, the rose-leaves are
gone,
And life, like the fountain, floats colourless on.

Said I, when thy beauty's sweet vision was
fled,
How wouldst thou turn, pining, to days like the
dead !
O ! long ere one shadow shall darken that brow,
Wilt thou weep like a mourner o'er all thou lovest
now ;
When thy hopes, like spent arrows, fall short of
their mark ;
Or, like meteors at midnight, make darkness more
dark ;
When thy feelings lie fetter'd like waters in
frost,
Or, scatter'd too freely, are wasted and lost :
For aye cometh sorrow, when youth has pass'd
by—
What saith the Arabian ? Its memory's a sigh.

EDITH.

Weep not, weep not, that in the spring
We have to make a grave ;
The flowers will grow, the birds will sing,
The early roses wave ;
And make the sod we're spreading fair,
For her who sleeps below :
We might not bear to lay her there
In winter frost and snow.

We never hoped to keep her long,
When but a fairy child,
With dancing step, and birdlike song,
And eyes that only smiled ;
A something shadowy and frail
Was even in her mirth :
She look'd a flower that one rough gale
Would bear away from earth.

There was too clear and blue a light
Within her radiant eyes ;
They were too beautiful, too bright,
Too like their native skies :
Too changeable the rose which shed
Its colour on her face,
Now burning with a passionate red,
Now with just one faint trace.

She was too thoughtful for her years,
Its shell the spirit wore ;
And when she smiled away our fears,
We only fear'd the more.
The crimson deepen'd on her cheek,
Her blue eyes shone more clear,
And every day she grew more weak,
And every hour more dear.

Her childhood was a happy time,
 The loving and beloved;
 Yon sky which was her native clime
 Hath but its own removed.
 This earth was not for one, to whom
 Nothing of earth was given;
 'Twas but a resting-place, her tomb
 Between the world and heaven.

THE FORGOTTEN ONE.

No shadow rests upon the place
 Where once thy footsteps roved;
 Nor leaf, nor blossom, bear a trace
 Of how thou wert beloved.
 The very night dew disappears
 Too soon, as if it spread its tears.

Thou art forgotten!—thou, whose feet
 Were listen'd for like song!
 They used to call thy voice so sweet;—
 It did not haunt them long.
 Thou, with thy fond and fairy mirth—
 How could they bear their lonely hearth?

There is no picture to recall
 Thy glad and open brow;
 No profiled outline on the wall
 Seems like thy shadow now;
 They have not even kept to wear
 One ringlet of thy golden hair.

When here we shelter'd last, appears
 But just like yesterday;
 It startles me to think that years
 Since then are pass'd away.
 The old oak tree that was our tent,
 No leaf seems changed, no bough seems rent.

A shower in June—a summer shower,
 Drove us beneath the shade;
 A beautiful and greenwood bower
 The spreading branches made.
 The raindrops shine upon the bough,
 The passing rain—but where art thou?

But I forget how many showers
 Have wash'd this old oak tree,
 The winter and the summer hours,
 Since I stood here with thee:
 And I forget how chance a thought
 Thy memory to my heart has brought.

I talk of friends who once have wept,
 As if they still should weep;

I speak of grief that long has slept,
 As if it could not sleep;
 I mourn o'er cold forgetfulness,
 Have I, myself, forgotten less?

I've mingled with the young and fair,
 Nor thought how there was laid
 One fair and young as any there,
 In silence and in shade.
 How could I see a sweet mouth shine
 With smiles, and not remember thine?

Ah! it is well we can forget,
 Or who could linger on
 Beneath a sky whose stars are set,
 On earth whose flowers are gone?
 For who could welcome loved ones near,
 Thinking of those once far more dear,
 Our early friends, those of our youth?
 We cannot feel again
 The earnest love, the simple truth,
 Which made us such friends then.
 We grow suspicious, careless, cold;
 We love not as we loved of old.

No more a sweet necessity,
 Love must and will expand,
 Loved and believing we must be,
 With open heart and hand,
 Which only ask to trust and share
 The deep affections which they bear.

Our love was of that early time;
 And now that it is past,
 It breathes as of a purer clime
 Than where my lot is cast,
 My eyes fill with their sweetest tears
 In thinking of those early years.

It shock'd me first to see the sun
 Shine gladly o'er thy tomb;
 To see the wild flowers o'er it run
 In such luxuriant bloom.
 Now I feel glad that they should keep
 A bright sweet watch above thy sleep.

The heaven whence thy nature came
 Only recall'd its own;
 It is Hope that now breathes thy name,
 Though borrowing Memory's tone
 I feel this earth could never be
 The native home of one like thee.

Farewell! the early dews that fall
 Upon thy grass-grown bed
 Are like the thoughts that now recall
 Thine image from the dead.
 A blessing hallows thy dark cell—
 I will not stay to weep. Farewell!

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

'Twas dark with cypresses and yews, which cast
 Dread shadows on the fairer trees and flowers—
 Affection's latest signs. * * *

Dark portal of another world—the grave—
 I do not fear thy shadow; and methinks,
 If I may make my own heart oracle,—
 The many long to enter thee, for thou
 Alone canst reunite the loved and lost
 With those who pine for them. I fear thee not;
 I only fear my own unworthiness,
 Lost it prove barrier to my hope, and make
 Another parting in another world.

I.

LAUREL! O, fling thy green boughs on the air,
 There is dew on thy branches, what doth it do
 there!

Thou that art worn on the conqueror's shield,
 When his country receives him from glory's red
 field;

Thou that art wreath'd round the lyre of the bard,
 When the song of its sweetness has won its re-
 ward.

Earth's changeless and sacred—thou proud laurel
 tree!

The tears of the midnight, why hang they on
 thee?

II.

Rose of the morning, the blushing and bright,
 Thou whose whole life is one breath of delight;
 Beloved of the maiden, the chosen to bind
 Her dark tresses' wealth from the wild summer
 wind.

Fair tablet, still vow'd to the thoughts of the lover,
 Whose rich leaves with sweet secrets are written
 all over;

Fragrant as blooming—thou lovely rose tree!
 The tears of the midnight, why hang they on
 thee?

III.

Dark cypress! I see thee—thou art my reply,
 Why the tears of the night on thy comrade trees
 lie;

That laurel it wreath'd the red brow of the brave,
 Yet thy shadow lies black on the warrior's grave,
 That rose was less bright than the lip which it
 preest,

Yet thy sad branches bend o'er the maiden's last
 rest;

The brave and the lovely alike they are sleeping,
 I marvel no more rose and laurel are weeping.

IV.

Yet, sunbeam of heaven! thou fall'st on the
 tomb;
 Why pausest thou by such dwelling of doom?

Before thee the grove and the garden are spread—
 Why lingerest thou round the place of the dead?
 Thou art from another, a lovelier sphere,
 Unknown to the sorrows that darken us here.
 Thou art as a herald of hope from above:—
 Weep, mourner, no more o'er thy grief and thy
 love!

Still thy heart in its beating; be glad of such rest,
 Though it call from thy bosom its dearest and
 best.

Weep no more that affection thus loosens its tie;
 Weep no more that the loved and the loving must
 die;

Weep no more o'er the cold dust that lies at your
 feet;

But gaze on yon starry world—there ye shall
 meet.

V.

O heart of mine! is there not One dwelling
 there

To whom thy love clings in its hope and its
 prayer!

For whose sake thou numberest each hour of the
 day,

As a link in the fetters that keep me away!
 When I think of the glad and the beautiful home
 Which oft in my dreams to my spirit hath come:
 That when our last sleep on my eyelids hath
 preest,

That I may be with thee at home and at rest:
 When wanderer no longer on life's weary shore,
 I may kneel at thy feet, and part from thee no
 more:

While death holds such hope forth to soothe and
 to save,

O, sunbeam of heaven, thou may'st well light the
 grave!

THE ALTERED RIVER.

Thou lovely river, thou art now

As fair as fair can be,

Pale flowers wreath upon thy brow,

The rose bends over thee.

Only the morning sun hath leave

To turn thy waves to light,

Cool shade the willow branches weave

When noon becomes too bright.

The lilies are the only boats

Upon thy diamond plain,

The swan alone in silence floats

Around thy charm'd domain.

The moss bank's fresh embroidery,

With fairy favours star'd,

Seems made the summer haunt to be

Of melancholy bard.

Fair as thou art, thou wilt be food
 For many a thought of pain;
 For who can gaze upon thy flood,
 Nor wish it to remain
 The same pure and unsoiled thing
 Where heaven's face is as clear
 Mirror'd in thy blue wandering
 As heaven's face can be here.
 Flowers fling their sweet bonds on thy breast,
 The willows woo thy stay,
 In vain,—thy waters may not rest,
 Their course must be away.
 In yon wide world, what wilt thou find?
 What all find— toil and care:
 Your flowers you have left behind
 Far other weight to bear.
 The heavy bridge confines your stream,
 Through which the barges toil,
 Smoke has shut out the sun's glad beam,
 Thy waves have caught the soil.
 On—on—though weariness it be,
 By shoal and barrier cross'd,
 Till thou hast reach'd the mighty sea,
 And there art wholly lost.
 Bend thou, young poet, o'er the stream—
 Such fate will be thine own;
 Thy lute's hope is a morning dream,
 And when have dreams not flown?

ADMIRAL COLLINGWOOD.

METHINKS it is a glorious thing
 To sail upon the deep;
 A thousand sailors under you,
 Their watch and ward to keep:
 To see your gallant battle-flag
 So scornfully unroll'd,
 As scarcely did the wild wind dare
 To stir one crimson fold:

To watch the frigates scatter'd round,
 Like birds upon the wing;
 Yet know they only wait your will—
 It is a glorious thing.
 Our admiral stood on the deck,
 And look'd upon the sea;
 He held the glass in his right hand,
 And far and near look'd he:
 He could not see one hostile ship
 Abroad upon the main;
 From east to west, from north to south,
 It was his own domain.
 "Good news for England this, good news,"
 Forth may her merchants fare;
 Thick o'er the sea, no enemy
 Will cross the pathway there.

(31)

A paleness came upon his cheek,
 A shadow to his brow;
 Alas! our good Lord Collingwood,
 What is it ails him now?
 Tears stand within the brave man's eyes,
 Each softer pulse is stirr'd:
 It is the sickness of the heart,
 Of hope too long deferr'd.

He's pining for his native seas,
 And for his native shore;
 All but his honour he would give,
 To be at home once more.
 He does not know his children's fate
 His wife might pass him by,
 He is so alter'd, did they meet,
 With an unconscious eye:
 He has been many years at sea,
 He's worn with wind and wave,
 He asks a little breathing space
 Between it and his grave:
 He feels his breath come heavily,
 His keen eye faint and dim;
 It was a weary sacrifice
 That England ask'd of him.

He never saw his home again—
 The deep voice of the gun,
 The lowering of his battle-flag,
 Told when his life was done.
 His sailors walk'd the deck and wept
 Around them howl'd the gale;
 And far away too orphans knelt—
 A widow's cheek grew pale.

Amid the many names that light
 Our history's blazon'd line,
 I know not one, brave Collingwood,
 That touches me like thine.

THE FIRST GRAVE.

[This poem originated in the circumstance of the first grave being formed in the churchyard of the new church at Brompton. The place had been recently a garden, and some of the flowers yet showed themselves among the grass, where this one tenant, the forerunner of its population, had taken up his last abode.]

A SINGLE grave!—the only one
 In this unbroken ground,
 Where yet the garden leaf and flower
 Are lingering around.
 A single grave!—my heart has felt
 How utterly alone

In crowded halls, where breathed for me
Not one familiar tone;

'The shade where forest trees shut out
All but the distant sky;—
I've felt the loneliness of night
When the dark winds pass'd by;
My pulse was quicken'd with its awe,
My lip has gasp'd for breath;
But what were they to such as this—
The solitude of death!

A single grave!—we half forget
How sunder human ties,
When round the silent place of rest
A gather'd kindred lies.
We stand beneath the haunted yew,
And watch each quiet tomb;
And in the ancient churchyard feel
Solemnity, not gloom:

The place is purified with hope,
The hope that is of prayer;
And human love, and heavenward thought,
And pious faith, are there.
The wild flowers spring amid the grass;
And many a stone appears,
Carved by affection's memory,
Wet with affection's tears.

The golden chord which binds us all
Is loosed, not rent in twain;
And love, and hope, and fear, unite
To bring the past again.
But *this* grave is so desolate,
With no remembering stone,
No fellow-graves for sympathy—
'Tis utterly alone.

I do not know who sleeps beneath,
His history or name—
Whether if, lonely in his life,
He is in death the same:
Whether he died unloved, unmourn'd,
The last leaf on the bough;
Or, if some desolated hearth
Is weeping for him now.

Perhaps this is too fanciful:—
Though single be his sod,
Yet not the less it has around
The presence of his God.
It may be weakness of the heart,
But yet its kindest, best:
Better if in our selfish world
It could be less repress.

Those gentler charities which draw
Man closer with his kind—

Those sweet humanities which make
The music which they find.
How many a bitter word 'twould hush—
How many a pang 'twould save,
If life more precious held those ties
Which sanctify the grave!

THE FEAST OF LIFE.

Bring thee to my mystic feast,
Each one thou lovest is gather'd there;
Yet put thou on a morning robe,
And bind the cypress in thy hair.
The hall is vast, and cold, and drear;
The board with faded flowers is spread,
Shadows of beauty flit around,
But beauty from which bloom has fled;

And music echoes from the walls,
But music with a dirgelike sound;
And pale and silent are the guests,
And every eye is on the ground.
Here, take this cup, though dark it seem,
And drink to human hopes and fears;
'Tis from their native element
The cup is fill'd—it is of tears.

What, turnest thou with averted brow?
Thou scornest this poor feast of mine;
And askest for a purple robe;
Light words, glad smiles, and sunny wine.
In vain—the veil has left thine eyes,
Or such these would have seem'd to thee
Before thee is the Feast of Life,
But life in its reality!

FOLLOW ME!

A summer morning, with its calm, glad light,
Was on the fallen castle: other days
Were here remember'd vividly; the past
Was even as the present, nay, perhaps more—
For that we do not pause to think upon.
First, o'er the arching gateway was a shield,
The sculptured arms defaced, but visible
Was the bold motto, "Follow me;" again
I saw it scroll'd around the lofty crest
Which, mouldering, deck'd the ruin'd banquet-rooms:
A third time did I trace these characters—
On the worn pavement of an ancient grave
Was written "Follow me!"

Follow me! 'tis to the battle-field—
No eye must turn, and no step must yield;
In the thick of the battle look ye to be:
On!—'tis my banner ye follow, and me.

Follow me!—'tis to the festal ring,
Where the maidens smile and the minstrels sing;
Hark! to our name is the bright wine pour'd:
Follow me on to the banquet-board!

Follow me!—'tis where the yew tree bends,
When the strength and the pride of the victor ends;
Pale in the thick grass the wild flowers bloom:
Follow me on to the silent tomb!

THE LEGACY OF THE LUTE.

Come take the lute—the lute I loved,
'Tis all I have to offer thee;
And may it be less fatal gift
Than it has ever been to me.
My sigh yet lingers on the strings,
The strings I have not heart to break:
Wilt thou not, dearest! keep the lute
For mine—for the departed's sake?

But, pray thee, do not wake that lute;
Leave it upon the cypress tree;
I would have crush'd its charmed chords,
But they so oft were strung to thee.
The minstrel-lute! O, touch it not,
Or weary destiny is thine!
Thy life a twilight's haunted dream—
Thou, victim, at an idol's shrine.

Thy breath but lives on others' lips—
Thy hope, a thing beyond the grave,—
Thy heart, bare to the vulture's beak—
Thyself a bound and barter'd slave.
And yet a dangerous charm o'er all,
A bright but ignis-fatuus flame,
Luring thee with a show of power,
Dazzling thee with a blaze of fame.

It is to waste on careless hearts
The throbbing music of thine own;
To speak love's burning words, yet be
Alone—ay, utterly alone.
I sought to fling my laurel wreath
Away upon the autumn wind:
In vain,—'twas like those poison'd crowns
Thou may'st not from the brow unbind.

Predestined from my birth to feed
On dreams, yet watch those dreams depart;
To bear through life—to feel in death—
A burning and a broken heart.
Then hang it on the cypress bough,
The minstrel-lute I leave to thee;
And be it only for the wind
To wake its mournful dirge for me.

THE FESTIVAL.

THE young and the lovely are gather'd:
Who shall talk of our wearisome life,
And dwell upon weeds and on weeping—
The struggle, the sorrow, the strife?
The hours of our being are colour'd,
And many are colour'd with rose;
Though on some be a sign and a shadow,
I list not to speak now of those.

Through the crimson blind flushes the splendour
Of lamps, like large pearls which some fay
Has swell'd with her breath till their lustre,
If softer, is as bright as of day.
Beneath the verandah are flowers—
Camellias like ivory wrought
With the grace of a young Grecian sculptor,
Who traced what some Oræd brought;

The harp to the flute is replying—
'Tis the song of a far-distant land;
But never, in vineyard or valley,
Assembled a lovelier band.
Come thou, with thy glad golden ringlets,
Like rain which is lit by the sun—
With eyes, the bright spirit's bright mirrors—
Whose cheek and the rosebud are one.

While he of the lute and the laurel
For thee has forgotten the throng,
And builds on thy fairylike beauty
A future of sigh and of song.
Ay, listen, but as unto music
The wild wind is bearing away,
As sweet as the sea-shells at evening,
But far too unearthly to stay.

For the love-dream that haunts the young poet
Is colour'd too much by his mind—
A fabric of fancy and falsehood,
But never for lasting design'd.
For he lives but in beauty—his visions
Inspire with their passion his strain;
And the spirit so quick at impression
Was never meant long to retain.

But another is passing before me—
O pause! let me gaze on thy brow:
I've seen thee, fair lady, thrice lovely,
But never so lovely as now.
Thou art changed since those earlier numbers
When thou wert a vision to me;
And, copies from some fairest picture,
My heroines were painted from thee.
Farewell! I shall make thee no longer
My sweet summer queen of romance:
No more will my princes pay homage,
My knights for thy smile break the lance

Confess they were exquisite lovers,
The fictions that knelt at thy throne :
But the graceful, the gallant, the noble,
What fancy could equal thine own ?

Farewell ! and henceforth I enshrine thee
'Mid the earlier dreams that have past
O'er my lute, like the fairies by moonlight,
To leave it more lonely at last.
Alas ! it is sad to remember
The once gentle music now mute ;
Ah ! many a chord hath time stolen
Alike from my heart and my lute.

'Tis midnight—but think not of slumber,
There are dreams enow floating around ;
But, ah ! our soft dreams while thus waking
Are aye the most dangerous found.
Like the note of a lute was that whisper—
Fair girl, do not raise those dark eyes :
Love only could breathe such a murmur ;
And what will love bring thee but sighs ?

And thou, thou pale dreamer ! whose forehead
Is flush'd with the circle's light praise,
O ! let it not dwell on thy spirit—
How vain are the hopes it will raise !
The praise of the crowd and the careless,
Just caught by a chance and a name,
O ! take it as pleasant and passing,
But never mistake it for fame !

Look for fame from the toil of thy midnight,
When thy wrapt spirit eaglelike springs ;
But, for the gay circle now passing,
Take only the butterfly's wings.
The flowers around us are fading—
Meet comrades for revels are they ;
And the lamps overhead are decaying—
How cold seems the coming of day !

There fling off the wreath and the sandal,
And bid the dark curtains round close ;
For your cheek from the morning's tired slumber
Must win its sweet exile the rose,
What, weary and sadden'd ! this evening
Is an earnest what all pleasures seem—
A few eager hours' enjoyment—
A toil, a regret, and a dream !

THE

MIDDLE TEMPLE GARDENS.

The fountain's low singing is heard on the wind,
Like a melody bringing sweet fancies to mind ;
Some to grieve, some to gladden : around them
They cast
The hopes of the morrow, the dreams of the past.

Away in the distance is heard the vast sound,
From the streets of the city that compass it
round,
Like the echo of mountains, or ocean's deep
call ;

Yet that fountain's low singing is heard over all.

The turf and the terrace slope down to the tide
Of the Thames, that sweeps onwards—a world at
its side :

And dark the horizon, with mast and with sail
Of the thousand tall ships that have weather'd the
'gale :

While beyond the arch'd bridge the old abbey
appears,

Where England has garner'd the glories of years.
There the royal, the lovely, the gifted, the brave,
Haunt the heart with a poetry born of the grave.

Still and lone 'mid the tumult these gardens
extend,

The elm and the lime over flower-beds bend ;
And the sunshine rains in as the light leaves are
stirr'd,

When away from the nest he has built springs the
bird.

The boat, and the barge, and the wave, have grown
red ;

And the sunset has crimson'd the boughs over-
head ;

But the lamps are now shining, the colours are
gone,

And the garden lies shadowy, silent, and lone.

There are lights in the casements : how weary
the ray

That asks from the night-time the toils of the
day !

I fancy I see the brow bent o'er the page,
Whose youth wears the paleness and wrinkles of
age.

The hour may be coming when fortune and fame
May crown the endeavour, and honour the name :
But the toil has been long that too early began ;
And the judge and the peer is a world-weary
man.

The robe and the ermine, by few they are won :
How many sink down ere the race be half run !
What struggles, what hopes, what despair may
have been,

Where sweep those dark branches of shadowy
green !

What crowds are around us, what misery is
there,

Could the heart, like the face which conceals it,
lay bare !

But we know not each other—we seek not to
know

What the social world hides in the darkness below.

I lean in the window, and hear the low tune
Of the fountain, now bright with the new risen
moon.

In the chamber within are the gay and the young;
The light laugh is laugh'd, and the sweet song is
sung.

I turn to their mirth, but it is in a mask—
The jest is an omen, the smile is a task.

A slave in a pageant, I walk through life's
part,
With smiles on the lip, and despair at the
heart.*

* I know not that I have ever been more struck than with the beauty of the Middle Temple Gardens, as seen on a still summer evening. There is about it such a singular mixture of action and repose. The trees cast an undisturbed shadow on the turf; the barges rest tranquilly on the dark river; only now and then the dim outline of a scarcely seen sail flits by; the very lamps in the distance seem as if shining in their sleep. But the presence of life

is around. Lights appear in most of the windows; and there comes upon the air the unceasing murmur of the city around. Nothing is distinct, all varieties of noise blending into one deep sound. But the little fountain is heard amid it all; the ear does not lose a note of its low sweet music: it is the poetry of the place, or, rather, the voice of the poetry with which it is filled.

x 2

PREFACE

THE EASTER GIFT;
AND OTHER POEMS.

P R E F A C E.

To petition for indulgence, or to deprecate censure, is not my present intention. The following pages have been written in a spirit of the deepest humility, but whose fear is not "of this world." The pictures are entirely sacred subjects, and their illustration has given me the opportunity of embodying many a sad and serious thought that had arisen in hours of solitude and despondency. I believe I myself am the better for their existence; I wish their effect may be the same on others. In this hurrying and deceitful world, no page will be written utterly in vain, which awakens one earnest or heavenward thought, one hope, or one fear, in the human heart. "Ye shall have a song, as in the night when a holy solemnity is kept;" and these pages are offered at such a time—when a whole nation is addressing its supplications to heaven.

L. E. L.

THE EASTER GIFT.

CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS.

"BEHOLD THE MAN."

"A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

Too little do we think of thee,
Our too indulgent Lord :
We ask not what thy will may be,
We dwell not on thy word.

Thou, who in human shape wast born,
And shared in human wo ;
Thou, who didst wear the crown of thorn,
Which all must wear below ;

Thou, who the sinners' fate didst share,
Yet from the grave arise—
Alas ! unworthy that we are
Of such a sacrifice.

Thy love should fill our hearts, like dew
That fills the flowers by night ;
Who, in that gentle rain renew
The waste of morning's light.

Thus doth life's hurry and its glare
Dry up within our heart
The holier thoughts that are thy share,
The spirit's better part.

And yet we turn not to thy love,
We seek not to recall
The hopes that lift our souls above
Their low and earthly thrall.

On pleasures or on wealth intent,
Careless we hurry on,
And vainly precious hours are spent
Before we think them gone.

Their joy and sorrow, sin and strife,
Close round us like a bond,
Which so enslaves to present life,
We never look beyond.

O Lord, if every thought were thine,
How little would they be
Acceptable before thy shrine,
Unworthy heaven and thee.

(39)

Yet thou hast said, thou wilt accept
Prayers offer'd in thy name ;
That never tears in vain were wept,
If from the heart they came.

Then strike our rocky souls, O Lord,
Amid life's desert place ;
Yet may their harden'd depths afford
The waters of thy grace.

Low in the dust we kneel and pray,
O ! sanctify our tears :
Till they wash every stain away
From past and guilty years.

CHRIST BLESSING THE BREAD.

"This do in remembrance of me.

"This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you." ST. LUKE xxii. 19, 20.

"And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat ; this is my body.

"And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it :

"For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.

"But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom." ST. MATTHEW xxvi. 26-29.

Bow thee to earth, and from thee cast
All stubbornness of human will ;
Then dare to drink the sacred cup
Thy God and Saviour died to fill.

If thou art humble as a child,
When lisping at his mother's knee,
His first meek words of earnest prayer,
That sacred cup may be for thee.

But if within thy sinful heart,
Lurk earthly crime or earthly care,
If hate, which broods upon the past
Or pleasure's feverish dream, be there,

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If thou against the widow's prayer,
Or orphan's cry, hast closed thine ear;
In mercy to thyself forbear,
Drink not thine own destruction here:

But from thee put all thoughts of earth,
As erst from Israel's camp were flung
Each worldly and unholy thing,
To which the secret sinner clung.

Come with thy guilt new wash'd in tears,
Thy spirit raised in faith above;
Then drink, and so thy soul shall live,
Thy Saviour's blood—thy Saviour's love.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

"And when they were departed, behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him.

"When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt.

"And was there until the death of Herod: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet saying, out of Egypt have I called my son."

ST. MATTHEW ii. 13—15.

A GLORIOUS landscape—clear as faith the sky,
Hath only sunshine, and the few bright clouds
Are turn'd to golden shadows. Stately trees
Do mock the last year's memory,—so green,
So full of life and summer are their leaves,
That fading seems impossible. The stream
Winds peacefully between its pastoral banks,
Where surely care comes not, and scarcely toil;
An earth so fertile, that the sun and air
Are the sole labourers. Yet how wearily
Those travellers are resting in the shade.
Man's doom is paramount—and even ye,
Thrice bless'd and thrice glorious, ye now share
The common lot of all humanity.
But see, with sunshine radiant on his wings,
An angel sent from heaven is ministering;
And with their fears allay'd—their wants supplied,
Lo, they arise refresh'd.
Is not this scene the type of sacred faith?
How often on life's rough and weary path
Do we sink fainting, with one only prayer,
"Now help us, or we perish," on our lips.
And never was this utter'd earnestly,
But that it has been answer'd: though no more
His shining messengers walk visible
On this unworthy earth; yet to our call
Doth the Almighty still vouchsafe reply,

And holy hopes arise within the heart;
We feel that we are heard in heaven, and love
Kindles within us like a steadfast thought,
Which knows its own belief; and, comforted,
We go upon our way rejoicing.

THE MADONNA AND CHILD

"BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN"

"And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women.

"And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord,

"And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

"For he hath regarded the low estate of his hand-maiden; for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

"For he that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is his name."

ST. LUKE i. 28. 46—49.

THrice blessed and thrice beautiful;
Yet come we not to thee;
With those vain prayers which make a creed
Of false idolatry.

We bring no gems to bind thine hair,
No flowers to deck thy shrine;
We light no taper's fragrant blaze,
We ask no aid of thine.

We have no need of pagan rites
To join with Christian prayer;
Nor that salvation ask of thee,
'Twas only thine to share.

Thine altars where thy statues stood,
Thy hymns and votive flowers,
Were relics of another age,
Another creed, than ours;

When human was all human faith
And to that faith was given
The likeness of its native earth,
Rather than that of heaven;

When only reason's shadowy ray
Upon the world was thrown,
And every idol's attribute
Had been the maker's own.

Then was the time of gift and vow.
And e'en a purer light
Was long ere it could penetrate
The depths of such a night.

Old superstitions still remain'd,
And priestcraft next stept in,
To rule by human ignorance,
And work by human sin.

Then was a veil flung over faith,
Then was God's word conceal'd;
Thank God, for us that veil is rent,
That Book has been reveal'd.

The votive wreath of early flowers,
The taper and the gem,
Were superstitions vain, we know
God asketh not for them.

We look on the Madonna's face
In thankfulness and love,
But ask no more a mortal's help
To bear our vows above.

The earnest prayer, the humble tear,
The Saviour's blessed name,
These are the Christian's sacrifice,
These are the Christian's claim.

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

"And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and took bread, and a bottle of water, and gave it unto Hagar, (putting it on her shoulder,) and the child, and sent her away: and she departed, and wandered in the wilderness of Beer-sheba.

"And the water was spent in the bottle, and she cast the child under one of the shrubs.

"And she went, and sat her down over against him, a good way off, as it were a bow-shot: for she said, Let me not see the death of the child. And she sat over against him, and lift up her voice, and wept.

"And God heard the voice of the lad: and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, What alleth thee, Hagar? fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is.

"Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand: for I will make him a great nation.

"And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water: and she went, and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink."

GENESIS XXI. 14—19.

THEY sank amid the wilderness,
The weary and forsaken;
She gave the boy one faint caress,
And pray'd he might not waken.

But death, not sleep, was on those eyes,
Beneath the heat declining:
O'er glittering sands and cloudless skies
The noontide sun was shining.

Far, far away the desert spread;
Ah! love is fain to cherish
The vainest hopes, but now she said,
"Let me not see him perish."

Then spoke the Lord, and at his word
Sprang forth a little fountain,
Pure, cold as those whose crystal hoard
Is in some pine-clad mountain;

And herb and shrub upon the brink
Put forth their leaf and blossom;
The pelican came down to drink
From out its silvery bosom.

O blessed God, thus doth thy power,
When, worn and broken-hearted,
We sink beneath some evil hour,
And deem all hope departed—

Then doth the fountain of thy grace
Rise up within the spirit,
And we are strengthen'd for that race
Whose prize we shall inherit.

When least we hope, our prayer is heard,
The judgment is averted,
And comes the comfort of thy word,
When most we seem'd deserted.

ST. JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS

"And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins, and his meat was locusts and wild honey." ST. MATTHEW iii. 4.

AFAR, he took a gloomy cave,
For his accustomed dwelling-place,
As dark, as silent as the grave,
As unfamiliar with man's face;

The stern and knotted trees grew round,
Blasted, and desolate, and gray,
And 'mid their sullen depth was found
A home for birds and beasts of prey.

Morning broke joyless, for the land
Knew no green grass, nor fragrant flowe
The barren rock, the burning sand,
Bless'd not the sunshine, nor the shower.

Yet there the prophet dwelt alone,
Far from the city and the plain;
For him in vain their glory shone,
For him their beauty spread in vain.

He left his youth and life behind;
Each idol of the human heart,
Pleasures and vanities resign'd,
Content to choose the better part.

Methinks, when hope is cold or weak,
And prayers seem but unwelcome tasks,
And worldly thoughts and feelings seek
To fill the hours religion asks ;

If, when the light of faith is dim,
The spirit would but ponder thus—
How much there was required of him,
How little is required of us !

All-Merciful, did we declare,
The glories which to Thee belong,
All life would pass in thankful prayer,
All breathe in one triumphant song.

THE NATIVITY.

"Lo, the star which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was."

"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

"And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child, with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him."

ST. MATTHEW II. 9—11.

FAR in the desert east it shone,
A guiding-star, and only one ;
The other planets left the sky,
Trembling, as if rebuked on high.
The moon forsook her silvery height,
Abash'd before that holier light :
The storm clouds that on ether lay
Melted before its glorious ray ;
Till half the heaven shone pure and clear,
Like some diviner atmosphere
Than ours, where heavy vapours rise
From the vile earth, to dim the skies ;
Meet herald of that promised day,
When soul shall burst the bond of clay,
And, purified from earth-stains come,
Radiant to its eternal home.
On roll'd the star, nor paused to shed
Its glory o'er the mountain's head,
Whereon the morning's sunshine fell,
Where eve's last crimson loved to dwell ;
The gilded roof, the stately fane,
The garden, nor the corn-hid plain,
The camp, where red watch-fires were keeping
Guard o'er a thousand soldiers sleeping.
But temple, palace, city past,
That star paused in the sky at last.
It paused where, roused from slumbers mild,
Lay 'mid the kine a newborn child.

Are there no clarions upon earth
To tell mankind their monarch's birth ?

Are there no banners to unfold,
Heavy with purple and with gold ?
Are there no flowers to strew the ground,
Nor arches with the palm-branch bound ?
Nor fires to kindle on the hill ?
No ! man is mute—the world is still.
Ill would all earthly pomp agree
With this hour's mild solemnity ;
The tidings which that infant brings,
Are not for conquerors nor for kings :
Nor for the sceptre, nor the brand,
For crowned head, nor red right hand.
But to the contrite and the meek,
The sinful, sorrowful, and weak :
Or those who, with a hope sublime,
Are waiting for the Lord's good time.
Only for those the angels sing,
"All glory to our newborn King,
And peace and good-will unto men,
Hosanna to our God ! Amen."

JUDAS RETURNING THE THIRTY PIECES.

"Then Judas which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders.

"Saying, I have sinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they said, What is that to us ? see thou to that.

"And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself."

ST. MATTHEW XXVII. 3—5.

THE thirty pieces down he flung, for which his
Lord he sold,
And turn'd away his murderer's face from that ac-
cursed gold.
He cannot sleep, he dares not watch ; that weight
is on his heart,
For which, nor earth nor heaven have hope, which
never can depart.

A curse is on his memory, we shudder at his
name ;
At once we loathe, and scorn his guilt, and yet we
do the same :
Alas ! the sinfulness of man, how oft in deed and
word
We act the traitor's part again, and do betray our
Lord.

We bend the knee, record the vow, and breathe
the fervent prayer :
How soon are prayer and vow forgot, amid life's
crime and care !

The Saviour's passion, cross, and blood, of what
avail are they,
If first that Saviour we forget, and next we disco-
bey!

For pleasures, vanities, and hates, the compact we
renew,
And Judas rises in our hearts—we sell our Sa-
viour too.
How for some moments' vain delight we will im-
bitter years,
And in our youth lay up for age, only remorse and
tears.

Ah! sanctify and strengthen, Lord, the souls that
turn to thee;
And from the devil and the world our guard and
solace be.
And as the mariners at sea still watch some
guiding star,
So fix our hearts and hopes on thee, until thine
own they are.

THE MAGDALEN.

THE plaining murmur of the midnight wind,
Like mournful music is upon the air:
So sad, so sweet, that the eyes fill'd with tears,
Without a cause—ah! no, the heart is heap'd
So full with perish'd pleasures, vain regrets,
That nature cannot sound one grieving note
Upon her forest lyre, but still it finds
Mute echo in the sorrowing human heart.
Now the wind wails among the yellow leaves,
About to fall, over the faded flowers,
Over all summer's lovely memories,
About to die; the year has yet in store
A few dim hours, but they are dark and cold:
Sunshine, green leaves, glad flowers, they all are
gone;

And it has only left the wornout soil,
The leafless bough, and the o'er-clouded sky.
And shall humanity not sympathize
With desolation which is like its own?
So do our early dreams fade unfulfill'd;
So does our hope turn into memory
The one so glad—the other such despair,
(For who can find a comfort in the past;)
So do our feelings harden, or decay,
Encrusting with hard selfishness too late,
Or bearing that deep wound, whereof we die.

Where are the buoyant spirits of our youth?
Where are the dancing steps, that but kept time
To our own inward gladness—where the light
That flush'd the cheek into one joyous rose:
That lit the lips, and fill'd the eyes with smiles?—

Gone, gone as utterly, as singing birds,
And opening flowers, and honey-laden bees,
And shining leaves, are from yon forest gone.
I know this from myself—the words I speak
Were written first with tears on mine own
heart;

And yet, albeit, it was a lovely time!
Who would recall their youth, and be again,
The dreaming—the believing—the betray'd.
The feverishness of hope, the agony,
As every disappointment taught a truth;
For still is knowledge bought by wretchedness,
Who could find energy to hear again?
Ye clear bright stars, that from the face of heaven
Shine out in tranquil loveliness, how oft
Have ye been witness to my passionate tears;
Although beloved, and beautiful, and young;
Yet happiness was not with my unrest.
For I had pleasure, not content; each wish
Seem'd granted, only to be weariness.
No hope fulfill'd its promise; and no dream
Was ever worth its waking bitterness.
Then there was love, that crowding into one
All vanity, all sorrow, all remorse:
Till we loathe life, glad, beauteous, hoping life,
And would be fain to lay our burthen down,
Although we might but lay it in the grave,
All natural terror lost in hope of peace.
God of those stars, to which I once appeal'd
In a vain fantasy of sympathy,
How wretched I have been in my few years!
How have I wept throughout the sleepless nights
Then sank in heavy slumber, misery still
Haunting its visions: morning's cold gray light
Waked me reluctant, for though sleep had been
Anguish, yet I could say it was but sleep.
And then day came, with all those vanities
With which our nature mocks its wretchedness,
The toilsome pleasures, and the dull pursuits;
Efforts to fly ourselves, and made in vain.
Too soon I learnt the secret of our life,
That "vanity of vanities" is writ
Deep in the hidden soul of human things:
And then I sank into despondency,
And lived from habit, not from hope; and fear
Stood between me and death, and only fear;
I was a castaway: for, like the fool,
Within my soul I said there is no God.
But then a mighty and a glorious voice
Was speaking on the earth—thus said the Lord,
"Now come to me, ye that are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest"—and, lo, I came
Sorrowing,—and the broken contrite heart,
Lord, thou didst not despise. Now let me weep
Tears, and my dying Saviour's precious blood
Will wash away my sin. Now let me pray
In thankfulness that time is given for prayer,
In hope that, offer'd in thy Saviour's name,

I may find favour in the sight of God.
 Where is my former weariness of life,
 Where is my former terror of the grave?
 Out of my penitence there has grown hope;
 I trust, and raise my suppliant eyes to heaven;
 And, when my soul desponds, I meekly say,
 "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

HYMN OF THE MAGDALEN.

THERE was a time, when I but sought
 In life its pleasant things;
 And ask'd each moment what it brought
 Of pleasure on its wings.

I bound red roses in my hair,
 And when they died away,
 I only thought, fresh flowers there are
 As beautiful as they.

And time past on—the bright and brief,
 I led the dance and song,
 As careless as the summer leaf
 The wild wind bears along.

But the wind fails the leaf at last,
 And down it sinks to die,
 To perish with the perish'd past,
 And gone as idly by.

So sink the spirits of those days,
 That buoyant bore us on;
 The joy declines, the hope decays
 Ere we believe them gone.

Then memory rises like a ghost,
 Whose presence brings to mind
 The better things which we have lost,
 The hopes we've left behind.

And what could memory bring to me
 But sorrow, shame, and sin;
 And wretched the worn heart must be,
 With such dark guests within.

I said, accursed be a life
 That 'mid such ills hath birth;
 Where fate and nature in their strife,
 Make desolate the earth.

But no more of that evil time,
 An alter'd heart is mine:
 Purified by a hope sublime,
 And by a faith divine.

I weep; but tears of penitence
 Still comfort as they flow;
 And rise to heaven, and win from thence
 A solace for below.

For I have learnt, my God, to trace
 Thy love in all things here;
 How wonderful the power and grace
 In all thy works appear.

The vineyard dim with purple light,
 The silvery olive tree,
 The corn wherewith the plains are bright,
 Speak to my soul of thee.

This loveliness is born to die;
 Not so the race, for whom
 The sun goes shining through the sky,
 The world puts forth its bloom.

We know that to this lovely earth,
 Will sure destruction come;
 But though it be our place of birth,
 Yet it is not our home.

For we are God's own chosen race,
 Whom the Lord died to save;
 This earth is but a trial-place,
 Whose triumph is the grave.

NATHAN AND DAVID.

"And David said unto Nathan, I have sinned against the Lord. And Nathan said unto David, The Lord also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die." 2 SAMUEL xii. 13.

"Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the time of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." ACTS iii. 19.

THE monarch knelt, and, in the dust,
 Confess'd his sin and shame;
 And God forgave the guilty one,
 Who call'd upon his name.

HE won by tears, he won by prayers,
 A pardon from on high;
 Though scarce he dared to raise to heaven
 His dim and pleading eye.

O, write the lesson on our heart,
 And teach us that our tears
 Can wash away each guilty stain
 That on life's page appears.

GOD grant that never we may bow
 So low to guilt's control,
 As did that king who had the weight
 Of blood upon his soul.

BUT seeds of sorrow and of crime
 Are sown each heart within;
 And who can look upon his soul,
 And say he knows not sin?

We are as nothing in ourselves,
And only in thy name
May we approach thy heavenly throne,
And urge our sorrow's claim.

Then teach us, Lord, to weep and pray,
And bend the suppliant knee;
For what but penitence and prayer
Can hope for grace from thee?

THE INCREDULITY OF ST. THOMAS.

"But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came.

"The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe.

"And after eight days, again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them; then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you.

"Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands, and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing.

"And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord, and my God.

"Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." ST. JOHN XX. 24-29.

STILL doth that spirit linger upon earth;
Still the vain doubt has in delusion birth.

We hesitate, we cavil, we deny,
And ask, though all things answer in reply;
All nature echoes with one mighty Yes,
And only man will not his God confess.

Yet read him in his works, yon radiant sea,
Glassing the heaven's blue tranquillity;
Noon on the waters, noon within the skies,
No cloud to shadow, and no wave to rise.

Now is thy triumph, man, unroll the sail,
Like the white meteor, glancing on the gale
Go, ride the billows, sweep before the wind,
And say, this is the mastery of the mind:

I gave those planks their shape to cut the seas,
I taught that canvass how to catch the breeze,
I guide the helm which tracks the pathless brine,
The work of my own hands, the ship is mine.

'Tis early evening, round the sinking sun,
The shadowy clouds have gather'd one by one,
The waves are running high, and o'er them sweep
The spectral seabirds, phantoms of the deep,
Over their pale white wings the surges break;
And with the wild wind blends their wilder shriek.
The mighty tempest rushes o'er the main
With thunder, and with lightning, and with rain.

The strong ship trembles; to the deep they throw
The thunder that was destined for the foe.
The tall mast falls, as once before it fell,
When came the woodman to the forest dell.
In vain the billows whelm the sinking prow;
O, man, art thou the lord of ocean now?

But let us trace Him in some wilder form
Than the dread lessons of the sea and storm;
It is the end of March, and, over earth,
Sunshine is calling beauty into birth.

There is a fragrance on the soft warm air;
For many the sweet breaths now floating there.
The snowdrop is departed, that pale child,
Which at the spring's bright coming seems exiled,

Cold, like a flower, carved on a funeral stone,
Born with the snows, and with the snows is gone.
And, in its place, daisies, rose-touch'd, unfold—
Small fairies, bearing each a gift of gold;

And violets, like a young child's eyes of blue;
Ah, spring and childhood only know that hue;
The violet wears a dimmer shade; the eye
Grows tear-stained, as the year and life pass by.

But now the wheat and grass are green, therein
The grasshopper and lark their nests begin;
The purple clover round them, like a bower.
Now doth the apple tree put forth its flower,
Lined with faint crimson; the laburnum bends
'Neath the bright gold that from each bow de-
scends;

Her graceful foliage forth the ash has flung;
The aspen trembles: are its leaves so young
That the sweet wind doth scare them, though it bear
No ruder breath than flowers breathe through the
air?

A lulling sound where thyme and wild-heaths blow,
Tells that the bee has there its Mexico.
One note of natural music, that which now
Haunts the deep grass, the sky, the brook, the
bough.

Deep in the woodland sits the thrush and sings,
The sunshine dancing on its dusky wings,
When the wind stirs the branches, and a ray
Lights the dim glades scarce conscious of the day.
Are not these beautiful, these hours which bring
Its leaves and flowers, its breath and bloom to
spring?

And yet, proud man, what hast thou here to do?
Owes it one leaf, one breath, one bloom to you?

Almighty God! and if thou couldst depart
And leave no image in the darken'd heart,
What hope would be for earth, to soothe or save.
Life, a brief struggle ending in the grave.

No soul to elevate our wretched dust,
No faith to triumph in its sacred trust,
First fever, then oblivion, and the tomb,
Eternal and unconquerable gloom.

"Lord, we believe, help thou our unbelief!"
Let there be hope in toil, and joy in grief;

Teach us on nature's glorious face to look,
 As if it were thine own immortal book;
 Teach us to read thee in thy works, and find
 Their evidence of thine Almighty mind.
 Keep us, till in the grave, with hope divine,
 We sink rejoicing that we now are thine.

THE
 INFANT CHRIST WITH FLOWERS.

"For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away.

"But the word of the Lord endureth forever."

1 PETER i. 24, 25.

SWEET Lord, as in those infant hands
 Are heap'd up early flowers,
 Gather'd with toil, and wreath'd with care,
 The wealth of summer hours.

So gather thou, amid our thoughts,
 The purest and the best;
 The few that, in our busy world,
 Are heavenward address.

So forming in the human soul
 Thine own immortal wreath,
 Of sacred hopes, nurst in thy faith,
 To blossom after death.

THE INFANT ST. JOHN.

"In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea,

"And saying, Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

"For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight."

ST. MATTHEW iii. 1-3.

"For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places.

"All these are the beginning of sorrows.

"For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.

"Immediately after the tribulation of those days, shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken.

"And then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven; and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory."

ST. MATTHEW xxiv. 7, 8. 27, 30.

Lo, on the midnight winds a young child's voice
 With lofty hymn,

Calling on earth and heaven to rejoice
 Along with him.

Those infant lips are given from above
 A spirit tone,
 And he speaks out those words of hope and love
 To prophets known.

He is a herald, as the morning star
 Brings daylight in,
 For he doth bring glad tidings from afar
 To man and sin.

Now let the desolate earth lift up her head,
 And at the word
 Wait till the mountains kindle with the tread
 Of Christ the Lord.

And earth was conscious of her God, he came
 Meek and decried,
 Bearing the weight of sorrow, sin, and shame,
 And for us died.

Twice shall he come—e'en now the appointed hour
 Is in its birth,
 When he shall come in glory, and in power
 To judge the earth.

Not as before, to win mankind and save,
 But in his ire,
 When earth shall be but as a mighty grave
 In that red fire.

Do we not live now in those evil days
 Which were foretold,
 In holy writings and inspired lays,
 Of prophets old?

There is a wild confusion in the world,
 Like the vexed sea,
 And ancient thrones are from high places hurl'd,
 Yet man not free.

And vain opinions seek to change all life,
 Yet yield no aid
 To all the sickness, want, the grief and strife
 Which now pervade.

Are not these signs of that approaching time
 Of blood and tears,
 When thou shalt call to dread account the crime
 Of many years?

Then who shall hide before thee, only he
 Who is all thine,
 Who hath stood fast, amid iniquity,
 In faith divine.

O, Lord, awaken us; let us not cease
 To look afar.
 Let us not, like the foolish, call it peace
 When there is war.

O, teach us to believe what thy blest word
Has long declared,
And let thy second advent, gracious Lord,
Find us prepared.

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Suffer little children to come unto me—for of such is the
kingdom of heaven." St. MATTHEW xix. 14.

If ever in the human heart

A fitting season there can be,
Worthy of its immortal part,
Worthy, O blessed Lord, of thee;

'Tis in that yet unsullied hour,
Or ere the world has claim'd his own;
Pure as the hues within the flower,
To summer and the sun unknown;

When still the youthful spirit bears
The image of its God within,
And uneffaced that beauty wears,
So soon to be destroy'd by sin.

Then is the time for faith and love
To take in charge their precious care,
Teach the young eye to look above,
Teach the young knee to bend in prayer.

This work is ours—this charge was thine
These youthful souls from sin to save;
To lead them in thy faith divine,
And teach its triumph o'er the grave.

The world will come with care and crime,
And tempt too many a heart astray;
Still the seed sown in early time
Will not be wholly cast away.

The infant prayer, the infant hymn,
Within the darken'd soul will rise,
When age's weary eye is dim,
And the grave's shadow round us lies.

The infant hymn is heard again,
The infant prayer is breathed once more
Reclaspings of a broken chain,
We turn to all we loved before.

Lord, grant our hearts be so inclined,
Thy work to seek—thy will to do;
And while we teach the youthful mind,
Our own be taught thy lessons too.

A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE

TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

When has the day the loveliest of its hours !

It is the hour when morning breaks into day,
When dewdrops light the yet unfolded flowers,
And sunshine seems like Hope upon its way.

Then soars the lark amid the azure, singing
A seraph's song, that is of heaven, not earth ;
Then comes the wind, a fragrant wanderer,
bringing
The breath of vales where violets have birth.

Which of the seasons in the year is fairest ?
That when the spring first blushes into bloom ;
There is the beauty, earliest and rarest,
When the world warms with colour and perfume.

Then are the meadows fill'd with pleasant voices,
Earth one bright promise what it is to be ;
Then the green forest in its depths rejoices,
Flowers in the grass, and buds upon the tree.

Then the red rose reveals her future glory,
Breaking the green moss with one crimson trace ;
So dawns the white—while old historic story
Tells now they wreath for England's Royal
race.

If thus so fair the springtime and the morning
But in the world of leaf and bud ; how fair,
With all their early loveliness adorning,
Still lovelier in our human world they are.

Youth is around thee Ladye of the ocean,
Ocean that is thy kingdom and thy home,
Where not a heart but kindles with emotion,
Dreaming of honour'd years that are to come.

What is the light of morning's rosy breaking,
To the young promise of that Royal mind ?
What are the hopes of sunny spring's awaking,
To hopes which in thy future are inshrined !

Mighty the task, and glorious the fulfilling,
Duties that round thy future hours must be ;
The East and West depend upon thy willing
Mistress art thou wherever rolls the sea.

Fair art thou, PRINCESS, in thy youthful beauty
Thoughtful and pure, the spirit claims its part ;
Gazing on thy young face, a nation's duty
Bursts forth into the homage of the heart.

O'er thy high forehead is the soft hair brided ;
Be never darker shadow on that brow !
Not yet one tint of youth's sweet hues are
faded ;

The loveliness of promise lights thee now

Around thee are a thousand hearts addressing
Prayer for thy sake to every power divine ;
No lip that names thee, names without a
blessing ;
A nation's holiest wishes are all thine.

The present looks on thee with eyes
Of love, and joy, and enterprise ;
They shine as shines a rising star,
That lights the unknown and the far.
To prophesy the future, cast
A glance upon thy country's past.
How has our England changed since first
The Roman Cæsar on her burst :
And something lingers with us still
Of their indomitable will.

Like theirs, our banners when unfur'd
Have swept o'er half a conquer'd world.
No stranger power hath sought our coast,
But to bequeath their proudest boast.

Hengist and Horsa, Saxon kings,
On their proud galley's sweeping wings :
Lords of the banner and the breeze,
Gave us our empire o'er the seas ;

Next came the Norman William's gallant
power,

Those barons brought a noble dower
Of minstrel harp, and stainless sword,
High courtesy, and knightly word.
Then sea and land had done their best
To grace our Island of the West.

And never since hath foreign brand
Flash'd over our unconquer'd land ;
Never hath rung the tocsin bell,
That other soils have known too well.
Sacred, inviolate, unstain'd,
Have England's fields and hearths remain'd.
Our victories have been won afar,
Our homes have only heard of war.
They gave thy name and since thy birth,
Peace, dovelike, broodeth over earth :

Still be its shadow o'er thy throne—
Enough of laurels are our own.*

With the golden sunbeams shining
Round the Abbey's towers,
Stands that stately pile enshrining
England's noblest hours,
There they rest its honour'd dead.
There the trophies of our annals
Fling their shade below,
Flags that in our English channels
Once announced a foe,
Now in triumph are they spread.
'Tis no lesson taught in vain,
So would millions die again.

In those ancient chancels slumber
As within a shrine,
Men whom history loves to number
On her sacred line,
Men who leave themselves behind;
Statesmen holding yet dominion
With their fellow-men;
By the empire of opinion,
Ruling them again:
For immortal is the mind,
And a thoughtful truth maintains
Whatsoever ground it gains.

Not this the first time that our lion and land
Have own'd the soft sway of a woman's white
hand;
She the last branch of the Tudor's proud line
Held empire—an omen of glory for thine:
The name of Elizabeth tells of an age
Alone in its splendour on history's page.
'Twas then the mind burst from its slumbers,
and broke
The depth of its shade, the weight of its yoke;
And thoughts that lay dark, like the seeds in the
earth,
Sprung up into varied and beautiful birth:

* "Enough of laurels are our own."—Conquest is the commencement of civilization; it is also its scourge. With us, the sail and the sword have gone together, and commerce has consolidated what was gained by war. We have now to civilize what we have subdued: it is ours to bestow knowledge, freedom, and faith. Education, settled laws, and Christianity must follow the course of our victories and our manufactures.

For us there yet remains
A nobler conquest far;

We must pay back the past, the debt we owe:
Let us around dispense
Light, hope, intelligence,
Till blessings track our steps where'er we go.

O England, thine be the deliverer's meed,
Be thy great empire known
By hearts made all thine own,
Through thy free Laws and thy immortal Creed.

Whence, grown 'mid all changes of good and of
ill,
We reap a rich harvest for garnering still.
For thoughts are like waves that come rushing to
shore,
One breaks into many—is follow'd by more;
Then came the doom'd Spaniard, the last one,
whose boast,
The white cliffs have echo'd that girdle our
coast.
Each strong as a tower—and stern as a tomb,
The death-bearing ships sail'd the seas in their
gloom;
Strange tortures were hid in the depths of each
hold,
And wealth that might buy her—could England
be sold;
Then came the proud queen to the shores of the
sea,—
She gather'd around her the brave and the free;
Of all the Armada that darken'd the main,
No vessel return'd to its harbour again;
The maidens of Cadiz look'd out through their
tears,
No banner their hand had embroider'd appears;
They are torn by the winds and the waves, or have
been
Laid low at the feet of the proud island queen.

'Twas in a woman's reign uprose
That soul of enterprise,
Which since has borne our English flag
Through foreign seas and skies.

Few were the first adventurous barks
That plough'd the deep—but now
What breeze that bears St. George's cross,
What shore but knows our prow?

And more than glory, or than gold,
May British merchants say;
Look on what blessings infinite
Have follow'd on our way.

To civilize and to redeem
Has been our generous toil,
To sow the seeds of future good
In many a thankful soil.

Where'er to dark and pagan lands
Our path has been decreed,
Have we not brought the Christian's hope,
The Christian's holy creed?

'Tis from a woman's glorious reign
Our English isles may date
The honours of their after hours,
The triumphs of their state.

And yet how much remains to do,
How much is left behind !
Young daughter of a line of kings,
Much is to thee assign'd.

Great changes have been wrought since first
The Roman legions stood
Beneath the ancient oaks that form'd
The Druid's mystic wood.

There frown'd above the dank morass,
The forest whose long night
Of noisome and of tangled shade
Forgot the noontide's light.

Men crowded round the victim pyre
In worship vile as vain ;
And God's own precious gift of life,
Was flung to him again.

We were the savages—of whom
We now can only hear ;
The change has been the mighty work
Of many a patient year.

The progress of our race is mark'd
Wherever we can turn ;
No more the gloomy woods extend,
No more the death-fires burn.

The village rises where once spread
Th' inhabitable moor ;
And Sabbath-bells sweep on the wind,
The music of the poor.

The sun sinks down o'er myriad spires
That glisten in the ray,
As almost portions of that heaven
To which they point the way.

There is not a more lovely land
On all our lovely earth,
Than that, VICTORIA, which now gives
Its blessing on thy birth.

Such, youthful Ladye, is the outward seeming
Of the fair land whose trust is placed on thee ;
Alas ! too much is as the ivy gleaming
Round the worn branches of some ancient tree.

Farewell unto thy childhood, and forever ;
Youth's careless hours dwell not around a
throne ;
The hallow'd purpose, and the high endeavour,
The onward-looking thought must be thine own.

An hour of moral contest is before thee,
Not the old combat of the shield and spear,

But to the azure heaven arching o'er thee,
Rises a nobler hope—a loftier fear*.

Low in decay lies many an aged error,
From dust of mouldering falsehood springeth
Truth ;

The past is to the present as a mirror ;
And Hope, to mankind has eternal youth.

Vast is the charge intrusted by high Heaven,
Heavy the weight upon that delicate hand ;
Into thy keeping is the balance given,
Wherein is weigh'd the future of our land.

Around thee is much misery : want and sorrow
Lurk in the hidden places of our earth ;
To-day how many tremble at to-morrow,
Life has to them been bitter from its birth.

Mark those pale children†—cold and wan while
basking

O'er embers mocking with their feeble glow :
The elder silent—but the youngest asking
For food the mother has not to bestow.

* "Rises a nobler hope—a loftier fear."—Human perfection is still a beautiful and unrealized dream ; it has its encouragement in human progress. A higher and more generous purpose is now the stimulus to all efforts of improvement : our views are more enlightened, because more general ; the many have taken the place of the few. In the earlier ages, science kept as secrets those discoveries, which now its chief object is to promulgate. Trade was fettered by monopolies, which it is the first step of commerce to shake off. Laws were rather privilege than protection, not what to-day admits them to be, the sacred barriers of universal right. Knowledge was solitary distinction, or secluded enjoyment ; not, as now, to be gained by all, and to be used for all. It is to intellectual intercourse that we owe our advancement ; intellect is the pioneer to improvement. We have still to hope, and to aspire. It is only by looking onwards that we can perceive the goal ; it is only by looking upwards that we can see heaven.

† "Mark those pale children."—If there be one condition in our land that demands assistance and sympathy, it is that of children of the poor.—

It is for childhood's nour to be
Life's fairy well, and bring
To life's worn, weary memory
The freshness of its spring.

But here the order is reversed,
And infancy, like age,
Knows of existence but its worst,
One dull and darken'd page.

Written with tears, and stamp'd with toll,
Crush'd from the earliest hour,
Weeds darkening on the bitter soil,
That never knew a flower.

Alas ! to think upon a child
That has no childish days,
No careless play, no frolic wild,
No words of prayer and praise.

Man from the cradle, 'tis too soon
To earn their daily bread,
And heap the heat and toil of noon
Upon an infant's head.

These are life's common scenes—thy regal dower
Were but a drop flung in a boundless sea;
But thou mayst lead the way—the pomp of power
Will make the careless many follow thee.

From glowing Ind to Huron's waters spreading
Extends the empire that our sword hath won,
There have our sails been peace and knowledge
shedding,
Upon thy sceptre never sets the sun.

A nobler triumph still awaits thy winning,
"The mind's ethereal war is in its birth;

The cross of Christ is on its way, beginning
Its glorious triumph o'er the darken'd earth.

God's blessing be upon thee, Royal Maiden!
And be thy throne heaven's altar here below,
With sweet thanksgivings, and with honours
laden,
Of moral victories o'er want and wo.

Glorious and happy be the coming hours,
Young Daughter of old England's Royal line!
As in an angel's pathway spring up flowers,
So may a nation's blessing spring in thine.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE ZENANA.

WHAT is there that the world hath not
Gather'd in yon enchanted spot!
Where, pale, and with a languid eye,
The fair Sultana listlessly
Leans on her silken couch, and dreams
Of mountain airs, and mountain streams.
Sweet though the music float around,
It wants the old familiar sound;
And fragrant though the flowers are breathing,
Far and near together wreathing,
They are not those she used to wear,
Upon the midnight of her hair.—

She's very young, and childhood's days
With all their old remember'd ways,
The empire of her heart contest
With love, that is so new a guest;
When blushing with her Murad near,
Half timid bliss, half sweetest fear,

To labour ere their strength be come,
Or starve—such is the doom
That makes of many an English home,
One long and living tomb.

This is no overcharged picture: many a cottage in our villages—many a court in our cities, attest its truth. Example is the influence of a sovereign; and royal sympathy will avail to draw that attention which is the harbinger of remedy. In the education of the poor, lies the true preservation against the worst ills of want. The first steps towards this object must be taken by the rich; this brings the two classes together, and for their mutual benefit. Indifference is startled out of selfish indulgence—and ignorance awakened into hope. Instruction forms the habit, and lays open the resource—while the schemes that originated in pity will be matured by thought; for to effect the beneficial result, it is the mind that must direct the heart.

E'en the beloved past is dim,
Past, present, future, merge in him.
But he, the warrior and the chief,
His hours of happiness are brief;
And he must leave Nadira's side,
To woo and win a ruder bride;
Sought, sword in hand and spur on heel,
The fame, that weds with blood and steel.
And while from Delhi far away,
His youthful bride pines through the day,
Weary and sad: thus when again
He seeks to bind love's loosen'd chain;
He finds the tears are scarcely dry

Upon a cheek whose blood is faded,
The very flush of victory
Is, like the brow he watches, shaded.
A thousand thoughts are at her heart,
His image paramount o'er all,
Yet not all his, the tears that start,
As mournful memories recall
Scenes of another home, which yet
That fond young heart cannot forget.
She thinks upon that place of pride,*
Which frown'd upon the mountain's side;
While round it spread the ancient plain,
His steps will never cross again.
And near those mighty temples† stand,
The miracles of mortal hand;

* DOWLATABAD.—A mountain fortress, on the road leading to the Caves of Ellora.

† DUS AWATAR.—One of the centre Excavations at Ellora. The compartment of sculpture represented in the plate, has Siva for the principal figure, in the character of Ehr Budr, taking vengeance for an affront that has been offered to his consort Parvati. "One of the right hands of Ehr Budr holds a cup, to catch the blood of the demon that he has transfixed with a spear, lest it should fall upon earth, and demons spring up from it. On the left of the group is Parvati, but mutilated and indistinct, seemingly rejoicing over the scene of vengeance."

Where, hidden from the common eye,
The past's long buried secrets lie,
Those mysteries of the first great creed,
Whose mystic fancies were the seed
Of every wild and vain belief,
That held o'er man their empire brief,
And turn'd beneath a southern sky,
All that was faith to poetry.
Hence had the Grecian fables birth,
And wander'd beautiful o'er earth ;
Till every wood, and stream, and cave,
Shelter to some bright vision gave :
For all of terrible and strange,

That from those gloomy caverns* sprung,
From Greece received a graceful change,

That spoke another sky and tongue,
A finer eye, a gentler hand,
Than in their native Hindoo land.

'Twas thence Nadira came, and still
Her memory kept that lofty hill ;
The vale below, her place of birth,
That one charm'd spot, her native earth.
Still haunted by that early love,

Which youth can feel, and youth alone ;
An eager, ready, tenderness,

To all its after-life unknown
When the full heart its magic flings,
Alike o'er rare and common things,
The dew of morning's earliest hour,
Which swells but once from leaf and flower,
From the pure life within supplied,
A sweet but soon exhausted tide.

There falls a shadow on the gloom,
There steals a light step through the room,
Gentle as love, that though so near,
No sound hath caught the listening ear.
A moment's fond watch o'er her keeping,
Murad beholds Nadira weeping ;
He who to win her lightest smile,
Had given his heart's best blood the while.

She turn'd, a beautiful delight
Has flush'd the pale one into rose,
Murad, her love, return'd to-night,
Her tears, what reck's she now of those ?
Dried in the full heart's crimson ray,
Ere he can kiss those tears away—

* THE DHER WARRA is the cave at the southern extremity of Ellora.

EXCAVATED TEMPLE OF KYLAS.—It is observed, in Elliot's Views of India, that of all the excavations, that of Kylas is "the most extraordinary and beautiful." This is no place to do more than allude to the wonderful influence of the Hindoostan superstitions ; if they did not create, they at least furnished the material of the Grecian mythology, though softened and beautified by that poetical imagination which formed in the classical time the golden age of poetry upon earth.

And she is seated at his feet,
Too timid his dear eyes to meet ;
But happy ; for she knows whose brow
Is bending fondly o'er her now.
And eager for his sake to hear
The records red of sword and spear,
For his sake feels the colour rise,
His spirit kindle in her eyes,
Till her heart beating joins the cry
Of Murad, and of victory.

City of glories new no more,
His camp extends by Bejapore,*
Where the Mahratta's haughty race,
Has won the Moslem conqueror's place ;
A bolder prince now fills the throne,
And he will struggle for his own.
"And yet," he said, "when evening falls
Solemn above those mouldering walls,
Where the mosque† cleave the starry air,
Deserted at their hour of prayer,
And rises Ibrahim's lonely tomb,‡
'Mid weed-grown shrines, and ruin'd towers,
All mark'd with that eternal gloom,
Left by the past to present hours.
When human pride and human sway
Have run their circle of decay ;
And, mocking—the funeral stone,
Alone attests its builder gone.
O ! vain such temple, o'er the sleep
Which none remain to watch or weep.
I could not choose but think how vain
The struggle fierce for worthless gain.
And calm and bright the moon look'd down
O'er the white shrines of that fair town ;

* BEJAPORE.—A more remarkable example of the vanity of all human grandeur, or of the short continuance of human power, than this desolate place affords, cannot, perhaps, be met with in the whole world. Its architectural remains may vie in size, magnificence, and beauty, with those nations that have been longest established upon earth ; while the actual existence of its dominions scarcely doubles the period of time to which a man's natural life extends in these days. At Bejapore is the celebrated

TAJ BOWLER—a superb tank, or well, nearly a hundred yards square, and fifty feet deep."—*Elliot*.

† THE MOSQUE OF MUSTAPHA KHAN remains entire ; the less substantial buildings around it have long been in ruins.

‡ IBRAHIM PADSHAH'S TOMB.—"On the exterior of the body of the Mausoleum, over which the dome is raised, the walls are carved into Arabic inscriptions, sculptured with great skill, and disposed in every variety of ornament. The gilding and enamel, however, is entirely defaced, excepting in a small part in one of the sides, where its remains give a faint idea of its former lustre. A person looking at the illuminated page of an Oriental MS. magnifying this, and fancying it to be represented by sculpture, painting, and gilding on the face of a wall of black granite, will have some conception of the labour, skill, and brilliancy of this work. The whole of the Koran is said to be carved on the four sides of this elegant structure, in which the utmost art and taste of the architect and the sculptor have combined to produce the richest effect."—*Sydenham*.

While heavily the cocoa tree
 Droop'd o'er the walls its panoply,
 A warrior proud, whose crested head
 Bends mournful o'er the recent dead,
 And shadows deep athwart the plain,
 Usurp the silver moonbeam's sign;
 For every ruin'd building cast
 Shadows, like memories of the past.
 And not a sound the wind brought nigh,
 Save the far jackal's wailing cry,
 And that came from the field now red
 With the fierce banquet I had spread:
 Accursed and unnatural feast,
 For worm, and fly, and bird, and beast;

While round me earth and heaven recorded
 The folly of life's desperate game,
 And the cold justice still awarded
 By time, which makes all lots the same.
 Slayer or slain, it matters not,
 We struggle, perish, are forgot!
 The earth grows green above the gone,
 And the calm heaven looks sternly on.
 'Twas folly this—the gloomy night
 Fled before morning's orient light;
 City and river own'd its power,
 And I, too, gladden'd with the hour;
 I saw my own far tents extend,
 My own proud crescent o'er them bend;
 I heard the trumpet's glorious voice
 Summon the warriors of my choice.
 Again impatient on to lead,
 I sprang upon my raven steed,
 Again I felt my father's blood
 Pour through my veins its burning flood.
 My cimetar around I swung,
 Forth to the air its lightning sprung,
 A beautiful and fiery light,
 The meteor of the coming fight.

"I turn'd from each forgotten grave
 To others, which the name they bear
 Will long from old oblivion save
 The heroes of the race I share.
 I thought upon the lonely isle*
 Where sleeps the lion king the while,
 Who look'd on death, yet paused to die
 Till comraded by Victory.

* **SHERE SHAH'S TOMB**—is situate at Sasseram, in the centre of a tank of water, about a mile in circumference. The name of so renowned a warrior would be likely to occur to a young and enterprising chief, who must, of course, be familiar with his history. His original name was Ferid, changed to Shere Chan, in consequence of having killed a tiger with one blow of his sabre. At the siege of Callinger he was mortally wounded, by the bursting of a shell. "In this dreadful condition, the king began to breathe in great agonies; he, however, encouraged the attack, and gave orders, till, in the evening, news was brought him of the reduction of the place: he then cried out, 'Thanks to Almighty God,' and expired."—*Dow's History of Hindostan*.

And he, the noblest of my line,
 Whose tomb is now the warrior's shrine,
 (Where I were well content to be,
 So that such fame might live with me.)
 The light of peace, the storm of war,
 Lord of the earth, our proud Akbar.*
 "What though our passing day but be
 A bubble on eternity;
 Small though the circle is, yet still
 'Tis ours to colour at our will.
 Mine be that consciousness of life
 Which has its energies from strife,
 Which lives its utmost, knows its power,
 Claims from the mind its utmost dower—
 With fiery pulse, and ready hand,
 That wills, and willing wins command—
 That boldly takes from earth its best—
 To whom the grave can be but rest.
 Mine the fierce free existence spent
 'Mid meeting ranks and armed tent —
 Save the few moments which I steal
 At thy beloved feet to kneel—
 And own the warrior's wild career
 Has no such joy as waits him here—
 When all that hope can dream is hung
 Upon the music of thy tongue.
 Ah! never is that cherish'd face
 Banish'd from its accustom'd place—
 It shines upon my weariest night,
 It leads me on in thickest fight:
 All that seems most opposed to be
 Is yet associate with thee—
 Together life and thee depart,
 Dream—idol—treasure of my heart."

Again, again Murad must wield
 His cimetar in battle field:
 And must he leave his lonely flower
 To pine in solitary bower?
 Has power no aid—has wealth no charm,
 The weight of absence to disarm?
 Alas! she will not touch her lute—
 What, sing! and not for Murad's ear?
 The echo of the heart is mute,
 And that alone makes music dear.
 In vain, in vain, that royal hall
 Is deck'd as for a festival.
 The sunny birds, whose shining wings
 Seem as if bathed in golden springs,
 Though worth the gems they cost—and fair
 As those which knew her earlier care.
 The flowers—though there the rose expand
 The sweetest depths wind ever fann'd.

* **AKBAR'S TOMB**.—Of this monarch, his historian, Abul Fazil, remarks, that "His name lives, the glory of the House of Timur, and an example of renown to the kings of the world."

Ah, earth and sky have loveliest hues—

But none to match that dearest red,
Born of the heart, which still renews
The life that on itself is fed.

The maiden whom we love bestows
Her magic on the haunted rose.
Such was the colour—when her cheek
Spoke what the lip might never speak.
The crimson flush which could confess
All that we hoped—but dared not guess.
That blush which through the world is known
To love, and to the rose alone—

A sweet companionship, which never
The poet's dreaming eye may sever.
And there were tulips, whose rich leaves
The rainbow's dying light receives;
For only summer sun and skies

Could lend to earth such radiant dyes;
But still the earth shall have its share,
The stem is green—the foliage fair—
Those coronals of gems but glow
Over the wither'd heart below—
That one dark spot, like passion's fire,
Consuming with its own desire.

And pale, as one who dares not turn
Upon her inmost thoughts, and learn,
If it be love their depths conceal;
Love she alone is doom'd to feel—

The jasmine droopeth mournfully
Over the bright anemone,
The summer's proud and sunburnt child:
In vain the queen is not beguiled,
They waste their bloom. Nadira's eye
Neglects them.—Let them pine and die.
Ah, birds and flowers may not suffice
The heart that throbs with stronger ties.
Again, again Murad is gone,
Again his young bride weeps alone:
Seeks her old nurse, to win her ear
With magic stories once so dear,
And calls the Almas to her aid.

With graceful dance and gentle singing,
And bells like those some desert home

Hears from the camel's neck far ringing.
Alas! she will not raise her brow;
Yet stay—some spell hath caught her now:
That melody has touch'd her heart.
O, triumph of Zilars's art;
She listens to the mournful strain
And bids her sing that song again.

SONG.

"My lonely lute, how can I ask
For music from thy silent strings?
It is too sorrowful a task,

When only swept by memory's wings:
Yet waken from thy charmed sleep,
Although I wake thee but to weep.

"Yet once I had a thousand songs,
As now I have but only one.

Ah, love, what'er to thee belongs,
With all life's other links, has done;
And I can breathe no other words
Than thou has left upon the chords.

"They say Camdeo's* place of rest,
When floating down the Ganges' tide,
Is in the languid lotus breast,
Amid whose sweets he loves to hide.
O, false and cruel, though divine,
What dost thou in so fair a shrine?

"And such the hearts that thou dost choose,
As pure, as fair, to shelter thee;
Alas! they know not what they lose
Who chance thy dwelling-place to be.
For, never more in happy dream
Will they float down life's sunny stream.

"My gentle lute, repeat one name,
The very soul of love, and thine:
No; sleep in silence, let me frame
Some other love to image mine;
Steal sadness from another's tone,
I dare not trust me with my own.

"Thy chords will win their mournful way,
All treasured thoughts to them belong;
For things it were so hard to say
Are murmur'd easily in song—
It is for music to impart
The secrets of the burthen'd heart.

"Go, taught by misery and love,
And thou hast spells for every ear:
But the sweet skill each pulse to move,
Alas! hath bought its knowledge dear—
Bought by the wretchedness of years,
A whole life dedicate to tears."

The voice has ceased, the chords are mute,
The singer droops upon her lute;
But, O, the fulness of each tone
Straight to Nadira's heart hath gone—
As if that mournful song reveal'd
Depths in that heart till then conceal'd,
A world of melancholy thought,
Then only into being brought;
Those tender mysteries of the soul,
Like words on an enchanted scroll,
Whose mystic meaning but appears
When wash'd and understood by tears.
She gazed upon the singer's face;
Deeply that young brow wore the trace

* The Indian Cupid.

Of years that leave their stamp behind :
 The wearied hope—the fever'd mind—
 The heart which on itself hath turn'd,
 Worn out with feelings—slighted—spurn'd—
 Till scarce one throb remain'd to show
 What warm emotions slept below,
 Never to be renew'd again,
 And known but by remember'd pain.

Her cheek was pale—impassion'd pale
 Like ashes white with former fire,
 Passion which might no more prevail,
 The rose had been its own sweet pyre.
 You gazed upon the large black eyes,
 And felt what unshed tears were there ;
 Deep, gloomy, wild, like midnight skies,
 When storms are heavy on the air—
 And on the small red lip sat scorn,
 Writhing from what the past had borne.
 But far too proud to sigh—the will,
 Though crush'd, subdued, was haughty still ;
 Last refuge of the spirit's pain,
 Which finds endurance in disdain.

Others wore blossoms in their hair,
 And golden bangles round the arm.
 She took no pride in being fair,
 The gay delight of youth to charm ;
 The softer wish of love to please,
 What had she now to do with these ?
 She knew herself a barter'd slave,
 Whose only refuge was the grave.

Unsoften'd now by those sweet notes,
 Which half subdued the grief they told,
 Her long black hair neglected floats
 O'er that wan face, like marble cold ;
 And carelessly her listless hand
 Wander'd above her lute's command
 But silently—or just a tone
 Woke into music, and was gone.

"Come hither, maiden, take thy seat,"
 Nadira said, "here at my feet."
 And, with the sweetness of a child
 Who smiles, and deems all else must smile,
 She gave the blossoms which she held,
 And praised the singer's skill the while ;
 Then started with a sad surprise,
 For tears were in the stranger's eyes.
 Ah, only those who rarely know
 Kind words, can tell how sweet they seem.
 Great God, that there are those below
 To whom such words are like a dream.

"Come," said the young Sultana, "come
 To our lone garden by the river,
 Where summer hath its loveliest home,
 And where Camdeo fills his quiver.
 If, as thou sayest, 'tis stored with flowers,
 Where will he find them fair as ours ?

(34)

And the sweet songs which thou canst sing,
 Methinks might charm away his sting."

The evening banquet soon is spread—
 There the pomegranate's rougher red
 Was cloven, that it might disclose
 A colour stolen from the rose—
 The brown pistachio's glossy shell,
 The citron where faint odours dwell ;
 And near the watermelon stands,
 Fresh from the Jumna's shining sands ;
 And golden grapes, whose bloom and hue
 Wear morning light and morning dew,
 Or purple with the deepest dye
 That flushes evening's farewell sky.
 And in the slender vases glow—
 Vases that seem like sculptured snow—
 The rich sherbets are sparkling bright
 With ruby and with amber light.
 A fragrant mat the ground o'erspread,
 With an old tamarind overhead,
 With drooping bough of darkest green,
 Forms for their feast a pleasant screen.

'Tis night, but such delicious time
 Would seem like day in northern clime.
 A pure and holy element,
 Where light and shade, together blent,
 Are like the mind's high atmosphere,
 When hope is calm and heaven is near.
 The moon is young—her crescent brow
 Wears its ethereal beauty now,
 Unconscious of the crime and care,
 Which even her brief reign must know,

Till she will pine to be so fair,
 With such a weary world below.
 A tremulous and silvery beam
 Melts over palace, garden, stream ;
 Each flower beneath that tranquil ray,
 Wears other beauty than by day,
 All pale as if with love, and lose
 Their rich variety of hues—

But ah, that languid loveliness
 Hath magic, to the noon unknown,
 A deep and pensive tenderness,
 The heart at once feels is its own—
 How fragrant to these dewy hours,
 The white magnolia lifts its urn
 The very Araby of flowers,

Wherein all precious odours burn.
 And when the wind disperses these,
 The faint scent of the lemon trees
 Mingles with that rich sigh which dwells
 Within the baubool's* golden bells.
 The dark green peepul's† glossy leaves,
 Like mirrors each a ray receives,

* A favourite Indian flower.

† A tree usually planted by graves.

While luminous the moonlight falls,
O'er pearl kiosk and marble walls,
Those graceful palaces that stand
Most like the work of peri-land.
And rippling to the lovely shore,

The river tremulous with light,
On its small waves, is cover'd o'er

With the sweet offerings of the night—
Heaps of that scented grass whose bands
Have all been wove by pious hands,
Or wreaths, where fragrantly combined,
Red and white lotus flowers are twined.
And on the deep blue waters float
Many a cocoanut's small boat,
Holding within the lamp which bears
The maiden's dearest hopes and prayers,
Watch'd far as ever eye can see,
A vain but tender augury.
Alas! this world is not his home,
And still love trusts that signs will come
From his own native world of bliss,
To guide him through the shades of this
Dreams, omens, he delights in these,
For love is link'd with fantasies.

But, hark! upon the plaining wind
Zilara's music floats again;

That midnight breeze could never find
A meeter echo than that strain,
Sad as the sobbing gale that sweeps
The last sere leaf which autumn keeps,
Yet sweet as when the waters fall,
And make some lone glade musical.

SONG.

"Lady, sweet Lady, song of mine
Was never meant for thee,
I sing but from my heart, and thine—
It cannot beat with me.

"You have not knelt in vain despair,
Beneath a love as vain,
That desperate—that devoted love,
Life never knows again.

"What know you of a weary hope,
The fatal and the fond,
That feels it has no home on earth.
Yet dares not look beyond!

"The bitterness of wasted youth,
Impatient of its tears;
The dreary days, the feverish nights,
The long account of years.

"The vain regret, the dream destroy'd,
The vacancy of heart,
When life's illusions, one by one,
First darken—then depart.

"The vacant heart! ah, worse,—a shrine
For one beloved name;
Kept, not a blessing, but a curse,
Amid remorse and shame.

"To know how deep, how pure, how true
Your early feelings were;
But mock'd, betray'd, diadain'd, and changed
They have but left despair.

"And yet the happy and the young
Bear in their hearts a well
Of gentlest, kindest sympathy,
Where tears unbidden dwell.

"Then, lady, listen to my lute;
As angels look below,
And e'en in heaven pause to weep
O'er grief they cannot know."

The song was o'er, but yet the strings
Made melancholy murmurings;
She wander'd on from air to air,
Changeful as fancies when they bear
The impress of the various thought,
From memory's twilight caverns brought.
At length, one wild peculiar chime,
Recall'd this tale of ancient time.

THE RAKI.*

"There's dust upon the distant wind, and shadow
on the skies,
And anxiously the maiden strains her long-expect-
ing eyes,
And fancies she can catch the light far flashing
from the sword,
And see the silver crescent raised, of him, the
Mogul lord.

"She stands upon a lofty tower, and gazes o'er
the plain:
Alas! that eyes so beautiful, should turn to heaven
in vain.

* THE RAKI.—The gift of a bracelet, whose acceptance was expressed by the return of a vest. It is a Rajpoot custom. Where there is both valour and beauty, it were hard not to find something of chivalric observance; and the one alluded to, excels in devotion any record of the old romances, however their heroes might be voués aux dames. The chieftain to whom the Raki (anglicé, bracelet) was sent, became bound to the service of some unknown dame, whose bright eyes could dispense no reward, inasmuch as he was never to see them; the "bracelet-bound brother," and his adopted sister, never holding any intercourse. Humaloon accepted this gage from Kurnavati, the princess of Chetore, and at her summons abandoned his nearly completed conquest of Bengal, and flew to succour, or at least avenge.

'Tis but a sudden storm whose weight is darkening on the air,
The lightning sweeps the hill, but shows no coming warriors there.

"Yet crimson as the morning ray, she wears the robe of pride,
That binds the gallant Humaion, a brother, to her side.

His gift, what time around his arm the glittering band was roll'd,
With stars of every precious stone enwrought in shining gold.

"Bound by the Raki's sacred tie, his ready aid to yield,
Though beauty waited in the bower, and glory in the field:
Why comes he not, that chieftain vow'd, to this her hour of need?
Has honour no devotedness? has chivalry no speed?

"The young Sultana gazes round, she sees the plain afar,
Spread shining to the sun, which lights no trace of coming war.

The very storm has past away, as neither earth nor heaven
One token of their sympathy had to her anguish given.

"And still more hopeless than when last, she on their camp look'd down,
The foeman's gather'd numbers close round the devoted town:

And daily in that fatal trench her chosen soldiers fall,
And spread themselves a rampart vain, around that ruin'd wall.

"Her eyes upon her city turn—alas! what can they meet,
But famine, and despair, and death, in every lonely street?

Women and children wander pale, or with despairing eye
Look farewell to their native hearths, and lay them down to die.

"She seeks her palace, where her court collects in mournful bands,
Of maidens who but watch and weep, and wring their weary hands.

One word there came from her white lips, one word, she spoke no more;
But that word was for life and death, the young queen named—the Jojr.

"A wild shriek fill'd those palace halls—one shriek, it was the last,
All womanish complaint and wail have in its utterance past:

They kneel at Kurnavati's feet, they bathe her hands in tears,
Then hurrying to their task of death, each calm and stern appears.

"There is a mighty cavern close beside the palace gate,
Dark, gloomy temple meet to make such sacrifice to fate:

There heap they up all precious woods, the sandal and the rose,
While fragrant oils and essences like some sweet river flows.

"And shawls from rich Cashmere, and robes from Decca's golden loom,
And caskets fill'd with Orient pearls, or yet more rare perfume;

And lutes and wreaths, all graceful toys, of woman's gentle care,
And heap'd upon that royal pile, the general doom to share.

"But weep for those the human things, so lovely and so young,
The panting hearts which still to life so passionately clung;
Some bound to this dear earth by hope, and some by love's strong thrall,
And yet dishonour's high disdain was paramount with all.

"Her silver robe flow'd to her feet, with jewels circled round,
And in her long and raven hair the regal gems were bound;
And diamonds blaze, ruby and pearl were glittering in her zone,
And there, with starry emeralds set, the radiant Kandjar* shone.

"The young Sultana led the way, while in her glorious eyes
Shone spiritual, the clear deep light, that is in moonlit skies:
Pale and resolved, her noble brow was worthy of a race
Whose proud blood flow'd in those blue veins unconscious of disgrace.

* THE KANDJAR.—The Kandjar is a small poniard, set with gems, worn in the girdle of royal females, as a sign of their rank.

"Solemn and slow with mournful chant, come
that devoted band,
And Kurnavati follows last—the red torch in her
hand:
She fires the pile, a death-black smoke mounts
from that dreary cave—
Fling back the city gates—the foe, can now find
but a grave.

"Hark the fierce music on the wind, the atabal,
the gong,
The stern avenger is behind, he has not tarried
long;
They brought his summons, though he stood be-
fore his plighted bride;
They brought his summons, though he stood in
all but victory's pride.

"Yet down he flung the bridal wreath, he left the
field unwon,
All that a warrior might achieve, young Humaicon
had done:
Too late—he saw the reddening sky, he saw the
smoke arise,
A few faint stragglers lived to tell the Ranee's
sacrifice.

"But still the monarch held a sword, and had a
debt to pay;
Small cause had Buhadour to boast—the triumph
of that day;
Again the lone streets flow'd with blood, and
though too late to save,
Vengeance was the funeral rite at Kurnavati's
grave."

Deep silence chain'd the listeners round,
When, lo, another plaintive sound,
Came from the river's side, and there
They saw a girl with loosen'd hair
Seat her beneath a peepul tree,
Where swung her gurrah* mournfully,
Fill'd with the cool and limpid wave,
An offering o'er some dear one's grave.
At once Zilara caught the tone,
And made it, as she sung, her own.

SONG.

"O weep not o'er the quiet grave,
Although the spirit lost be near:
Weep not, for well those phantoms know
How vain the grief above their bier.

* GURRAH.—The Gurrah is the water-jar which the Hindoo women poise so gracefully on their heads. Heber mentions, that they hang gurrahs on the peepul, a species of sacred tree; and much planted about graves, that the spirits of the deceased may drink the holy waves of the Ganges.

Weep not—ah no, 'tis best to die,
Ere all of bloom from life is fled;
Why live, when feelings, friends, and faith
Have long been number'd with the dead?

"They know no rainbow hope that weeps
Itself away to deepest shade;
Nor love, whose very happiness
Should make the trusting heart afraid.
Ah, human tears are tears of fire,
That scorch and wither as they flow;
Then let them fall for those who live,
And not for those who sleep below.

"Yes, weep for those, whose silver chain
Has long been loosed, and yet live on;
The doom'd to drink from life's dark spring,
Whose golden bowl has long been gone.
Aye, weep for those, the weary, worn,
The bound to earth by some vain tie:
Some lingering love, some fond regret,
Who loathe to live, yet fear to die."

A moment's rest, and then once more
Zilara tried her memory's store,
And woke, while o'er the strings she bow'd,
A tale of Rajahstan the proud.

KISHEN KOWER.*

"Bold as the falcon that faces the sun,
Wild as the streams when in torrents they run,
Fierce as the flame when the jungle's on fire,
Are the chieftains who call on the day-star as
sire.
Since the Moghuls were driven from stately
Mandoo,†
And left but their ruins their reign to renew,
Those hills have paid tribute to no foreign lord,
And their children have kept what they won by
the sword.

* KISHEN KOWER.—The history of Kishen Kower is of a later period than, properly speaking, becomes to my story. I trust the anachronism will be its own excuse. Without entering into the many intrigues to which she was sacrificed, it is only needful to observe, that her hand was claimed by the kings of Jeypour and Joudpour. A destructive war was the consequence, for marriage with the one must incur the enmity of the other. A weak father, and an ambitious minister, led to the immolation of the beautiful victim; an unmarried daughter being held to be the greatest possible disgrace.

† JUMMA MUSJID, MANDOO.—Mandoo is the deserted capital of the Mohammedan sovereigns of Malwa, who afterwards gave way to the dynasty of the Rajpoots: it is a proof of its former magnificence, that seven hundred elephants, in velvet housings, belonged to one of its monarchs. "The tiger now hath chief dominion there."

Yet downcast each forehead, a sullen dismay
At Oudeypoor reigns in the Durbar* to-day,
For bootless the struggle, and weary the fight,
Which Adjeit Sing pictures with frown black as
night :—

“O fatal the hour, when Makundra’s dark pass†
Saw the blood of our bravest sink red in the
grass;

And the gifts which were destined to honour the
bride,

By the contest of rivals in crimson were dyed.

Where are the warriors who once went to stand
The glory and rampart of Rajahstan’s land ?
Ask of the hills for their young and their brave,
They will point to the valleys beneath as their
grave.‡

The mother sits pale by her desolate hearth,
And weeps o’er the infant an orphan from birth ;
While the eldest boy watches the dust on the
spear,

Which as yet his weak hand is unable to rear.

The fruit is ungather’d, the harvest unsown,
And the vulture exults o’er our fields as his own :
There is famine on earth—there is plague in the
air,

And all for a woman whose face is too fair.”

There was silence like that from the tomb, for no
sound

Was heard from the chieftains who darken’d
around,

When the voice of a woman arose in reply,
‘The daughters of Rajahstan know how to die.’

“Day breaks, and the earliest glory of morn
Afar o’er the tops of the mountains is borne ;

* The court, or divan, to use a term familiar to most Eng-
lish readers.

† THE PASS OF MAKUNDRA.—A rocky entrance to
Malwa, well suited to be the scene of any predatory ex-
cursion.

‡ PHARAWA.—A small town in Malwa; doubtless, even
within the last few years, witness to scenes like those
sketched in the text. Like most mountain countries, the
whole district was inhabited by a warlike and turbulent
race; a curious anecdote of the inflammable nature of the
people, is told in the History of Central India. “The war
with the Pindarries was over, and the country was in a
state of tolerable tranquillity, when a sudden agitation was
produced among the peaceable inhabitants, by a number
of cocoanuts being passed from village to village, with a
mysterious direction to speed them in specific directions.
The signal flew with unheard-of celerity. The potall of
every village, wherever one of these cocoanuts came, car-
ried it himself with breathless haste to another, to avert a
curse, which was denounced upon all who impeded or
stopped them for a moment. Every inquiry was instituted;
the route of the signal was traced for several hundred
miles, but no certain information was obtained; and a cir-
cumstance, which produced for upwards of a month a very
serious sensation over all Central India, remains to this
moment a complete mystery.”—*Elliot*. It is really quite
delightful to think that there should be such a thing as a
mystery left in the world.

Then the young Kishen Kower wander’d through
the green bowers,
That shelter’d the bloom of the island of flowers ;
Where a fair summer palace arose ’mid the shade,
Which a thousand broad trees for the noon-hour
had made.

Far around spread the hills with their varying hue,
From the deepest of purple to faintest of blue ;
On one side the courts of the Rana are spread
The white marble studded with granite’s deep
red ;

While far sweeps the terrace, and rises the dome,
Till lost in the pure clouds above like a home.
Beside is a lake cover’d over with isles,
As the face of a beauty is varied with smiles ;
Some small, just a nest for the heron, that
springs

From the long grass, and flashes the light from its
wings ;

Some bearing one palm tree, the stately and fair,
Alone like a column aloft in the air ;
While others have shrubs and sweet plants that
extend

Their boughs to the stream o’er whose mirror they
bend.

The lily that queenlike uprears to the sun,
The loveliest face that his light is upon ;
While beside stands the cypress, which darkens
the wave

With a foliage meant only to shadow the grave.

“But the isle in the midst was the fairest of all
Where ran the carved trellis around the light hall ;
Where the green creeper’s starry wreaths, scented
and bright,

Woo’d the small purple doves ’mid their shelter
to light ;

There the proud oleander with white tufts was
hung,

And the fragile clematis its silver showers flung,
And the nutmeg’s soft pink was near lost in the
pride

Of the pomegranate blossom that blush’d at its
side.

There the butterflies fitted around on the leaves,
From which every wing its own colour receives ;

There the scarlet-finch past like a light on the
wind,

And the hues of the bayas* like sunbeams com-
bined ;

Till the dazzled eye sought from such splendours to
rove,

And rested at last on the soft lilac dove ;†

* THE BAYAS.—Small crested sparrows, with bright yel-
low breasts.

† THE KOKLE.—Miss Roberts, to whose “Oriental
Scenes” I am indebted for so much information, gracefully
and fancifully says, “When listening to the song of the

Whose song seem'd a dirge that at evening should
be
Pour'd forth from the height of the sad cypress
tree.

Her long dark hair plaited with gold on each
braid :

Her feet bound with jewels which flash'd through
the shade ;

One hand fill'd with blossoms, pure hyacinth bells
Which treasure the summer's first breath in their
cells ;

The other caressing her white antelope,
In all the young beauty of life and of hope.
The princess roved onwards, her heart in her eyes,
That sought their delight in the fair earth and
skies.

O, loveliest time ! O, happiest day !
When the heart is unconscious, and knows not its
sway,

When the favourite bird, or the earliest flower,
Or the crouching fawn's eyes, make the joy of the
hour,

And the spirits and steps are as light as the sleep
Which never has waken'd to watch or to weep.
She bounds o'er the soft grass, half woman, half
child,

As gay as her antelope, almost as wild.
The bloom of her cheek is like that on her years ;
She has never known pain, she has never known
tears,

And thought has no grief, and no fear to impart ;
The shadow of Eden is yet on her heart.

"The midnight has fallen, the quiet, the deep,
Yet in yon Zenana none lie down for sleep.
Like frighted birds gather'd in timorous bands,
The young slaves within it are wringing their
hands.

The mother hath cover'd her head with her veil,
She weepeth no tears, and she maketh no wall ;
But all that lone chamber pass silently by ;
She has flung her on earth to despair and to die.
But a lamp is yet burning in one dismal room,
Young princess ; where now is thy morning of
bloom !

Ah, ages, long ages, have pass'd in a breath,
And life's bitter knowledge has heralded death.
At the edge of the musnud* she bends on her
knee,

While her eyes watch the face of the stern Chand
Bace.†

kokle, its melancholy cadences, and abrupt termination,
always impressed my mind with the idea, that the broken
strains were snatches of some mournful story, too full of
wo to be told at once."

* THE MUSNUD.—A sort of mattress assigned as the place
of honour, usually covered with gold cloth, velvet, or em-
brodery, and placed on the floor.

† Chand Bace was the aunt of Kishan Kower, and on her
devolved the task of preparing the unfortunate Princess.

Proud, beautiful, fierce ; while she gazes, the toils
Of those high murky features grows almost her
own ;

And the blood of her race rushes dark to her brow ;
The spirit of heroes has enter'd her now.

"Bring the death-cup, and never for my sake
shall shame

Quell the pride of my house, or dishonour its
name."

She drain'd the sherbet, while Chand Bace look'd
on,

Like a warrior that marks the career of his son.
But life is so strong in each pure azure vein,
That they take not the venom—she drains it
again.

The haughty eye closes, the white teeth are set,
And the dew-damps of pain on the wrung brow
are wet :

The slight frame is writhing—she sinks to the
ground ;

She yields to no struggle, she utters no sound—
The small hands are clenched—they relax—it is
past,

And her aunt kneels beside her—kneels weeping
at last.

Again morning breaks over palace and lake,
But where are the glad eyes it wont to awake.

Weep, weep, 'mid a bright world of beauty and
bloom,

For the sweet human flower that lies low in the
tomb.

And wild through the palace the death-song is
breathing,

And white are the blossoms, the slaves weep while
wreathing,

To strew at the feet, and to bind round the head,
Of her who was number'd last night with the
dead :

They braid her long tresses, they drop the shroud
o'er,

And gaze on her cold and pale beauty no more :
But the heart has her image, and long after years
Will keep her sad memory with music and tears."

Days pass, yet still Zilara's song
Beguiled the fair Sultana's hours,
As the wind bears some bird along
Over the haunted orange bowers.

'Twas as till then she had not known
How much her heart had for its own ;
And Murad's image seem'd more dear,

These higher chords of feeling strung :
And love shone brighter for the shade
That others' sorrows round it flung.

It was one sultry noon, yet sweet
The air which through the matted grass

Came cool—its breezes had to meet

A hundred plumes, ere it could pass ;
The peacock's shining feathers wave
From many a young and graceful slave ;
Who silent kneel amid the gloom
Of that dim and perfumed room.

Beyond, the radiant sunbeams rest
On many a minaret's glittering crest,
And white the dazzling tombs below,
Like masses sculptured of pure snow :
While round stands many a giant tree,
Like pillars of a sanctuary,
Whose glossy foliage, dark and bright,
Reflects, and yet excludes the light.
O sun, how glad thy rays are shed ;
How canst thou glory o'er the dead ?

Ah, folly this of human pride,
What are the dead to one like thee,
Whose mirror is the mighty tide,
Where time flows to eternity ?
A single race, a single age,
What are they in thy pilgrimage !
The tent, the palace, and the tomb
Repeat the universal doom.

Man passes, but upon the plain
Still the sweet seasons hold their reign,
As if earth were their sole domain,
And man a toy and mockery thrown
Upon the world he deems his own.

All is so calm—the sunny air
Has not a current nor a shade ;

The vivid green the rice fields wear
Seems of one moveless emerald made ;
The Ganges' quiet waves are roll'd
In one broad sheet of molten gold ;
And in the tufted brakes beside,
The water fowls and herons hide.
And the still earth might almost seem
The strange creation of a dream.
Actual, breathless—dead, yet bright—
Unblest with life, yet mock'd with light,
It mocks our nature's fate and power,
When we look forth in such an hour,
And that repose in nature see,
The fond desire of every heart ;
But, O ! thou inner world, to thee,
What outward world can e'er impart ?

But turn we to that darken'd hall
Where the cool fountain's pleasant fall
Wakens the odours yet unshed
From the blue hyacinth's drooping head ;
And on the crimson couch beside
Reclines the young and royal bride ;
Not sleeping, though the water's chime,
The lulling flowers, the languid time,

Might soothe her to the gentlest sleep,
O'er which the genii watchings keep,
And shed from their enchanted wings,
All loveliest imaginings :

No, there is murmuring in her ear,
A voice than sleep's more soft and dear ;
While that pale slave with drooping eye
Speaks mournfully of days gone by ;
And every plaintive word is fraught
With music which the heart has taught,
A pleading and confiding tone,
To those mute lips so long unknown.
Ah ! all in vain that she had said,
To feeling, " slumber like the dead ;"
Had bade each pang that might convulse
With fiery throb the beating pulse,
Each faded hope, each early dream,
Sleep as beneath a frozen stream ;
Such as her native mountains bear,
The cold white hills around Jerdair ;
Heights clad with that eternal snow,
Which happier valleys never know.
Some star in that ungenial sky,
Might well shape such a destiny ;
But till within the dark calm grave,
There yet will run an under-wave,
Which human sympathy can still
Excite and melt to tears at will ;
No magic any spell affords,
Whose power like a few kind words.

'Twas strange the contrast in the pair,
That leant upon that cool fountain's side ;
Both very young, both very fair,

By nature, not by fate allied :
The one a darling and delight,
A creature like the morning bright ;
Whose weeping is the sunny shower
Half light upon an April hour ;
One who a long glad childhood past,
But left that happy home to 'bide
Where love a deeper shadow cast,
A hero's proud and treasured bride :
Who her light footstep more adored,
Than all the triumphs of his sword ;
Whose kingdom at her feet the while,
Had seem'd too little for a smile.

But that pale slave was as the tomb
Of her own youth, of her own bloom ;
Enough remain'd to show how fair,
In other days those features were,
Still linger'd delicate and fine,
The shadow of their pure outline ;
The small curved lip, the glossy brow,
That melancholy beauty wore,

* JERDAIR is a small village situated amid the hills of Gurwal, within fifty miles of the Himalaya mountains.

Whose spell is in the silent past,
 Which saith to love and hope, "No more;"
 No more, for hope hath long forsaken
 Love, though at first it's gentle guide
 First lull'd to sleep, then left to 'waken,
 'Mid tears and scorn, despair and pride,
 And only those who know can tell,
 What love is after hope's farewell.
 And first she spoke of childhood's time,
 Little, what childhood ought to be,
 When tenderly the gentle child
 Is cherish'd at its mother's knee,
 Who deems that ne'er before, from heaven
 So sweet a thing to earth was given.
 But she an orphan had no share
 In fond affection's early care;
 She knew not love until it came
 Far other, though it bore that name.

"I felt," she said, "all things grow bright!
 Before the spirit's inward light.
 Earth was more lovely, night and day,
 Conscious of some enchanted sway,
 That flung around an atmosphere
 I had not deem'd could brighten here.
 And I have gazed on Moohreeb's face,
 As exiles watch their native place;
 I knew his step before it stir'd
 From its green nest the cautious bird.
 I woke, till eye and cheek grew dim,
 Then slept—it was to dream of him;
 I lived for days upon a word
 Less watchful ear had never heard:
 And won from careless look or sign
 A happiness too dearly mine.
 He was my world—I wish'd to make
 My heart a temple for his sake.
 It matters not—such passionate love
 Has only life and hope above;
 A wanderer from its home on high,
 Here it is sent to droop and die.
 He loved me not—or but a day,
 I was a flower upon his way:
 A moment near his heart enshrined,
 Then flung to perish on the wind."

She hid her face within her hands—
 Methinks the maiden well might weep:
 The heart it has a weary task
 Which unrequited love must keep;
 At once a treasure and a curse,
 The shadow on its universe.
 Alas for young and wasted years,
 For long nights only spent in tears;
 For hopes, like lamps in some dim urn,
 'That but for the departed burn.
 Alas for her whose drooping brow
 Scarce struggles with its sorrow now.

At first Nadira wept to see
 That hopelessness of misery.

But, O, she was too glad, too young,
 To dream of an eternal grief;
 A thousand thoughts within her sprung,
 Of solace, promise, and relief.
 Slowly Zilara raised her head,
 Then, moved by some strong feeling, said,
 "A boon, sultana, there is one
 Which won by me, were heaven won;
 Not wealth, not freedom—wealth to me
 Is worthless, as all wealth must be,
 When there are none its gifts to share:
 For whom have I on earth to care?
 None from whose head its golden shrine
 May ward the ills that fell on mine.
 And freedom—'tis a worthless boon,
 To one who will be free so soon;
 And yet I have one prayer, so dear,
 I dared not hope—I only fear."
 "Speak, trembler, be your wish confest,
 And trust Nadira with the rest."
 "Lady, look forth on yonder tower,
 There spend I morn and midnight's hour,
 Beneath that lonely peepul tree—
 Well may its branches wave o'er me,
 For their dark wreaths are ever shed
 The mournful tribute to the dead—
 There sit I, in fond wish to cheer
 A captive's sad and lonely ear,
 And strive his drooping hopes to raise,
 With songs that breathe of happier days.
 Lady, methinks I scarce need tell
 The name that I have loved so well;
 'Tis Moohreeb, captured by the sword
 Of him, thy own unconquer'd lord.
 Lady, one word—one look from thee,
 And Murad sets that captive free."
 "And you will follow at his side?"
 "Ah, no, he hath another bride;
 And if I pity, canst thou bear
 To think upon her lone despair?
 No, break the mountain chieftain's chain,
 Give him to hope, home, love again."

Her cheek with former beauty blush'd,
 The crimson to her forehead rush'd,
 Her eyes rekindled till their light
 Flash'd from the lash's summer night.
 So eager was her prayer, so strong
 The love that bore her soul along.
 Ah! many loves for many hearts;
 But if mortality has known
 One which its native heaven imparts
 To that fine soil where it has grown;

* Bishop Heber mentions a picturesque custom prevalent in one of the Rajpoot tribes. The death of a warrior is only announced to his family by branches of the peepul tree strewed before his door.

'Tis in that first and early feeling,
 Passion's most spiritual revealing;
 Half dream, all poetry—whose hope
 Colours life's charm'd horoscope
 With hues so beautiful, so pure—
 Whose nature is not to endure.
 As well expect the tints to last,
 The rainbow on the storm hath cast.
 Of all young feelings, love first dies,
 Soon the world piles its obsequies;
 Yet there have been who still would keep
 That early vision dear and deep,
 The wretched they, but love requires
 Tears, tears to keep alive his fires:
 The happy will forget, but those
 To whom despair denies repose,
 From whom all future light is gone,
 The sad, the slighted, still love on.

The ghurrees* are chiming the morning hour,
 The voice of the priest is heard from the tower,
 The turrets of Delhi are white in the sun,
 Alas! that another bright day has begun.
 Children of earth, ah! how can ye bear
 This constant awakening to toil and to care?
 Out upon morning, its hours recall,
 Earth to its trouble, man to its thrall,
 Out upon morning, it chases the night,
 With all the sweet dreams that on slumber alight;
 Out upon morning, which wakes us to life,
 With its toil, its repining, its sorrow and strife.
 And yet there were many in Delhi that day,
 Who watch'd the first light, and rejoiced in the
 ray;
 They wait their young monarch, who comes from
 the field
 With a wreath on his spear, and a dent on his
 shield.
 There's a throng in the east, 'tis the king and his
 train:
 And first prance the horsemen, who scarce can re-
 strain
 Their steeds† that are wild as the wind, and as bold
 As the riders who curb them with bridles of gold:
 The elephants follow, and o'er each proud head
 The chattrah that glitters with gems is outspread,
 Whence the silver bells fall with their musical
 sound,
 While the howdah‡ red trappings float bright on
 the ground:

* THE GHURREE is a sort of gong, on which the hour is
 struck when the brazen cup fills, and sinks down in the
 water of the vessel on which it floats. This primitive
 method of reckoning time is still retained in India.

† One fashion I confess to having omitted: however,
 here it is in plain prose. The tails of the chargers are often
 dyed a bright scarlet, which, when at full gallop, has much
 the appearance of leaving a track of fire after them.

‡ THE HOWDAH is the seat on the elephant's neck; often
 formed of pure silver.

Behind stalk the camels, which, weary and worn,
 Seem to stretch their long necks, and repine at the
 morn;

And wild on the air the fierce war-echoes come,
 The voice of the atabal, trumpet, and drum:
 Half lost in the shout that ascends from the crowd,
 Who delight in the young, and the brave, and the
 proud:

'Tis folly to talk of the right and the wrong,
 The triumph will carry the many along.

A dearer welcome far remains,
 Than that of Delhi's crowded plains:*
 Soon Murad seeks the shadowy hall,
 Cool with the fountain's languid fall;
 His own, his best beloved to meet.
 Why kneels Nadira at his feet?
 With flushing cheek, and eager air,
 One word hath won her easy prayer;
 It is such happiness to grant,
 The slightest fancy that can haunt
 The loved one's wish, earth hath no gem,
 And heaven to hope, too dear for them.

That night beheld a vessel glide,
 Over the Ganges' onward tide;
 One watch'd that vessel from the shore,
 Too conscious of the freight it bore,
 And wretched in her granted vow,
 Sees Moohreeb leaning by the prow,
 And knows that soon the winding river
 Will hide him from her view forever.

Next morn they found the youthful slave
 Still kneeling by the sacred wave;
 Her head was leaning on the stone
 Of an old ruin'd tomb beside,
 A fitting pillow cold and lone,
 The dead had to the dead supplied;
 The heart's last string hath snapt in twain,
 O, earth, receive thine own again:
 The weary one at length has rest
 Within thy chill but quiet breast.
 Long did the young sultana keep
 The memory of that maiden's lute;
 And call to mind her songs, and weep,
 Long after those charmed chords were mute.
 A small white tomb was raised to show
 That human sorrow slept below;
 And solemn verse and sacred line
 Were graved on that funereal shrine.
 And by its side the cypress tree
 Stood, like unchanging memory.

* DELHI.—"The remains of this once magnificent and
 populous city exhibit so desolate and melancholy a scene,
 that it has more the look of an assemblage of dilapidated
 mansions of the dead than the living; and it is at this time
 difficult to imagine it to have ever been any thing else than
 a vast and splendid cemetery."—*Elliot*.

And even to this hour are thrown.
 Green wreaths on that remember'd stone;
 And songs remain, whose tunes are fraught
 With music which herself first taught,
 And, it is said, one lonely star
 Still brings a murmur sweet and far
 Upon the silent midnight air,
 As if Zilara wander'd there.
 O! if her poet soul be blent
 With its aerial element,
 May its lone course be where the rill
 Goes singing at its own glad will;
 Where early flowers unclose and die;
 Where shells beside the ocean lie,
 Fill'd with strange tones; or where the breeze
 Sheds odours o'er the moonlit seas:
 There let her gentle spirit rove
 Embalm'd by poetry and love.

JOHN KEMBLE.

O! glorious triumph, thus to sway at will
 All feelings in our nature; thus to work
 The springs of sympathy, the mines of thought,
 And all the deep emotions of the heart.

To colour the fine paintings of the mind,
 And bid them move and breathe. Our island bard,
 He who flung human life upon his page,
 How much he owes the actor. Kemble once
 Made Hamlet, Cato, and the Noble Moor,
 Our own familiar friends—they lived, they look'd,
 And left an actual image on the soul.
 I would I could remember them, but he
 Who looks so pale and melancholy prince,
 Was past before my time—yet still the stage
 Is fancy's world of poetry to me—
 For I have heard the pathos of the Moor
 Tremble in broken music, when he bids
 His last farewell to Venice, and implores
 For charity and rest:—and I have wept
 When the stern father slays his only child,
 That he may keep her memory a thing
 To shelter in his heart. Nor is she least
 Amid these haunting shapes—that gentle wife,
 Who kept one stainless faith through long, long
 years,

Of utter hopelessness, and yet loved on;
 Till Mantua ranks within my memory,
 With those Italian cities which have been
 The visions of my youth.
 I know not how it acts on other minds,
 But this I know, my most enchanted world
 Is hidden when the curtain falls, and leaves
 Remembrance only of its gorgeous dreams
 And beautiful creations.

THE DANCING GIRL.

A LIGHT and joyous figure, one that seems
 As if the air were her own element;
 Begirt with cheerful thoughts, and bringing back
 Old days, when nymphs upon Arcadian plains
 Made musical the wind, and in the sun
 Flash'd their bright cymbals and their whitest
 hands.

These were the days of poetry—the woods
 Were haunted with sweet shadows; and the caves
 Odorous with moss, and lit with shining spars,
 Were homes where Naiades met some graceful
 youth

Beneath the moonlit heaven—all this is past;
 Ours is a darker and a sadder age;
 Heaven help us through it!—'tis a weary world
 The dust and ashes of a happier time.

A LEGEND OF TEIGNMOUTH.

A STORY of the olden time, when hearts
 Wore truer faith than now—a carved stone
 Is in a little ancient church which stands
 'Mid yonder trees, 'tis now almost defaced;
 But careful eye may trace the mould'ring lines,
 And kind tradition has preserved the tale;
 I tell it nearly in the very words
 Which are the common legend.

Some few brief hours, my gallant bark,
 And we shall see the shore;
 My native, and my beautiful,
 That I will leave no more.

And gallantly the white sails swept
 On, on before the wind;
 The prow dash'd through the foam and left
 A sparkling line behind.

The sun look'd out through the blue sky,
 A gladsummer sun;
 The white cliffs like his mirrors show
 Their native land is won.

And gladly from the tall ship's side,
 Sir Francis hail'd the land,
 And gladly in his swiftest boat,
 Row'd onward to the strand.

"I see my father's castle walls
 Look down upon the sea;
 The red wine will flow there to-night,
 And all for love of me.

"I left a gentle maiden there:
For all the tales they say
Of woman's wrong and faithlessness
To him who is away;

"I'll wager on her lily hand,
Where's still a golden ring;
But, lady, 'tis a plainer one
That o'er the seas I bring."

His bugle sound the turret swept
They meet him in the hall;
But 'mid dear faces where is hers,
The dearest of them all!

Ah! every brow is dark and sad,
And every voice is low;
His bosom beats not as it beat
A little while ago.

They lead him to a darken'd room.
A heavy pall they raise;
A face looks forth as beautiful
As in its living days.

A ring is yet upon the hand,
Sir Francis, worn for thee.
Alas! that such a clay-cold hand,
Should true love's welcome be!

He kiss'd that pale and lovely mouth,
He laid her in the grave;
And then again Sir Francis sail'd
Far o'er the ocean wave.

To east and west, to north and south,
That mariner was known;
A wanderer bound to many a shore,
But never to his own.

At length the time appointed came,
He knew that it was come;
With pallid brow and wasted frame,
That mariner sought home.

The worn-out vessel reach'd the shore,
The weary sails sank down;
The seamen clear'd her of the spoils
From many an Indian town.
And then Sir Francis fired the ship;
Yet tears were in his eyes,
When the last blaze of those old planks
Died in the midnight skies.

Next morning, 'twas a Sabbath morn
They sought that church, to pray;
And cold beside his maiden's tomb
The brave Sir Francis lay.

O, Death! the pitying that restored
The lover to his bride;
Once more the marble was unclosed,
They laid him at her side.

And still the evening sunshine sheds
Its beauty o'er that tomb;
Like heaven's own hope, to mitigate
Earth's too unkindly doom.

AIREY FORCE.

Are, underneath yon shadowy side,
I could be fain to fix my home;
Where dashes down the torrent's pride,
In sparkling wave, and silver foam.

No other sound is waking there,
But that perpetual voice, which seems
Like spirit music on the air,
An echo from the world of dreams.

They were more wise in other days;
Then turn'd the hermit to his cell,
And left a world where all betrays,
Apart with his own thoughts to dwell.

Content to curb the heart, to be
Indifferent, quiet, mournful, cold
With hopes turn'd into memory,
With feelings that had lost their hold.

Far better this, than such vain life
As is in crowded cities known;
Where care, repining, grief, and strife,
Make every passing hour their own.

There, by yon torrent's rushing wave,
I'd pass what yet of time remain'd;
And feel the quiet of the grave
Long ere that grave itself were gain'd.

THE REPLY OF THE FOUNTAIN

How deep within each human heart,
A thousand treasured feelings lie;
Things precious, delicate, apart,
Too sensitive for human eye.

Our purest feelings, and our best,
Yet shrinking from the common view;
Rarely except in song express'd,
And yet how tender, and how true!

They wake, and know their power, when eve
Flings on the west its transient glow;
Yet long dark shadows dimly weave
A gloom round some green path below.

Who dreams not then—the young dream on—
Life traced at hope's delicious will ;
And those whose youth of heart is gone,
Perhaps have visions dearer still.

They rise, too, when expected least,
When gay yourself, amid the gay,
The heart from revelry hath ceased
To muse o'er hours long past away.

And who can think upon the past
And not weep o'er it as a grave ?
How many leaves life's wreath has cast !
What lights have sunk beneath the wave !

But most these deep emotions rise
When, drooping o'er our thoughts alone,
Our former dearest sympathies
Come back, and claim us for their own.

Such mood is on the maiden's mind
Who bends o'er yon clear fount her brow ;
Long years, that leave their trace behind,
Long years, are present with her now.

Yet, once before she ask'd a sign
From that wild fountains plaintive song ;
And silvery, with the soft moonshine,
Those singing waters pass along.

It was an hour of beauty, made
For the young heart's impassion'd mood,
For love of its sweet self afraid,
For hope that colours solitude.

Alas," the maiden sigh'd, "since first
I said, O fountain, read my doom ;
What vainest fancies have I nursed,
Of which I am myself the tomb !

"The love was check'd—the hope was vain,
I deem'd that I could feel no more ;
Why, false one, did we meet again,
To show thine influence was not o'er ?

"I thought that I could never weep
Again, as I had wept for thee,
That love was buried cold and deep,
That pride and scorn kept watch by me.

"My early hopes, my early tears
Were now almost forgotten things,
And other cares, and other years
Had brought what all experience brings—

"Indifference, weariness, disdain,
That taught and ready smile which grows
A habit soon—as streams retain
The shape and light in which they froze.

"Again I met that faithless eye,
Again I heard that charmed tongue ;
I felt they were my destiny,
I knew again the spell they flung.

"Ah ! years have fled, since last his name
Was breathed amid the twilight dim ;
It was to dream of him, I came,
And now again I dream of him.

"But changed and cold, my soul has been
Too deeply wrung, too long unmoved,
Too harden'd in life's troubled scene
To love as I could once have loved.

"Sweet fountain, once I ask'd thy waves
To whisper hope's enchanted spell !
Now I but ask thy haunted caves
To teach me how to say farewell."

She lean'd her head upon her hand,
She gazed upon that fountain lone
Which wander'd by its wild flower strand
With a low, mournful, ceaseless moan.

It soothed her with a sweet deceit
Of pity, murmur'd on the breeze ;
Ah deep the grief, which seeks to cheat
Itself with fantasies like these.

THE WISHING GATE.*

WISHES, no ! I have not one,
Hope's sweet toil with me is done ;
One by one have flitted by,
All the rainbows of the sky.
Not a star could now unfold
Aught I once wish'd to be told.
What have I to seek of thee ?
Not a wish remains for me.

Let the soldier pause to ask,
Honour on his glorious task ;
Let the parting sailor crave
A free wild wind across the wave ;
Let the maiden pause to frame
Blessings on some treasured name ;
Let them breathe their hopes in thee,
Not a wish remains for me.

Not a wish ! beat not my heart,
Thou hast bade thy dreams depart ;
They have past, but left behind
Weary spirit, wasted mind.

* I believe that to this haunted gate a common superstition is attached, namely, that to wish and to have that wish fulfilled, is the result of such wish being uttered while passing.

Ah ! if this old charm were sooth,
One wish yet might tax its truth ;
I would ask, however vain,
Never more to wish again.

HEBE.

YOUTH ! thou art a lovely time,
With thy wild and dreaming eyes ;
Looking onwards to their prime,
Colour'd by their April skies.
Yet I do not wish for thee,
Pass, O ! quickly pass from me.

Thou hast all too much unrest,
Haunted by vain hopes and fears ;
Though thy cheek with smiles be drest,
Yet that cheek is wet with tears.
Bitter are the frequent showers,
Falling in thy sunny hours.

Let my heart grow calm and cold,
Calm to sorrow, cold to love ;
Let affections loose their hold,
Let my spirit look above.
I am weary—youth, pass on,
All thy dearest gifts are gone.

She in whose sweet form the Greek
Bade his loveliest vision dwell ;
She of yon bright cup and cheek,
From her native heaven fell :
Type of what may never last,
Soon the heaven of youth is past.

O ! farewell—for never more
Can thy dreams again be mine ;
Hope and truth and faith are o'er,
And the heart which was their shrine
Has no boon of thee to seek,
Asking but to rest or break.

SHUHUR,* JEYPORE.

A LONELY grave, far from all kindred ties ;
Lonely like life, and that was past afar
From friends and home. 'Tis well that youth has
hopes

* Shuhur is a small town, in a wild part of Jeypore. The recent death of a young acquaintance in its neighbourhood, led to the above lines. Every traveller alludes to the melancholy appearance of European burying-grounds; without mourners or memorial, and almost without the common decencies of sepulture.

That gladden with the future present hours ;
Or else how sorrowful would seem the time
Which parts the young bird from its parent nest,
To wing its passage through the dreary world.

Alas ! hope is not prophecy,—we dream,
But rarely does the glad fulfilment come :
We leave our land and we return no more
Or come again, the weary and the worn.

But yonder grave, where the dark branches
droop,
The only sign of mourning, early closed
O'er the young English stranger ;—former love
And other days were warm about his heart,
When it grew cold forever
And many are the tombs that scatter'd lie
Alone neglected, o'er the Indian plains—
'Tis the worst curse, on this our social world,
Fortune's perpetual presence—wealth, which now
Is like life's paramount necessity.
For this, the household band is broken up,
The hearth made desolate—and sunder'd hearts
Left to forget or break. For this the earth
Is cover'd with a thousand English graves,
By whose side none remain to weep or pray ;
Alas ! we do mistake, and vainly buy
Our golden idols at too great a price.
I'd rather share the lowest destiny,
That dares not look beyond the present day,
But treads on native ground, breathes native
air,—
Than win the wealth of worlds beyond the wave ;
And pine and perish 'neath a foreign sky.

PRESTON.

In the year 1715, the friends of the Pretender were defeated here by the forces of George the First, under the command of Generals Willis and Carpenter. Having been joined by disaffected people, great numbers of them were made prisoners, brought to trial, and found guilty of high treason. Richard Chorley, Esq., of Chorley, was one of the number.—*Fisher's Lancashire.*

Lo ! the banquet is over,—but one, only one,
Remains when the mirth of the revel is done ;
His forehead is dark as he paces the hall,
He is bound by an oath which he cannot recall.

The youngest, though chief of his house and his
line,
He has pledged the Stuart's health in his own
Spanish wine ;
The sword on the wall must start forth from its
sheath,
For Richard of Chorley is bound to the death.

He is brave as the bravest that ever wore brand,
Yet downcast his eye, and reluctant his hand.
He fingers enthralld by that tenderest tie,
For whose sake the bold are unwilling to die.

A step in the silence, a shade on the gloom,
And a lady thrice lovely hath enter'd the room;
He can see her lip quiver, can hear her heart beat,
She kneels on the floor, and she sinks at his feet.

He dares not look on her, he turns from her now,
For the moonlight falls clear on her beautiful brow:

One word from those lips, one glance from those eyes;

'Tis for life, or for death—if he leave her, she dies.

'Tis for love or for honour—a woman for love
Will yield every hope upon earth, or above;
But a soldier has honour—life's first and best
chord;

He may die for his love, but he lives for his word.

He belts on his sword, and he springs on his
steed,

And the spur is dyed red as he urges its speed;
The road flies before him, he passes the wind,
But he leaves not the thoughts that oppress him
behind.

Alas for the White Rose! its hour is gone by
Its toil is unfriendly, inclement its sky;
The day of its pride and its beauty is o'er,
The White Rose in England will blossom no
more.

Alas for its victims! the green fields are spread,
The green fields of England, with dying and dead;
But deeper the wail where these prison-walls
stand,

Where the captives are gather'd with gyves on
each hand.

The daybreak is bright, as with joy overspread,
The face of the east wears a glorious red;
The dew's on the hawthorn, the early wild flowers
Smile out a sweet welcome to morning's glad
hours.

But dark looms the gibbet on high in the air,
While the shuddering gaze turns from the sight
that is there:

Dishonour'd—degraded—a mock for the crowd,
Can this be the doom of the young and the
proud?

'Tis over—the traitors are left on the tree!
One sits 'neath their shadow, her head on her knee;
A cloak o'er the face of the mourner is spread,
They raise it to look—and they look on the dead.

Young Richard of Cherley she follow'd thee on,
But thy life was her own, and with time it is
gone;

Both true to their faith, both so fair and so young,
Wo, wo, for the fate which on this world is flung!
Now for their sake, when summer's sweet children
unclose,

Give a moment's sad thought to the fatal White
Rose.

THE MISSIONARY.

It is a glorious task to seek,

Where misery droops the patient head:

Where tears are on the widow's cheek,

Where weeps the mourner o'er the dead.

These are the moments when the heart

Turns from a world no longer dear;

These are the moments to impart

The only hope still constant here.

That hope is present in our land,

For many a sacred shrine is there;

Time-honour'd old cathedrals stand,*

Each village has its house of prayer.

O'er all the realm one creed is spread—

One name adored—one altar known.

If souls there be in doubt, or dread,

Alas! the darkness is their own.

The priest whose heart is in his toil

Hath here a task of hope and love;

He dwells upon his native soil,

He has his native sky above.

Not so beneath this foreign sky;

Not so upon this burning strand;

Where yonder giant temples lie,†

The miracles of mortal hand.

Mighty and beautiful, but given

To idols of a creed profane;

That cast the shade of earth on heaven,

By fancies monstrous, vile, and vain.

* The Cathedral of Exeter.

† TRIAD FIGURE. INTERIOR OF ELEPHANTA.—“The figure that faces the entrance is the most remarkable in this excavation, and has given rise to numberless conjectures and theories. It is a gigantic bust of some three-headed being, or the three heads of some being to whom the temple may be supposed to be dedicated. Some writers have imagined that it is, what they have called the Hindoo Trinity of Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva; and very strange historical conclusions have been deduced from this hypothesis. The Hindoo Trimurti, or Trinity, as it has been called, does not occupy a very remarkable place in the theology of the Brahmins; the word Trimurti means three forms, and is applied to any three-headed figure.”—*Elliot*.

The votary here must half unlearn
The accents of his mother-tongue;
Must dwell 'mid strangers, and must earn
Fruits from a soil reluctant wrung.

His words on harden'd hearts must fall,
Harden'd till God's appointed hour;
Yet he must wait, and watch o'er all,
Till hope grows faith, and prayer has power.

And many a grave neglected lies,
Where sleep the soldiers of the Lord;
Who perish'd 'neath the sultry skies,
Where first they preach'd that sacred word.

But not in vain—their toil was blest;
Life's dearest hope by them was won;
A blessing is upon their rest,
And on the work which they begun.

Yon city,* where our purer creed
Was as a thing unnamed, unknown,
Has now a sense of deeper need,
Has now a place of prayer its own.

And many a darken'd mind has light,
And many a stony heart has tears;
The morning breaking o'er that night,
So long upon those godless spheres.

Our prayers be with them—we who know
The value of a soul to save,
Must pray for those, who seek to show
The Heathen Hope beyond the grave.

CONISTON WATER.

THOU lone and lovely water, would I were
A dweller by thy deepest solitude!
How weary am I of my present life,
Its falsehoods, and its fantasies—its noise
And the unkindly hurry of the crowd,
'Mid whom my days are number'd! I would
watch

The tremulous vibration of the rays
The moon sends down to kiss thy quiet waves;

* CAWNPORE.—“At this place, the excellent missionary, Henry Martyn, laboured for some months, in the years 1809 and 1810, both among the Europeans in the cantonments, and among the natives in the town. In the life of Martyn there is an account of his first effort to preach the gospel publicly to a mixture of the Hindoos and Moham-medans at Cawnpore. This attempt to make the word of God known to these people, seems to have had a peculiar blessing upon it; and at times he drew together a congregation of eight hundred souls, who frequently burst into loud applause at what he said. Surely, the word of the Lord shall not return to him void.”—*Elliot*.

And when they died, wish I could die like them,
Melting upon the still and silvery air:
Or when the autumn scatters the wan leaves
Like ghosts, I'd meditate above their fall,
And say “So perish all our earthly hopes.”
So is the heart left desolate and bare,
And on us falls the shadow of the tomb,
Before we rest within it—

THE VISIONARY.

I PRAY thee do not speak to me
As you are speaking now
It brings the colour to my cheek,
The shadow to my brow.

I pray thee do not look at me,
I cannot bear that gaze;
Though downcast be my eye, it still
Too much my heart betrays.

I feel the past is written there,
The past, long since gone by—
The past, where feelings, fancies, hopes,
Alike unburied lie;

Unburied, for their restless ghosts
Still haunt the sad domain,
And mockeries of their former selves,
Come thronging back again.

But changed as I and thou art changed,
Or rather me alone,
I never had your heart—but mine,
Alas! was all your own.

O, magic of a tone and word,
Loved all too long and well,
I cannot close my heart and ear
Against their faithless spell—

I know them false, I know them vain,
And yet I listen on—
And say them to myself again,
Long after thou art gone.

I make myself my own deceit,
I know it is a dream,
But one that from my earliest youth
Has colour'd life's deep stream;

Frail colours flung in vain, but yet
A thousand times more dear
Than any actual happiness
That ever brighten'd here.

The dear, the long, the dreaming hours
That I have past with thee,
When thou hadst not a single thought
Of how thou wert with me—

I heard thy voice—I spoke again—
 I gazed upon thy face,
 And never scene of breathing life
 Could leave a deeper trace,

Than all that fancy conjured up,
 And made thee look and say,
 Till I have loathed reality,
 That chased such dream away.

Now, out upon this foolishness,
 Thy heart it is not mine ;
 And, knowing this, how can I waste
 My very soul on thine ?

Alas ! I have no power to choose,
 Love is not at my will ;
 I say I must be careless, cold,
 But find I love thee still.

I think upon my wasted life,
 And on my wasted heart,
 And turn, ashamed and sorrowful,
 From what will not depart.

Thy haunting influence, how it mocks
 My efforts to forget !
 The stamp love only seals but once
 Upon my life is set.

I hear from others gentle words,
 I scarcely heed the while ;
 Listen'd to, but with weariness,
 Forgotten with a smile.

But thine, though chance and usual words
 Are treasured, as we keep
 Things lovely, precious, and beloved,
 O'er which we watch and weep.

I scarcely wish to see thee now,
 It is too dear a joy :
 It is such perfect happiness,
 It must have some alloy.

I dream of no return from thee—
 Enough for me to love ;
 I brood above my silent heart,
 As o'er its nest the dove.

But speak not, look not, mock me not,
 With light and careless words ;
 It wounds me to the heart, it jars
 My spirit's finest chords.

I'll not forget thee ;—let me dream
 About thee as before.
 But, farewell, dearest ; yes, farewell,
 For we must meet no more.

ETTY'S ROVER.

Thou lovely and thou happy child,
 Ah, how I envy thee !
 I should be glad to change our state,
 If such a thing might be.

And yet it is a lingering joy
 To watch a thing so fair,
 To think that in our weary life
 Such pleasant moments are.

A little monarch thou art there,
 And of a fairy realm,
 Without a foe to overthrow,
 A care to overwhelm.

Thy world is in thy own glad will
 And in each fresh delight,
 And in thy unused heart, which makes
 Its own, its golden light.

With no misgivings in thy past,
 Thy future with no fear ;
 The present circles thee around,
 An angel's atmosphere.

How little is the happiness
 That will content a child—
 A favourite dog, a sunny fruit,
 A blossom growing wild.

A word will fill the little heart
 With pleasure and with pride ;
 It is a harsh, a cruel thing,
 That such can be denied.

And yet how many weary hours
 Those joyous creatures know ;
 How much of sorrow and restraint
 They to their elders owe !

How much they suffer from our faults !
 How much from our mistakes !
 How often, too, mistaken zeal
 An infant's misery makes !

We overrule, and overteach,
 We curb and we confine,
 And put the heart to school too soon,
 To learn our narrow line.

No ; only taught by love to love,
 Seems childhood's natural task ;
 Affection, gentleness, and hope,
 Are all its brief years ask.

Enjoy thy happiness, sweet child,
 With careless heart and eye ;
 Enjoy those few bright hours which now
 E'en now, are hurrying by ;

And let the gazer on thy face
Grow glad with watching thee,
And better, kinder;—such at least
Its influence on me.

SASSOOR, IN THE DECCAN.

It is Christmas, and the sunshine
Lies golden on the fields,
And flowers of white and purple,
Yonder fragrant creeper yields.

Like the plumes of some bold warrior,
The cocoa tree on high,
Lifts aloft its feathery branches,
Amid the deep blue sky.

From yonder shadowy peepul,
The pale fair lilac dove,
Like music from a temple,
Sings a song of grief and love.

The earth is bright with blossoms,
And a thousand jewell'd wings,
'Mid the green boughs of the tamarind
A sudden sunshine flings.

For the East is earth's first-born,
And hath a glorious dower
As Nature there had lavish'd
Her beauty and her power.

And yet I pine for England,
For my own—my distant home;
My heart is in that island,
Where'er my steps may roam.

It is merry there at Christmas—
We have no Christmas here;
'Tis a weary thing, a summer
That lasts throughout the year.

I remember how the banners
Hung round our ancient hall,
Bound with wreaths of shining holly,
Brave winter's coronal.

And above each rusty helmet
Waved a new and cheering plume,
A branch of crimson berries,
And the latest rose in bloom.

And the white and pearly misletoe
Hung half conceal'd o'er head,
I remember one sweet maiden,
Whose cheek it dyed with red.

(36)

The morning waked with carols,*
A young and joyous band
Of small and rosy songsters,
Came tripping hand in hand.

And sang beneath our windows,
Just as the round red sun
Began to melt the hoar-frost,
And the clear cold day begun.

And at night the aged harper
Play'd his old tunes o'er and o'er;
From sixteen up to sixty,
All were dancing on that floor.

Those were the days of childhood,
The buoyant and the bright;
When hope was life's sweet sovereign,
And the heart and step were light.

I shall come again—a stranger
To all that once I knew,
For the hurried steps of manhood
From life's flowers have dash'd the dew.

I yet may ask their welcome,
And return from whence I came;
But a change is wrought within me,
They will not seem the same.

For my spirits are grown weary,
And my days of youth are o'er,
And the mirth of that glad season
Is what I can feel no more.

HINDOO AND MAHOMMEDAN BUILDINGS.

HISTORY hath but few pages—soon is told
Man's ordinary life,
Labour, and care, and strife,
Make up the constant chronicle of old.

First comes a dream—the infancy of earth,
When all its untried powers
Are on the conscious hours
Warm with the light that call'd them into birth.

* This is one of those pretty customs that yet remain at a due distance from London—London, that Thalaba of all observances. I remember once being awakened by a band of children coming up the old beech avenue, singing carols with all their heart. The tune was monotonous enough, and as to time, I will say nothing on the subject. Still the multitude of infant voices, and the open air, and the distance, gave a singularly wild and sweet effect to the chant of the childish company. The words, which I subjoin, had a practical tendency.

Ivy, holly, and misletoe,
Give me a penny, and let me go.

2 a 2

'Tis but a dream—for over earth was said
 An early curse—time's flood
 Rolls on in tears and blood;
 Blood that upon her virgin soil was shed.

Abel the victim—Cain the homicide,
 Were type and prophecy
 Of times that were to be,
 Thus reddened from the first life's troubled tide.

See where in great decay yon temple stands,
 Destruction has begun
 Her mockery of man,
 Bowing to dust the work of mortal hands.

What are its annals—such as suit all time
 Man's brief and bitter breath,
 Hurrying unwelcome death,
 And something too that marks the East's bright
 clime.

For mighty is the birthplace of the sun
 All has a vaster scale
 Than climes more cold and pale,
 Where yet creation's work is half begun.

Her conquests were by multitudes,—the kings
 Who warr'd on each vast plain,
 Look'd on a people slain,
 As amid conquests customary things.

Her wealth—our gold is one poor miser's store,
 Her pomp was as the night,
 With glittering myriads bright,
 Her palace floors with gems were cover'd o'er.

Her summer's prodigality of hues,
 Trees like eternal shrines,
 Where the rich creeper twines,
 And all lit up with morn's moist golden dews.

'Tis a past age—the conqueror's banner furl'd,
 Droops o'er the falling tower;
 Yet was the East's first hour
 The great ideal of the material world.

The beautiful—the fertile and the great,
 The terrible—and wild,
 Were round the first-born child
 Of the young hour of earth's imperial state:

And yet the mind's high tones were wanting
 there,
 The carved and broken stone
 Tells glories overthrown:
 Religions, empires, palaces are—where?

Such annals have the tempest's fire and gloom;
 They tell of desperate power,
 Famine and battle's hour,
 War, want, disorder, slavery, and the tomb.

Not such the history that half redeems
 The meanness of our clay;
 That intellectual sway
 Which works the excellence of which it dreams.

Fall, fall, ye mighty temples to the ground;
 Not in your sculptured rise
 In the real exercise
 Of human nature's highest power found.

'Tis in the lofty hope, the daily toil,
 'Tis in the gifted line,
 In each far thought divine,
 That brings down heaven to light our common soil.

'Tis in the great, the lovely, and the true,
 'Tis in the generous thought,
 Of all that man has wrought,
 Of all that yet remains for man to do.

HONISTER CRAG,

CUMBERLAND.

"In this wild and picturesque glen a skirmish took place between the Elliots and the Græmes, in which the young leader of the Scottish clan was slain, though his party were victorious. They buried him in an opening on the hillside; and every clansman brought a fragment of rock, to raise a rude monument to his honour. On the summit of the pile they placed his bonnet, shield, and claymore, that neither friend nor foe should pass irreverently the youthful warrior's grave."

Not where the green grass hides
 His kindred before him;
 Not where his native trees
 Droop to deplore him;
 But in the stranger's land
 Must we bestow him.
 Leave there his sword and shield,
 That all may know him.

Never was fairer youth,
 Never was bolder;
 Who would have met his sword
 A few summers older?
 Ne'er will our chieftain's line
 Yield such another;
 Who can, amid us all?
 Tell it his mother.

THE ORPHAN BALLAD SINGERS.

O, WEARY, weary are our feet,
 And weary, weary is our way;
 Through many a long and crowded street
 We've wander'd mournfully to-day.

My little sister she is pale;
 She is too tender and too young
 To bear the autumn's sullen gale,
 And all day long the child has sung.

She was our mother's favourite child,
 Who loved her for her eyes of blue,
 And she is delicate and mild,
 She cannot do what I can do.
 She never met her father's eyes,
 Although they were so like her own;
 In some far distant sea he lies,
 A father to his child unknown.

The first time that she lisp'd his name,
 A little playful thing was she;
 How proud we were,—yet that night came
 The tale how he had sunk at sea.
 My mother never raised her head;
 How strange, how white, how cold she grew!
 It was a broken heart they said—
 I wish our hearts were broken too.

We have no home—we have no friends,
 They said our home no more was ours;
 Our cottage where the ash tree bends,
 The garden we had fill'd with flowers.
 The sounding shells our father brought,
 That we might hear the sea at home;
 Our bees, that in the summer wrought
 The winter's golden honeycomb.

We wander'd forth 'mid wind and rain,
 No shelter from the open sky;
 I only wish to see again
 My mother's grave, and rest and die.
 Alas, it is a weary thing
 To sing our ballads o'er and o'er;
 The songs we used at home to sing—
 Alas, we have a home no more!

ST. MAWGAN CHURCH AND LANHERN NUNNERY, CORNWALL.

THE old Mansion of Lanhern belonged to the Lords Arundell, of Wardour. It was given in 1794 by Henry, eighth Lord Arundell, as an asylum for a convent of English Theresian nuns, who had migrated from Antwerp, in consequence of the invasion of the French. The sisterhood, or rather their successors, still continue secluded in the old and lonely house now called the Lanhern Nunnery.

It stands amid the sheltering boughs,
 A place of peace—a place of rest,
 Where the veil'd virgin's hourly vows
 By prayer and penitence are blest.

The sunshine rests upon the walls
 More golden than the common day,
 And there a stiller shadow falls
 Than rests on life's tumultuous way.

Alas! why should this quiet place
 Bring fancies of unrest to me;
 Why looks forth that beloved face
 I seem in every place to see?
 Ah, what may not those walls conceal!
 The sunshine of that sainted shrine
 Might from its inmost depths reveal
 Some spirit passionate as mine;

Some one condemn'd in youth to part
 From all that made her youth so dear,
 To listen to her beating heart,
 In shame—in solitude and fear:
 To know no hope before the grave,
 To fear there is no hope beyond,
 Yet scarcely dare of heaven to crave
 Forgiveness for a faith too fond:

To feel the white and vestal veil
 Grow wet and warm with worldly tears,
 To pass the midnight watching pale,
 Yet tremble when the day appears
 Prostrate before the cross to kneel,
 With eyes that may not look above;
 How dare the delicate to feel
 The agony of earthly love?

O! misery, for the young heart doom'd
 To waste and weep its youth away,
 To be within itself entomb'd,
 And desperate with the long decay!
 Yes, misery! but there may be
 A yet more desperate despair;
 There is a love whose misery
 Mocks all those cells may soothe and share.

There the pale nun at least can keep
 One treasured and unbroken dream;
 The love for which she wakes to weep,
 Seems ever what it once could seem.
 She knows not time's uncharming touch
 Destroying every early hue;
 The false!—she dreameth not of such
 Her love is still the deep, the true.

Not so the love of common life,
 'Tis colour'd by the common air;
 Its atmosphere with death is rife,
 A moral pestilence is there.
 Fever'd—exactng—false and vain,
 Like a disease, it lingers on,
 Though all that blest its first sweet reign
 Its morning dew and light, are gone

Such is the actual life of love,
 Such is the love that I have known ;
 Unworthy of the heaven above—
 Dust, like the earth where it has grown.
 Ah ! better far alone to dwell,
 Dreaming above the dearest past,
 And keeping in the silent cell,
 Life's best illusions to the last.

SCENE IN KATTIAWAR.

"THE north-western portion of Guzerat is inhabited by a warlike and robber race ; hence travellers need an escort. This is sometimes given by the native chieftains. More frequently the merchant hires a guard. The shelter afforded by the ruined temples and tombs, occasion such resting-places to be usually made in their vicinity."

I HAVE a steed, to leave behind
 The wild bird, and the wilder wind :
 I have a sword, which does not know
 How to waste a second blow :
 I have a matchlock, whose red breath
 Bears the lightning's sudden death ;
 I have a foot of fiery flight,
 I have an eye that cleaves the night.
 I win my portion in the land
 By my high heart and strong right hand.

The starry heavens lit up the gloom
 That lay around Al Herid's tomb ;
 The wind was still, you might have heard
 The falling leaf, the rustling bird ;
 Yet no one heard my footstep fall,
 None saw my shadow on the wall :
 Yet curses came with morning's light,
 Where was the gold they hid at night ?
 Where was the gold they loved so well,
 My heavy girdle best could tell ?

Three travellers cross'd by yonder shrine ;
 I saw their polish'd pistols shine,
 And swore they were, or should be mine.
 The first, his head was at my feet ;
 The second I was glad to greet ;
 He met me like a man, his sword,
 Damascus true, deserved its lord ;
 Yet soon his heart's best blood ran red :
 I sought the third—the slave had fled.

I have a lovely mountain bower,
 Where blooms a gentle Georgian flower ;
 She was my spear's accustom'd prize,
 The antelope hath not such eyes.
 Now my sweet captive loves her lot,
 What has a queen that she has not ?

Let her but wish for shawls or pearls,
 To bind her brow, to braid her curls ;
 And I from east to west would fly,
 Ere she should ask and I deny.
 But those rich merchants must be near,
 Away, I cannot linger here ;
 The vulture hovers o'er his prey,
 Come, my good steed—away !—away !

SPEKE HALL.

O, FAIR old house—how Time doth honour thee,

Giving thee what to-day may never gain,
 Of long respect and ancient poesy ?
 The yew trees at thy doors are black with years,
 And filled with memories of those warlike days,
 When from each bough was lopp'd a gallant bow ;
 For then the yew was what the oak is now,
 And what our bowmen were, our sailors are.
 How green the ivy grows upon the walls,
 Ages have lent their strength to those frail boughs,
 A venerable wreath upon the past,
 Which here is paramount ;—the past, which is
 Imagination's own gigantic realm.

THE COQUETTE.

SHE danced upon the waters,
 Beneath the morning sun,
 Of all old Ocean's daughters
 The very fairest one.
 An azure zone comprised her
 Round her white and slender side,
 For her gallant crew had drest her
 Like a beauty and a bride.

She wore her trappings gayly,
 As a lady ought to do,
 And the waves which kiss'd her daily
 Proud of their mistress grew.
 They clung like lovers round her,
 And bathed her airy feet ;
 With white foam wreaths they bound her,
 To grace her, and to greet.

She cut the blue wave, scorning
 Our dull and common land ;
 To the rosy airs of morning,
 We saw her sails expand.
 How graceful was their drooping
 Ere the winds began to blow,
 While the gay Coquette was stooping
 To her clear green glass below !

How gallant was their sweeping,
 While they swell'd upon the air ;
 As the winds were in their keeping,
 And they knew they were so fair !
 A shower of spray before her,
 A silvery wake behind,
 A cloud of canvass o'er her,
 She sprang before the wind.

She was so loved, the fairy,
 Like a mistress or a child ;
 For she was so trim and airy,
 So buoyant and so wild.
 And though so young a rover,
 She knew what life could be ;
 For she had wander'd over
 Full many a distant sea.

One night, 'twas in September,
 A mist arose on high ;
 Not the oldest could remember
 Such a dense and darken'd sky :
 And small dusk birds came hovering
 The gloomy waters o'er ;
 The waves mock'd their sweet sovereign,
 And would obey no more.

There was no wind to move them,
 So the sails were furl'd and fast,
 And the gallant flag above them
 Dropp'd down upon the mast.
 All was still as if death's shadow
 Were resting on the grave ;
 And the sea, like some dark meadow,
 Had not one rippling wave :

When the sky was rent asunder
 With a flood of crimson light,
 And one single burst of thunder
 Aroused the silent night.
 'Twas the signal for their waking !
 The angry winds arose,
 Like giant captives breaking
 The chain of forced repose.

Yet bravely did she greet them,
 Those jarring winds and waves ;
 Ready with scorn to meet them,
 They who had been her slaves.
 She faced the angry heaven,
 Our bold and fair Coquette ;
 Her graceful sides are riven,
 But she will brave it yet.

Like old oak of the forest,
 Down comes the thundering mast
 Her need is at the sorest,
 She shudders in the blast.

Hark to that low quick gushing !
 The hold has sprung a leak ;
 On their prey the waves are rushing,
 The valiant one grows weak.

One cry, and all is quiet,
 There is nor sight nor sound ;
 Save the fierce gale at its riot,
 And the angry waters round.
 The morn may come with weeping,
 And the storm may cease to blow ;
 But the fair Coquette is sleeping
 A thousand fathoms low.

JAHARA BAUG, AGRA.

THE HISTORY OF SHAH DARÁ'S FLIGHT AND DEATH.

AGRA was Shah Jehan's city of residence. It was from its walls that he witnessed the overthrow of Prince Dara, his eldest son. The Jahara Baug is one of the gardens adjoining the river.

It was the lovely twilight-time went down o'er
 Agra's towers,
 And silent were her marble halls, and tranquil
 were her bowers ;
 The crimson colours of the rose were melting on
 the air,
 And from the ivory minarets arose the evening
 prayer.

The snowy herons to the roofs were flocking for
 the night,
 The columns and the cupolas were bathed in
 purple light ;
 And the large lilies on the stream grew fairer in
 their hue,
 As they flung up each silver cup to catch the fall
 ing dew.

Fill'd with the sweet good-night of flowers tha
 sigh themselves to sleep,
 Along the quiet river's side, the shadowy gardens
 sweep ;
 While fair and pale, like some young girl who
 pines with early love,
 The young moon seems as if she fear'd to take her
 place above.

Is there no feasting in those halls ? why is that
 palace mute ?
 The silvery cadences unheard of the young
 dancer's foot :

How changed since that glad marriage eve, when
with the dance and song

Prince Dara led his cousin-bride, those lighted
halls along.

How changed since that imperial day, when at his
father's hand,

The eldest born sat down to share that father's
high command ;

And the proud nobles of the court drew forth the
glittering sword,

In token all were at his will, and waited but his
word.

An old man sits upon the walls that guard the
eastern side ;

"Tis not to hear the wild wind wake the music of
the tide :

The rising of the evening star, the perfume from
the bough,

The last sweet singing of the doves—all pass un-
heeded now.

The aged king sits on his tower, and strains his
eyes afar,

And asks of every passer by for tidings of the
war ;

They come—he sees the scatter'd flight of Dara's*
broken bands ;

At last a fugitive himself—his son before him
stands.

The monarch hid his face and wept, he heard his
first-born say,

"The crown you placed upon my brow this hour
has past away ;

My brother is my enemy—a traitor is my friend,
And I must seek these ancient walls, to shelter and
defend."

"Not so," the old king said, "my son ; fly thou
with spear and shield,

For never walls could stand for those who stood
not in the field ;"

He wept before his father's face—then fled across
the plain ;

The desolate and the fugitive—they never met
again.

Time has past on, and Dara's doom is darkly draw-
ing nigh,

The vanquish'd prince has only left to yield—
despair and die ;

The faithless friend, the conquering foe, have been
around his path,

And now a wild and desert home, is all Prince
Dara hath.

The sands are bare, the wells are dry, and not a
single tree

Extends its shade o'er him who had a royal
canopy :

There is not even safety found amid those burning
sands ;

The exile has a home to seek in far and foreign
lands.

He lingers yet upon his way—within his tents is
death ;

He cannot fly till he has caught Nadira's latest
breath.

How can he bear to part with her—she who, since
first his bride,

In wo and want his comforter, has never left his
side.

He kiss'd the pale unconscious cheek—he flung
him at her feet ;

He gazed how fondly on those eyes he never more
might meet ;

"Tis well," he cried, "my latest friend is from my
bosom flown,

Go bear her to her father's tomb, while I go forth
alone."

The traitor is upon his way, the royal prey is
found,

And by ignoble hands and chains, the monarch's
son is bound ;

Garb'd as a slave, they lead him forth the public
ways along,

But on his noble brow is scorn, and on his lip a
song.*

"Tis midnight ; but the midnight crime is darker
than the night,

And Aurungzebe with gloomy brow awaits the
morning light ;

The morning light is dyed for him with an ac-
cusing red,

They bring to the usurper's feet his brother Dara's
head.†

* Having a talent for poetry, he composed many affect-
ing verses on his own misfortunes, with the repetition of
which he often drew tears from the eyes of the common
soldiers who guarded his person. "My name," said he,
"imports that I am in pomp like Darius ; I am also like that
monarch in my fate. The friends whom he trusted were
more fatal than the swords of his enemies."

† Aurungzebe passed the night destined for his brother's
death in great fear and perplexity, when Najib, the instru-
ment of his crime, brought before him the last fatal relic.
The head of Dara being disfigured with blood, he ordered

* Prince Dara was the favourite son of Shah Jehan, who
associated him with himself on the throne. The talents
and good fortune, however, of Aurungzebe, the younger
brother, turned the scale in his own favour. The struggle
between the two was long and severe ; and the final ca-
stastrophe fatal to the unfortunate Dara.

IVY BRIDGE, DEVONSHIRE.

O, RECALL not the past, though this valley be fill'd
 With all we remember, and all we regret;
 The flowers of its summer have long been distill'd,
 The essence has perish'd, ah! let us forget.
 What avails it to mourn over hours that are gone,
 O'er illusions by youth and by fantasy nurst?
 Alas! of the few that are lingering, none
 Wear the light or the hues that encircled the
 first.

Alas for the springtime! alas for our youth!
 The grave has no slumber more cold than the
 heart,
 When languid and darken'd it sinks into truth,
 And sees the sweet colours of morning depart.
 Life still has its falsehoods to lure and to leave,
 But they cannot delude like the earlier light;
 We know that the twilight encircles the eve,
 And sunset is only the rainbow of night.

OLINTHUS GREGORY,
 LL.D., F.R.A.S., &c.

"The following lines allude to Dr. Gregory's late domestic calamity. Mr. Boswell Gregory, his eldest son, was drowned by the boat's upsetting as he was returning home by water to his father's house at Woolwich."

Is there a spot where Pity's foot,
 Although unsandall'd, fears to tread,
 A silence where her voice is mute,
 Where tears, and only tears, are shed?
 It is the desolated home,
 Where Hope was yet a recent guest,
 Where Hope again may never come,
 Or come, and only speak of rest.

They gave my hand the pictured scroll,
 And bade me only fancy there
 A parent's agony of soul,
 A parent's long and last despair;
 The sunshine on the sudden wave,
 Which closed above the youthful head,
 Mocking the green and quiet grave,
 Which waits the time appointed dead.

I thought upon the lone fireside,
 Begirt with all familiar thought,
 The future, where a father's pride
 So much from present promise wrought;

it to be thrown into a charger of water; and when he had wiped it with his handkerchief, he recognised the features of his brother. He is said to have exclaimed, "Alas, unfortunate man!" and then to have shed some tears.

The sweet anxiety of fears,
 Anxious for love's excess alone,
 The fond reliance upon years
 More precious to us than our own.

All past—then weeping words there came
 From out a still and darken'd room,
 They could not bear to name a name
 Written so newly on the tomb.
 They said he was so good and kind,
 The voices sank, the eyes grew dim;
 So much of love he left behind,
 So much of life had died with him.

Ah, pity for the long beloved,
 Ah, pity for the early dead;
 The young, the promising, removed
 Ere life a light or leaf had shed.
 Nay, rather pity those whose doom
 It is to wait and weep behind,
 The father, who within the tomb
 Sees all life held most dear enshrined.

CORFU.

Now, doth not summer's sunny smile
 Sink soft o'er that Ionian isle,
 While round the kindling waters sweep
 The murmur'd music of the deep,
 The many melodies that swell
 From breaking wave and red-lipp'd shell?

Love mine! how sweet it were to leave
 This weary world of ours behind,
 And borrow from the blushing eve
 The wild wings of the wandering wind.
 Would we not flee away and find
 Some lonely cave beside the shore?
 One, where a Nereid dwelt of yore,
 And shelter'd in its glistening bowers,
 A love almost as fond as ours?
 A diamond spar incrusts the walls,
 A rainbow light from crystal falls;
 And, musical amid the gloom,
 A fountain's silvery showers illumine
 The further darkness, as with ray
 And song it finds its sparkling way.
 A natural lute and lamp—a tone,
 A light, to wilder waves unknown.
 The cave is curtain'd with the vine,
 And inside wandering branches twine,
 While from the large green leaves escape
 The blooming clusters of the grape;—
 Fruit with such hyacinthine glow
 As southern sunbeams only know.

We will not leave it, till the moon
 Lulls with her languid look the sea ;
 Sleep, shadow, silence for the noon,
 But midnight Love to wake with thee,
 When the sweet myrtle trees exhale
 The odours of their blossoms pale,
 And dim and purple colours steep
 Those blossoms in their perfumed sleep ;
 Where closed are the cicada's wings,
 And no leaf stirs, nor wild bird sings,
 Lull'd by the dusk air, warm and sweet ;
 Then kneeling, dearest, at thy feet,
 Thy face the only sight I see,
 Thy voice the only sound I hear,
 While midnight's moonlit mystery
 Seems the full heart's enchanted sphere.
 Then should thy own low whisper tell
 Those ancient songs thou lovest so well ;
 Tales of old battles which are known
 To me but from thy lip alone ;
 Dearer than if the bard again
 Could sound his own imperial strain.
 Ah, folly ! of such dreaming hours,
 That are not, that may not be ours.
 Farewell ! thou far Ionian isle
 That lighted for my love awhile,
 A sweet enchantment form'd to fade,
 Of darker days my life is made ;
 Embittering my reality
 With dreams of all that may not be.
 Such fairy fancies when they part,
 But leave behind a wither'd heart ;
 Dreaming o'er all it hath not known ;
 Alas ! and is such heart mine own ?

MANCHESTER.

Go back a century on the town,
 That o'er yon crowded plain,
 With wealth its dower, and art its crown,
 Extends its proud domain.
 Upon that plain a village stood,
 Lonely, obscure, and poor ;
 The sullen stream roll'd its dull flood
 Amid a barren moor.
 Now, mark the hall, the church, the street,
 The buildings of to-day ;
 Behold the thousands now that meet
 Upon the peopled way.
 Go, silent with the sense of power,
 And of the mighty mind
 Which thus can animate the hour,
 And leave its work behind.
 Go through that city, and behold
 What intellect can yield,
 How it brings forth an hundred-fold
 From time's enduring field.

Those walls are fill'd with wealth, the spoil
 Of industry and thought,
 The mighty harvest which man's toil
 Out of the past has wrought.

Science and labour here unite
 The thoughtful and the real,
 And here man's strength puts forth its might
 To work out man's ideal.
 The useful is the element
 Here labour'd by the mind,
 Which, on the active present bent,
 Invented and combined.

The product of that city, now
 Far distant lands consume ;
 The Indian wears around his brow
 The white webs of her loom.
 Her vessels sweep from East to West ;
 Her merchants are like kings ;
 While wonders in her walls attest
 The power that commerce brings.

From wealth hath sprung up nobler fruit,
 Taste link'd with arts divine ;
 The Gallery and the Institute
 Enlighten and refine.
 And many an happy English home
 With love and peace repays
 The care that may be yet to come,
 The toil of early days.

Had I to guide a stranger's eye
 Around our glorious land,
 Where yonder wondrous factories lie
 I'd bid that stranger stand.
 Let the wide city spread display'd
 Beneath the morning sun,
 And in it see for England's trade
 What yonder town hath done.*

THE NIZAM'S DAUGHTER.

Suz is as yet a child in years,
 Twelve springs are on her face,
 Yet in her slender form appears
 The woman's perfect grace.

* "In a speech last year, at the British Association, Mr Brand well advised the members to take the manufacturing districts of England on their way to the north, and to explore the wonders there accumulated. Manchester is the great miracle of modern progress. Science, devoted to utility and industry, have achieved the most wonderful results. Intellectual advancement denoted in a taste for literature and the fine arts,—employment for the highest, as well as the lowest;—public buildings, liberal institutions, and all that can mark wealth, and a knowledge of its best purposes;—all this is the growth of a single century."

Her silken hair, that glossy black,
But only to be found
There, or upon the raven's back,
Falls sweeping to the ground.

'Tis parted in two shining braids
With silver and with gold,
And one large pearl by contrast aids
The darkness of each fold.
And, for she is so young, that flowers
Seem natural to her now,
There wreaths the champac's snowy showers
Around her sculptured brow.

Close to her throat the silvery vest
By shining clasps is bound,
Scarce may her graceful shape be guest,
'Mid drapery floating round.
But the small curve of that vein'd throat,
Like marble, but more warm,
The fairy foot and hand denote
How perfect is the form.

Upon the ankle and the wrist
There is a band of gold,
No step by Grecian fountain kiss'd
Was of diviner mould.
In the bright girdle round her waist,
Where the red rubies shine,
The kandjar's* glittering hilt is placed,
To mark her royal line.

Her face is like the moonlight pale,
Strangely and purely fair,
For never summer sun nor gale
Has touch'd the softness there.
There are no colours of the rose,
Alone the lip is red;
No blush disturbs the sweet repose
Which o'er that cheek is shed.

And yet the large black eyes, like night,
Have passion and have power;
Within their sleepy depths is light,
For some wild wakening hour.
A world of sad and tender dreams
'Neath those long lashes sleep,
A native pensiveness that seems
Too still and sweet to weep.

Of such seclusion know we naught;
Yet surely woman here
Grows shrouded from all common thought,
More delicate and dear.
And love, thus made a thing apart,
Must seem the more divine,
When the sweet temple of the heart
Is a thrice veiled shrine.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

Those dark and silent aisles are fill'd with night,
There breathes no murmur, and there shines no
light;

The graves beneath the pavement yield their
gloom,

'Till the cathedral seems one mighty tomb.
The Cross invisible—the words unseen
That tell where Faith and Hope in death have
been.

But day is breaking, and a rosy smile
Colours the depths of each sepulchral aisle.
The orient windows kindle with the morn,
And 'mid the darkness are their rainbows born;
Each ray that brightens, and each hue that falls,
Attest some sacred sign upon the walls;—
Some sculptured saint's pale head—some graven
line

Of promise, precept, or belief divine:
Then sounds arise, the echoes bear along
Through the resounding aisles the choral song,
The billowy music of the organ sweeps,
Like the vast anthem of uplifted deeps;
The bells ring forth—the long dark night is done,
The sunshine of the Sabbath is begun.

What is that temple but a type sublime!
Such was the moral night of ancient time;
Cold and obscure, in vain the king and sage
Gave law and learning to the darken'd age.
There was no present faith, no future hope,
Earth bounded then the earth-drawn horoscope,
Till to the east there came the promised star—
Till rose the Sun of Righteousness afar—
Till, on a world redeem'd, the Saviour shone,
Earth for his footstool—Heaven for his throne.

COTTAGE COURTSHIP.

Now, out upon this smiling,
No smile shall meet his sight;
And a word of gay reviling
Is all he'll hear to-night,
For he'll hold my smiles too lightly,
If he always sees me smile;
He'll think they shine more brightly
When I have frown'd awhile.

'Tis not kindness keeps a lover,
He must feel the chain he wears,
All the sweet enchantment's over,
When he has no anxious cares.
The heart would seem too common,
If he thought that heart his own,
Ah! the empire of a woman
Is still in the unknown.

* The kandjar is the small poniard worn by Hindoo princesses.

Let change without a reason,
 Make him never feel secure;
 For it is an April season
 That a lover must endure.
 They are all of them so faithless,
 Their torment is your gain;
 Would you keep your own heart *scathless*,
 Be the one to give the pain.

CALDRON SNOOT.

WESTMORLAND.

A *PLAC* of rugged rocks, adown whose sides
 The mountain torrent rushes; on whose crags
 The raven builds her nest, and tells her young
 Of former funeral feasts.

Long years have past since last I stood
 Alone amid this mountain scene,
 Unlike the future which I dream'd,
 How like my future it has been!
 A cold gray sky o'erhung with clouds,
 With showers in every passing shade,
 How like the moral atmosphere
 Whose gloom my horoscope has made!

I thought if yet my weary feet
 Could rove my native hills again,
 A world of feeling would revive,
 Sweet feelings wasted, worn in vain.
 My early hopes, my early joys,
 I dream'd those valleys would restore;
 I ask'd for childhood to return,
 For childhood, which returns no more.

Surely the scene itself is changed!
 There did not always rest as now
 That shadow in the valley's depth,
 That gloom upon the mountain's brow.
 Wild flowers within the chasms dwelt
 Like treasures in some fairy hold,
 And morning o'er the mountains shed
 Her kindling world of vapory gold.

Another season of the year
 Is now upon the earth and me;
 Another spring will light these hills—
 No other spring mine own may be:
 I must retune my unstrung heart,
 I must awake the sleeping tomb,
 I must recall the loved and lost,
 Ere spring again for me could bloom.

I've wander'd, but it was in vain
 In many a far and foreign clime
 Absence is not forgetfulness,
 And distance cannot vanquish time.

One face was ever in my sight,
 One voice was ever on my ear,
 From all earth's loveliness I turn'd
 To wish, ah! that the dead were here!

O! weary wandering to no home,
 O! weary wandering alone,
 I turn'd to childhood's once glad scenes
 And found life's last illusion flown.
 Ah! those who left their childhood's scenes
 For after years of toil and pain,
 Who but bring back the breaking heart
 Should never seek those scenes again.

SCENE IN BUNDELKHUND

SHE sat beneath the palm tree, as the night
 Came with a purple shadow on the day,
 Which died away in hues of crimson shades,
 Blushes and tears. The wind amid the reeds,
 The long green reeds, sung mournfully, and shook
 Faint blossoms on the murmuring river's face.
 The eve was sweet and silent—she who sat
 Beneath the deepening shadow of the palm,
 Look'd like an ancient and a pastoral dream;
 Dreams—dreams indeed! It is man's actual lot
 That gives the future hope, and fills the past
 With happiness that is not—may not be.
 —O, tranquil earth and heaven—but their repose
 What influence hath it on the mourner there?
 Her eye is fix'd in terrible despair,
 Her lip is white with pain, and, spectre-like,
 Her shape is worn with famine—on her arm
 Rests a dead child—she does not weep for it.
 Two more are at her side, she'd weep for them,
 But that she is too desperate to weep:
 Dust has assumed dominion, she has now
 No tenderness, nor sweet solitudes
 That fill the youthful mother with fond fears.
 Our fierce and cruel nature, that which sleeps
 In all, though lull'd by custom, law, and ease,
 In her is roused by suffering. There is death
 Within those wolfish eyes. Not for herself!
 Fear, the last vestige of humanity,
 Makes death so horrible that she will buy
 Its absence, though with blood—that blood her
 own,
 Once dearer that it ran in other veins:
 She'll kill those children—for they share her food.
 AND SUCH IS HUMAN NATURE, AND OUR OWN.*

* DISTRESS IN BUNDELKHUND.—The *Samachar Darpan*, of Feb. 22, contains a description of the horrible state of the native population of Bundelkhund, in consequence of the famine which has prevailed there for some time past. The price and scarcity of grain have put it far beyond the

ST. KNIGHTON'S KIEVE.

SILENT and still was the haunted stream,
Feeble and faint was the moon's pale beam,
And the wind that whisper'd the waving bough
Was like the sound of some godless vow.

Far in the distance the waters fell
Foaming o'er many a pinnacle;
They waged with the crags an angry fight,
'Twas a dreary sound in the dead of night.

But the place where we stood was a quiet nook,
Like a secret page in nature's book;
Down at our feet was the midnight well,
Naught of its depths can the daylight tell.

An old oak tree grows near to the spot,
Gray with moss of long years forgot;
They say that the dead are sleeping below,
'Twas a shrine of the Druids ages ago.

One alone stood beside me there,
The dismal silence I could not bear;
A mariner wild from beyond the sea:
I wish that he had not been with me.

Over the gloomy well we hung,
And a long, long line with the lead we flung;
And as the line and the hook we threw,
Darker and darker the waters grew.

With gibe and jest that mariner stood,
Mocking the night of that gloomy flood;
Quoth he, "when the line brings its treasure up,
I'll drain a deep draught from the golden cup.

"I only wish it were fill'd with wine,
Water has little love of mine;
But the eyes I'll pledge will lend a glow,
They're the brightest and wickedest eyes I know.

"Though those eyes light up a cloister now,
Little she recks of the veil and the vow;
And let but the well yield its gold to-night,
And St. Valerie's nun will soon take flight."

Black and more black the midnight grew,
Black and more black was the water's hue;
Then a ghastly sound on the silence broke,
And I thought of the dead beneath the oak.

reach of the poorer classes, more particularly as there appears to be great difficulty in the way of finding employment. For some time they obtained a miserable subsistence on *byers*, a sort of astringent and acid berry; but even this wretched supply has now ceased. A most appalling and pitiable condition of human misery is the consequence. Mothers have been seen to devour the dead bodies of their own children!

"Thank God, thank God for light below,
'Tis the charm'd cup that is flashing now;"
"No thanks to God," my comrade cries,
" 'Tis our own good skill that has won the prize."

There came a flash of terrible light,
And I saw that my comrade's face was white;
The golden cup rose up on a foam,
Then down it plunged to its mystical home.

Then all was night—and I may not tell
What agony there on my spirit fell;
But I pray'd for our Lady's grace as I lay,
And the pain and the darkness past away.

Years have past, yet that sinful man,
Though his hair is gray and his face is wan,
Keeps plunging his line in the gloom of that well;
He is under the Evil Spirit's spell.

'Twas the fairies carved that cup's bright mould,
What have we to do with their gold?
Now our Lady forgive my hour of sin,
That ever I sought that cup to win.*

WINDLESHAW ABBEY.

MARK you not yon sad procession,
'Mid the ruin'd abbey's gloom,
Hastening to the worm's possession,
To the dark and silent tomb!

See the velvet pall hangs over
Poor mortality's remains;
We should shudder to discover
What that coffin's space contains.

Death itself is lovely—wearing
But the colder shape of sleep;
Or the solemn statue bearing
Beauty that forbids to weep.

But decay—the pulses tremble
When its livid signs appear:
When the once-loved lips resemble
All we loathe, and all we fear.

Is it not a ghastly ending
For the body's godlike form,
Thus to the damp earth descending,
Food and triumph to the worm?

* I am indebted to a communication from Mr. Clarke for this legend. He has not stated the attempt to gain the golden cup, hidden in the well, to be an act so reprehensible as I have made it. However, I only follow common custom, in putting upon any act the worst possible construction.

Better far the red pile blazing
 With the spicy Indian wood,
 Incense unto heaven raising
 From the sandal oil's sweet flood.

In the bright pyre's kindling flames,
 Let my yielded soul ascend;
 Fling to the wild winds my ashes
 'Till with mother earth they blend.

Not so,—let the pale urn keep them;
 Touch'd with spices, oil, and wine;
 Let there be some one to weep them;
 Wilt thou keep that urn? Love mine!

RAPHAEL SANZIO.

THIS celebrated Italian was essentially the painter of beauty. Of the devotion with which he sought its inspiration in its presence, a remarkable instance is recorded. He either could not or would not paint without the presence of his lovely mistress, *LA FORNARINA*.

[Ah! not for him the dull and measured eye,
 Which colours nothing in the common sky,
 Which sees but night upon the starry cope,
 And animates with no mysterious hope.
 Which looks upon a quiet face, nor dreams
 If it be ever tranquil as it seems;
 Which reads no histories in a passing look,
 Nor on the cheek which is the heart's own book,
 Whereon it writes in rosy characters
 What'er emotion in its silence stirs.

Such are the common people of the soul,
 Of whom the stars write not in their bright scroll.
 These, when the sunshine at the noontide makes
 Golden confusion in the forest brakes,
 See no sweet shadows gliding o'er the grass,
 Which seems to fill with wild flowers as they
 pass;

These, from the twilight music of the fount
 Ask not its secret and its sweet account;
 These never seek to read the chronicle
 Which hides within the hyacinth's dimlit bell:
 They know not of the poetry which lies
 Upon the summer rose's languid eyes;
 They have no spiritual visitings elysian,
 They dream no dreamings, and they see no vision.

The young Italian was not of the clay,
 That doth to dust one long allegiance pay.
 No; he was temper'd with that finer flame,
 Which ancient fables say from heaven came;
 The sunshine of the soul, which fills the earth
 With beauty borrow'd from its place of birth.

Hence has the lute its song, the scroll its line;
 Hence stands the statue glorious as its shrine;
 Hence the fair picture, kings are fain to win,
 The mind's creations from the world within.]

Not without me!—alone, thy hand
 Forgot its art awhile;
 Thy pencil lost its high command,
 Uncherish'd by my smile.
 It was too dull a task for thee
 To paint remember'd rays;
 Thou, who were wont to gaze on me,
 And colour from that gaze.

I know that I am very fair,
 I would I were divine,
 To realize the shapes that share
 Those midnight hours of thine.
 Thou sometimes tellest me, how in sleep
 What lovely phantoms seem;
 I hear thee name them, and I weep,
 Too jealous of a dream.

But thou didst pine for me, my love,
 Aside thy colours thrown;
 'Twas sad to raise thine eyes above,
 Unanswer'd by mine own:
 Thou who art wont to lift those eyes,
 And gather from my face
 The warmth of life's impassion'd dyes,
 Its colour and its grace.

Ah! let me linger at thy side,
 And sing some sweet old song,
 That tells of hearts as true and tried,
 As to ourselves belong.
 The love whose light thy colours give,
 Is kindled at the heart;
 And who shall bid its influence live,
 My Raphael, if we part?

MARDALE HEAD.*

Why should I seek these scenes again, the past
 Is on yon valley like a shroud?

Where for the love that fate forbids,
 Yet loves unhoping on,
 Though every light that once illumed
 Its early path be gone.

* "Among the mountains which form the southern boundary of Haweswater is Mardale Head, a wild and solitary region, wherein nature working with a master hand, seems to have produced the very beau idéal of romantic grandeur and sublimity."

Weep for the love that must resign
The heart's enchanted dream,
And float, like some neglected bark,
Adown life's lonely stream.

Weep for the love these scenes recall,
Like some enduring spell;
It rests within the soul which loved
Too vainly, and too well.

Weep for the breaking heart condemn'd
To see its youth pass by,
Whose lot has been in this cold world
To dream, despair, and die.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

"Now as they were going along, and talking, they spied a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a fresh and well-favoured countenance; and as he sat by himself, he sung. Then said the guide, Do you hear him? I will dare to say, this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of the herb called *heart's-ease* in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet."
—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

LIKE some vision olden
Of far other time,
When the age was golden,
In the young world's prime;
Is thy soft pipe ringing,
O lonely shepherd boy,
What song art thou singing,
In thy youth and joy?

Or art thou complaining
Of thy lowly lot,
And thine own disdaining,
Dost ask what thou hast not?
Of the future dreaming,
Weary of the past,
For the present scheming,
All but what thou hast.

No, thou art delighting
In thy summer home;
Where the flowers inviting
Tempt the bee to roam;
Where the cowslip bending,
With its golden bells,
Of each glad hour's ending
With a sweet chime tells.

All wild creatures love him
When he is alone,
Every bird above him
Sings its softest tone.

Thankful to high Heaven,
Humble in thy joy
Much to thee is given,
Lowly shepherd boy.

THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA.

"THESE celebrated Caves are situated in the beautiful island of their own name. It is composed of two hills, with a narrow valley between them. Ascending the narrow path where the two hills are knit together, there lies below the superb prospect of the sea and the adjacent shores. Gradually an open space is gained, and we come suddenly on the grand entrance of a magnificent temple, whose huge massy columns seem to give support to the whole mountain which is above. The entrance into the temple, which is entirely hewn out of a stone resembling porphyry, is by two massy pillars forming three openings, under a steep rock overhung by reeds and wild shrubs."

WHAT know we of them? Nothing—there
they stand,

Gloomy as night, inscrutable as fate.

Altars no more divine, and shrines which know
Nor priests, nor votaries, nor sacrifice;
The stranger's wonder all their worship now.
And yet coeval as the native rock
Seem they with mother earth—immutable.

Time—tempest—warfare—ordinary decay,
Is not for these. The memory of man
Has lost their rise—although they are his work.

Two senses here are present; one of Power,
And one of Nothingness; doth it not mock
The mighty mind to see the meaner part,
The task it taught its hands, outlast itself?
The temple was a type, a thing of stone,
Built by laborious days which made up years;
The creed which hallow'd it was of the soul;
And yet the creed hath past—the temple stands.

The high beliefs which raised themselves to
heaven;

The general truths on which religions grow;
The strong necessity of self-restraint;
The needful comfort of some future hope
Than that whose promise only binds to-day,
And future fear, parent of many faiths:
Those vast desires, unquenchable, which sweep
Beyond the limits of our little world,
And know there is another by themselves;
These constitute the spiritual of man.
'Tis they who elevate and who redeem,
By some great purpose, some on-looking end,
The mere brute exercise of common strength.
Yet these have left no trace. The mighty
shrine,
Undeified, speaks force, and only force,
Man's meanest attribute.

THE FAIRY OF THE FOUNTAINS.

THE legend, on which this story is founded, is immediately taken from Mr. Thoms's most interesting collection. I have allowed myself some license, in my arrangement of the story; but fairy tales have an old-established privilege of change; at least, if we judge by the various shapes which they assume in the progress of time, and by process of translation.

WHY did she love her mother so!
It hath wrought her wondrous wo.

Once she saw an armed knight
In the pale sepulchral night;
When the sullen starbeams throw
Evil spells on earth below;
And the moon is cold and pale,
And a voice is on the gale,
Like a lost soul's heavenward cry,
Hopeless in its agony.

He stood beside the castle gate,
The hour was dark, the hour was late;
With the bearing of a king
Did he at the portal ring,
And the loud and hollow bell
Sounded like a Christian's knell.
That pale child stood on the wall
Watching there, and saw it all.
Then she was a child as fair
As the opening blossoms are:
But with large black eyes, whose light
Spoke of mystery and might.

The stately stranger's head was bound
With a bright and golden round;
Curiously inlaid, each scale
Shone upon his glittering mail;
His high brow was cold and dim,
And she felt she hated him.
Then she heard her mother's voice,
Saying, " 'Tis not at my choice!
Wo forever, wo the hour,
When you sought my secret bower,
Listening to the word of fear,
Never meant for human ear
Thy suspicion's vain endeavour,
Wo! wo! parted us forever."

Still the porter of the hall
Heeded not that crown'd knight's call.
When a glittering shape there came,
With a brow of starry flame;
And he led that knight again
O'er the bleak and barren plain.
He flung, with an appalling cry,
His dark and desperate arms on high;
And from Melusina's sight
Fled away through thickest night.

Who has not, when but a child,
Treasured up some vision wild;
Haunting them with nameless fear,
Filling all they see or hear,
In the midnight's lonely hour,
With a strange mysterious power?
So a terror undefined
Enter'd in that infant mind;—
A fear that haunted her alone,
For she told her thought to none.

Years pass'd on, and each one threw
O'er those walls a deeper hue;
Large and old the ivy leaves
Heavy hung around the caves,
Till the darksome rooms within
Daylight never enter'd in.
And the spider's silvery line
Was the only thing to shine.

Years past on,—the fair child now
Wore maiden beauty on her brow—
Beauty such as rarely flowers
In a fallen world like ours.
She was tall; a queen might wear
Such a proud imperial air;
She was tall, yet when unbound,
Swept her bright hair to the ground,
Glittering like the gold you see
On a young laburnum tree.
Yet her eyes were dark as night,
Melancholy as moonlight,
With a fierce and wilder ray
Of a meteor on its way.
Lonely was her childhood's time,
Lonelier was her maiden prime;
And she wearied of the hours
Wasted in those gloomy towers;
Sometimes through the sunny sky
She would watch the flowers fly,
Making of the air a bath,

In a thousand joyous rings;
She would ask of them their path,
She would ask of them their wings.
Once her stately mother came,
With her dark eyes funeral flame,
And her cheek as pale as death,
And her cold and whispering breath;
With her sable garments bound
By a mystic girdle round,
Which, when to the east she turn'd,
With a sudden lustre burn'd.
Once that ladye, dark and tall,
Stood upon the castle wall;
And she mark'd her daughter's eyes
Fix'd upon the glad sunrise,
With a sad yet eager look,
Such as fixes on a book
Which describes some happy lot,
Lit with joys that we have not.

And the thought of what has been,
And the thought of what might be,
Makes us crave the fancied scene,
And despise reality.

'Twas a drear and desert plain
Lay around their own domain;
But, far off, a world more fair
Outlined on the sunny air;
Hung amid the purple clouds,
With which early morning shrouds
All her blushes, brief and bright,
Waking up from sleep and night.

In a voice so low and dread,
As a voice that wakes the dead;
Then that stately lady said:
"Daughter of a kingly line,—
Daughter, too, of race like mine,—
Such a kingdom had been thine;
For thy father was a king,
Whom I wed with word and ring.
But in an unhappy hour,
Did he pass my secret bower,—
Did he listen to the word,
Mortal ear hath never heard;
From that hour of grief and pain
Might we never meet again.

"Maiden, listen to my rede,
Punish'd for thy father's deed,
Here, an exile, I must stay,
While he sees the light of day.
Child, his race is mix'd in thee,
With mine own more high degree.
Hadst thou at Christ's altar stood,
Bathed in his redeeming flood;
Thou of my wild race had known
But its loveliness alone.
Now thou hast a mingled dower,
Human passion—fairly power.
But forefend thee from the last:
Be its gifts behind thee cast.
Many tears will wash away
Mortal sin from mortal clay.
Keep thou then a timid eye
On the hopes that fill yon sky;
Bend thou with a suppliant knee,
And thy soul yet saved may be;—
Saved by Him who died to save
Man from death beyond the grave."
Easy 'tis advice to give,

Hard it is advice to take.
Years that lived—and years to live,
Wide and weary difference make.
To that elder lady's mood,
Suited silent solitude:
For her lorn heart's wasted soil
Now repaid not hope's sweet toil.
Never more could spring flowers grow
On the worn-out soil below;

But to the young Melusine,
Earth and heaven were yet divine.
Still illusion's purple light
Was upon the morning tide,
And there rose before her sight
The loveliness of life untried.
Three sweet genii,—Youth, Love, Hope,—
Drew her future horoscope.
Must such lights themselves consume?
Must she be her own dark tomb?
But far other thoughts than these—
Life's enchanted fantasies,
Were, with Melusina now,
Stern and dark, contracts her brow;
And her bitten lip is white,
As with passionate resolve.
Mutter'd she,—“It is my right;
On me let the task devolve:
Since such blood to me belongs
I shall seek its own bright sphere;
I will well avenge the wrongs
Of my mother exiled here.”

Two long years are come and past,
And the maiden's lot is cast;—
Cast in mystery and power,
Work'd out by the watching hour,
By the word that spirits tell,
By the sign and by the spell.
Two long years have come and gone,
And the maiden dwells alone.
For the deed which she hath done,
Is she now a banish'd one;—
Banish'd from her mother's arms,
Banish'd by her mother's charms,
With a curse of grief and pain,
Never more to meet again.
Great was the revenge she wrought,
Dearly that revenge was bought.

When the maiden felt her powers,
Straight she found her father's towers,
With a sign, and with a word,
Pass'd she on unseen, unheard.
One, a pallid minstrel born
On Good Friday's mystic morn,
Said she saw a lady there,
Tall and stately, strange and fair,
With a stern and glittering eye,
Like a shadow gliding by.
All was fear and awe next day,
For the king had pass'd away.
He had pledged his court at night,
In the red grape's flowing light.
All his pages saw him sleeping;
Next day there was wail and weeping
Halls and lands were wander'd o'er,
But they saw their king no more.

Strange it is, and sad to tell,
 What the royal knight befell.
 Far upon a desert land,
 Does a mighty mountain stand;
 On its summit there is snow,
 While the bleak pines moan below;
 And within there is a cave
 Open'd for a monarch's grave,
 Bound in an enchanted sleep
 She hath laid him still and deep.
 She, his only child, has made
 That strange tomb where he is laid:
 Nothing more of earth to know,
 Till the final trumpet blow.
 Mortal lip nor mortal ear,
 Were not made to speak nor hear
 That accursed word which seal'd,—
 All those gloomy depths conceal'd.

With a look of joy and pride,
 Then she sought her mother's side.
 Whispering, on her bended knee,
 "O! my mother, joyous be;
 For the mountain torrents spring
 O'er that faithless knight and king."
 Not another word she spoke,
 For her speech a wild shriek broke;
 For the widow'd queen upsprung,
 Wild her pale thin hands she wrung.
 With her black hair falling round,
 Flung her desperate on the ground;
 While young Melusine stood by,
 With a fix'd and fearful eye.

When her agony was past,
 Slowly rose the queen at last;
 With her black hair, like a shroud,
 And her bearing high and proud;
 With the marble of her brow,
 Colder than its custom now:
 And her eye with a strange light,
 Seem'd to blast her daughter's sight.
 And she felt her whole frame shrink,
 And her young heart's pulses sink;
 And the colour left her mouth,

As she saw her mother signing,
 One stern hand towards the south,

Where a strange red star was shining.
 With a mutter'd word and gaze,
 Fix'd upon its vivid rays;
 Then she spoke, but in a tone,
 Hers, yet all unlike her own.—
 "Spirit of our spirit-line,
 Curse for me this child of mine.
 Six days yield not to our powers,
 But the seventh day is ours.
 By yon star, and by our line,
 Be thou cursed, maiden mine."
 Then the maiden felt hot pain
 Run through every burning vein.

Sudden, with a fearful cry,
 Writhes she in her agony;
 Burns her cheek as with a flame,
 For the maiden knows her shame.

PART II.

By a lovely river's side,
 Where the water-lilies glide,
 Pale, as if with constant care
 Of the treasures which they bear,
 For those ivory vases hold
 Each a sunny gift of gold.
 And blue flowers on the banks,
 Grow in wild and drooping ranks,
 Bending mournfully above,
 O'er the waters which they love;
 But which bear off, day by day,
 Their shadow and themselves away.
 Willows by that river grow
 With their leaves half green, half snow,
 Summer never seems to be
 Present all with that sad tree.
 With its bending boughs are wrought
 Tender and associate thought,
 Of the wreaths that maidens wear
 In their long-neglected hair.
 Of the branches that are thrown
 On the last, the funeral stone.
 And of those torn wreaths that suit
 Youthful minstrel's wasted lute.

But the stream is gay to-night
 With the full moon's golden light,
 And the air is sweet with singing,
 And the joyous horn is ringing,
 While fair groups of dancers round
 Circle the enchanted ground.
 And a youthful warrior stands
 Gazing not upon those bands,
 Not upon the lovely scene,
 But upon its lovelier queen,
 Who with gentle word and smile
 Courteous prays his stay awhile.

The fairy of the fountains, she
 A strange and lovely mystery,
 She of whom wild tales have birth,
 When beside a winter hearth,
 By some aged crone is cold,
 Marvel new or legend old.
 But the ladye fronts him there,
 He but sees she is so fair,
 He but hears that in her tone
 Dwells a music yet unknown;
 He but feels that he could die
 For the sweetness of her sigh.
 But how many dreams take flight
 With the dim enamour'd night;

Cold the morning light has shone,
And the fairy train are gone,
Melted in the dewy air,
Lonely stands young Raymond there.
Yet not all alone, his heart
Hath a dream that will not part
From that beating heart's recess;
What that dream that lover's guess.

Yet another year hath flown
In a stately hall alone,
Like an idol in a shrine
Sits the radiant Melusine.
It is night, yet o'er the walls,
Light, but light unearthly, falls.
Not from lamp nor taper thrown,
But from many a precious stone,
With whose variegated shade
Is the azure roof inlaid,
And whose colour'd radiance throws
Hues of violet and rose.
Sixty pillars, each one shining
With a wreath of rubies twining,
Bear the roof—the snow-white floor
Is with small stars studded o'er.
Sixty vases stand between,
Fill'd with perfumes for a queen;
And a silvery cloud exhales
Odours like those fragrant gales,
Which at eve float o'er the sea
From the purple Araby.
Nothing stirs the golden gloom
Of that dim enchanted room.
Not a step is flitting round,
Not a noise except the sound
Of the distant fountains falling,
With a soft perpetual calling,
To the echoes which reply
Musical and mournfully.

Sits the fairy ladye there,
Like a statue, pale and fair;
From her cheek the rose has fled,
Leaving deeper charms instead.
On that marble brow are wrought
Traces of impassion'd thought;
Such as without shade or line
Leave their own mysterious sign.
While her eyes, they are so bright,
Dazzle with imperious light,
Wherefore doth the maiden bend
Wherefore doth the blush ascend,
Crimson even to her brow,
Sight nor step are near her now?
Hidden by her sweeping robe,
Near her stands a crystal globe,
Gifted with strange power to show
All that she desires to know.

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First she sees her palace gate,
With its steps of marble state;
Where two kneeling forms seem weeping
O'er the watch which they are keeping,
While around the dusky boughs
Of a gibbony forest close:
Not for those that blush arose.
But she sees beside the gate,
A young and anxious palmer wait;
Well she knows it is for her,
He has come a worshipper.
For a year and for a day,
Hath he worn his weary way;
Now a sign from that white hand,
And the portals open stand.
But a moment, and they meet,
Raymond kneels him at her feet;
Reading in her downcast eye,
All that women can reply.

Weary, weary had the hours
Pass'd within her fairy bowers;
She was haunted with a dream
Of the knight beside the stream.
Who hath never felt the sense
Of such charm'd influence.
When the shapes of midnight sleep
One beloved object keep,
Which amid the cares of day
Never passes quite away?
Guarded for the sweetest mood
Of our happy solitude,
Link'd with every thing we love,
Flower below or star above:
Sweet spell after sweet spell thrown
Till the wide world is its own.

Turn'd the ladye deadly pale,
As she heard her lover's tale,
"Yes,"—she said,—O! low sweet word,
Only in a whisper heard.
"Yes, if my true heart may be
Worthy, Christian knight, of thee,
By the love that makes thee mine
I am deeply, dearly thine.
But a spell is on me thrown,
Six days may each deed be shown,
But the seventh day must be
Mine, and only known to me.
Never must thy step intrude
On its silent solitude.
Hidden from each mortal eye
Until seven years pass by.
When these seven years are flown,
All my secret may be known.
But if, with suspicious eye,
Thou on those dark hours wilt pry,
Then farewell, beloved in vain,
Never might we meet again."

Gazing on one worshipp'd brow,
 When hath lover spared a vow ?
 With an oath and with a prayer
 Did he win the prize he sought,
 Never was a bride so fair,
 As the bride that Raymond brought
 From the wood's enchanted bowers
 To his old ancestral towers.
 — O, sweet love, could thy first prime

Linger on the steps of time,
 Man would dream the unkind skies
 Shelter'd still a Paradise.
 But, alas, the serpent's skill
 Is amid our gardens still.

Soon a dark inquiring thought
 On the baron's spirit wrought :
 She, who seem'd to love him so,
 Had she aught he might not know ?
 Was it wo, how could she bear
 Grief he did not sooth nor share ?
 Was it guilt ? no—heaven's own grace
 Lighten'd in that loveliest face.
 Then his jealous fancies rose,
 (Our lady keep the mind from those !)
 Like a fire within the brain,
 Maddens that consuming pain.
 Henceforth is no rest by night,
 Henceforth day has no delight
 Life hath agonies that tell
 Of their late left native hell.
 But 'mid their despair is none
 Like that of the jealous one.

'Tis again the fatal day,
 When the ladye must away,
 To her lonely palace made
 Far within the forest shade,
 Where the mournful fountains sweep
 With a voice that seems to weep,
 On that morn Lord Raymond's bride
 Ere the daybreak leaves his side.
 Never does the ladye speak
 But her tears are on his cheek,
 And he hears a stifled moan
 As she leaves him thus alone.
 Hath she then complaint to make,
 Is there yet some spell to break ?
 Come what will, of weal or wo,
 'Tis the best the worst to know.

He hath follow'd—wo, for both,
 That the knight forgot his oath.

Where the silvery fountains fall,
 Stands no more the charmed hall,
 But the dismal yew trees droop,
 And the pines above them stoop,
 While the gloomy branches spread,
 As they would above the dead,
 In some churchyard large and drear
 Haunted with perpetual fear.

Dark and still like some vast grave,
 Near there yawns a night-black cave.
 O'er its mouth wild ivy twines
 There the daylight never shines.
 Beast of prey or dragon's lair,
 Yet the knight hath enter'd there.

Dimly doth the distant day
 Scatter an uncertain ray,
 While strange shapes and ghastly eyes
 'Mid the spectral darkness rise.
 But he hurries on, and near
 He sees a sudden light appear,
 Wan and cold like that strange lamp
 Which amid the charnal's damp
 Shows but brightens not the gloom
 Of the corpse and of the tomb.
 With a cautious step he steals
 To the cave that light reveals.
 'Tis such grotto as might be,
 Nereid's home beneath the sea.
 Crested with the small bright stars
 Of a thousand rainbow spars
 And a fountain from the side
 Pours beneath its crystal tide,
 In a white and marble bath
 Singing on its silvery path ;
 While a meteor's emerald rays
 O'er the lucid water plays.—
 Close beside, with wild flowers laid,
 Is a couch of green moss made.
 There he sees his lady lie ;
 Pain is in her languid eye,
 And amid her hair the dew
 Half obscures its golden hue ;
 Damp and heavy, and unbound,
 Its wan clusters sweep around.
 On her small hand leans her head,—
 See the fever'd cheek is red,
 And the fiery colour rushes
 To her brow in hectic blushes.—
 What strange vigil is she keeping !
 He can hear that she is weeping.—
 He will fling him at her feet,

He will kiss away her tears.
 Ah, what doth his wild eyes meet,

What below that form appears !
 Downwards from that slender waist,
 By a golden zone embraced,
 Do the many folds escape,
 Of the subtle serpent's shape.—
 Bright with many-colour'd dyes
 All the glittering scales arise,
 With a red and purple glow
 Colouring the waves below !
 At the strange and fearful sight,
 Stands in mute despair the knight,—
 Soon to feel a worse despair
 Melusina sees him there !

And to see him is to part
 With the idol of her heart,
 Part as just the setting sun
 Tells the fatal day is done.
 Vanish all those serpent rings,
 To her feet the lady springs,
 And the shriek rings through the cell,
 Of despairing love's farewell,—
 Hope and happiness are o'er,
 They can meet on earth no more.

* * * * *

Years have past since this wild tale—

Still is heard that lady's wail,
 Ever round that ancient tower,
 Ere its lord's appointed hour.
 With a low and moaning breath
 She must mark approaching death,
 While remains Lord Raymond's line
 Doom'd to wander and to pine.
 Yet, before the stars are bright,
 On the evening's purple light,
 She beside the fountain stands
 Wringing sad her shadowy hands,
 May our lady, as long years
 Pass with their atoning tears,
 Pardon with her love divine
 The fountain fairy—Melusine!*

THE HINDOO MOTHER.

SHE leaves it to the sacred stream,
 She leaves it to the tide,
 Her little child—her darling one,
 And she has none beside.

She used to sit beneath the palm,
 Her boy upon her knee;
 And dreaming of the future years,
 That were his own to be:

She saw him with a stately steed,
 The sabre in his hand;
 His pistols gleaming at his waist,
 The foremost of his band:

She saw him with his father's smile,
 Beside some maiden dear;
 She smiled to hear familiar words!
 Alas! and is he here!

* Raymond, first Lord of Lusignan, died as a hermit, at Monserrat. Melusine's was a yet harsher doom: fated to flit over the earth, in pain and sorrow, as a spectre. Only when one of the race of Lusignan were about to die, does she become visible,—and wanders waiting around the Castle. Tradition also represents her shadow as hovering over the Fountain of Thirst.—*Thom's Lays and Legends*.

The light has vanish'd from her day,
 The hope gone from her heart;
 The young, the bright, and the beloved,
 O! how could he depart!

No more his sunny smile will make
 Her own, her household light;
 No more will her sweet voice be heard,
 Above his sleep at night.

Her heart and home are desolate,
 But for one dearest tie;
 But for the father of her child,
 She would lay down and die.

The tide rolls on beneath the moon,
 Down to the mighty main;
 To-morrow may the mother seek,
 And seek her child in vain.*

IMMOLATION OF A HINDOO WIDOW.

GATHER her raven hair in one rich cluster,
 Let the white champac light it, as a star—
 Gives to the dusky night a sudden lustre,
 Shining afar

Shed fragrant oils upon her fragrant bosom,
 Until the breathing air around grows sweet;
 Scatter the languid jasmine's yellow blossom
 Beneath her feet.

* Of the custom alluded to above, Mrs. Belnos gives the following interesting description:—"Hindoos of high caste burn their dead; but if unable to do so from poverty, are forced to throw them into the Ganges, after having performed the ceremony of burning the mouth with a wisp of straw. The expenses attending the burning of the dead are too great for any but the rich. When the infant of a poor Hindoo dies, the wretched mother takes it up in her arms, and carries it to the river, on the bank of which she lays it for some time on a piece of mat, or on the sands; she stands weeping over the body a little while, then retires a few paces back, where she sits down watching for the return of the tide to wash away the body, and to prevent the birds of prey and Pariah dogs from approaching it; at intervals she breaks forth in loud lamentations (something resembling a chant, which is often heard at a great distance) in the following words:—"O! my child! who has taken thee, my child! I nourished thee and reared thee, and now where art thou gone! take me with thee, O! my child, my child! thou play'st'd around me like a gold top, my child! the like of thy face I have never seen, my child! let fire devour the eyes of men, my child! The infant continually called me mah, mah, (mother, mother;) the infant used to say mah, let me sit upon thy lap! my child his father never stayed at home since he was born, my child! my child! but bore him continually in his arms for men to admire. What has become now of that admiration! Evil befall the eyes of men! O! my life, say mah again, my child! my child! My arms and my lap feel empty, who will fill them again? O, my sweet burden, my eyesight has become darkened, now that thou hast vanished from before it!"

Those small white feet are bare—too soft are they
To tread on aught but flowers; and there is roll'd
Round the slight ankle, meet for such display,
The band of gold.

Chains and bright stones are on her arms and
neck;
What pleasant vanities are link'd with them,
Of happy hours, which youth delights to deck
With gold and gem.

She comes! So comes the Moon, when has she
found
A silvery path wherein through heaven to glide!
Fling the white veil—a summer cloud—around;
She is a bride!

And yet the crowd that gather at her side
Are pale, and every gazer holds his breath.
Eyes fill with tears unbidden, for the bride—
The bride of Death!

She gives away the garland from her hair,
She gives the gems that she will wear no more;
All the affections, whose love-signs they were,
Are gone before.

The red pile blazes—let the bride ascend,
And lay her head upon her husband's heart,
Now in a perfect unison to blend—
No more to part.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

"A fair young face—yet mournful in its youth—
Brooding above sad thoughts."

It is the last token of love and of thee!
Thy once faith is broken, thou false one to me.
I think on the letters with which I must part;
Too clear are the fetters which wind round my
heart.

Thy words were enchanted—and ruled me at will;
My spirit is haunted, remembering them still.
So earnest, so tender—the full heart was there;
Ah! song might surrender its lute in despair.

I deem'd that I knew thee as none ever knew;
That 'twas mine to subdue thee, and thine to be
true.
I deem'd to my keeping thy memory had brought
The depths that were sleeping of innermost
thought.

The bitter concealings life's treacheries teach,
The long-subdued feelings the world cannot
reach—

Thy mask to the many was worn not for me;
I saw thee—can any seem like unto thee?

No other can know thee as I, love, have known;
No future will show thee a love like mine own.
That love was no passion that walketh by day,
A fancy—a fashion that fitteth away.

'Twas life's whole emotion—a storm in its might—
'Twas deep as the ocean, and silent as night.
It swept down life's flowers, the fragile and fair,
The heart had no powers from passion to spare.

Thy faults but endear'd thee, so stormy and wild
My lover! I fear'd thee as feareth a child.
They seem'd but the shrouding of spirit too high,
As vapours come crowding the sunniest sky.

I worshipp'd in terror a comet above;
Ah! fatal the error—ah! fatal the love!
For thy sake life never will charm me again;
Its beauty forever is vanish'd and vain.

Thou canst not restore me the depth and the truth
Of the hopes that came o'er me in earliest youth.
Their gloss is departed—their magic is flown,
And sad and faint-hearted I wander alone.

'Tis vain, to regret me—you will not regret;
You will try to forget me—you cannot forget.
We shall hear of each other—O! misery to hear
Those names from another that once were so dear!

What slight words will sting us that breathe of
the past,
And slight things will bring us thoughts fated to
last.

The fond hopes that centred in thee are all dead,
But the iron has enter'd the soul where they fed.

Like others in seeming, we'll walk through life's
part,
Cold, careless, and dreaming,—with death in the
heart,
No hope—no repentance; the spring of life o'er;
All died with that sentence—I love thee no
more!

SCENES IN LONDON:—PICCADILLY.

The sun is on the crowded street,
It kindles those old towers;
Where England's noblest memories meet,
Of old historic hours.

Vast, shadowy, dark, and indistinct,
Tradition's giant fane,
Whereto a thousand years are link'd,
In one electric chain.

So stands it when the morning light
First steals upon the skies ;
And shadow'd by the fallen night,
The sleeping city lies.

It stands with darkness round it cast,
Touch'd by the first cold shine ;
Vast, vague, and mighty as the past
Of which it is the shrine.

'Tis lovely when the moonlight falls
Around the sculptured stone,
Giving a softness to the walls,
Like love that mourns the gone.

Then comes the gentlest influence
The human heart can know,
The mourning over those gone hence
To the still dust below.

The smoke, the noise, the dust of day,
Have vanish'd from the scene ;
The pale lamps gleam with spirit ray
O'er the park's sweeping green.

Sad shining on her lonely path,
The moon's calm smile above,
Seems as it lull'd life's toil and wrath
With universal love.

Past that still hour, and its pale moon,
The city is alive ;
It is the busy hour of noon,
When man must seek and strive.

The pressure of our actual life
Is on the waking brow ;
Labour and care, endurance, strife,
These are around him now.

How wonderful the common street,
Its tumult and its throng ;
The hurrying of the thousand feet
That bear life's cares along.

How strongly is the present felt,
With such a scene beside ;
All sounds in one vast murmur melt
The thunder of the tide.

All hurry on—none pause to look
Upon another's face :
The present is an open book
None read, yet all must trace.

The poor man hurries on his race,
His daily bread to find !
The rich man has yet wearier chase,
For pleasure's hard to bind.

All hurry, though it is to pass
For which they live so fast—

What doth the present but amass,
The wealth that makes the past.

The past is round us—those old spires
That glimmer o'er our head ;
Not from the present is their fires,
Their light is from the dead.

But for the past, the present's powers
Were waste of toil and mind ;
But for those long and glorious hours
Which leave themselves behind.

WARKWORTH HERMITAGE.*

THE lonely cavern, like a chapel carved,
Is situate amid the lonely hills ;
The scutcheon, cross, and altar hewn in rock,
And by the altar is cenotaph.
In marble there a lovely lady lies ;
An angel, with a welcome at her side,
A welcome to the soul he beareth heaven.
And near a warrior stands—the desolate !
The wide earth only holds one tomb for him.
Such must have been his history, who first
Cut this sad hermitage within the rock :
Some spirit-broken and world-weary man,

* Warkworth Hermitage is situated about half a mile above Warkworth castle, on the brink of the Coquet river. This venerable retreat is probably the best preserved and the most entire work of its kind now remaining in the kingdom. It contains three apartments, all of them formed by excavation of the solid rock, and impends over the river clothed in a rich mantle of ancient trees, remains of the venerable woods which in olden times sheltered the inmates of this romantic solitude. Mr. Grose, in his *Antiquities*, "ventures to call the three apartments, by way of distinction, the chapel, the sacristy, and antechapel."

The chapel is eighteen feet in length, by about seven and a half in width and height; and is beautifully modelled in the Gothic style of architecture. The sides are adorned with neat octagon pillars, branching off to the ceiling, and terminating in small pointed arches at the groins. At the east end is a plain altar, ascended by two steps; and behind is a little niche, in which was probably placed the crucifix.

The sacristy is a plain oblong apartment, running parallel with the chapel. The remains of an altar may still be seen at the east end, at which mass was occasionally performed. Between this room and the chapel is a small opening, whence the hermit might make confession, and behold the elevation of the host. Near this opening is a door leading into the chapel, and over it a small escutcheon with all the emblems of the passion—the cross—the crown of thorns—the nails—the spear—and the sponge. On the south side of the altar is a cenotaph supporting three figures; the principal one being that of a female, over whom an angel is hovering; the remaining figure is a warrior, in an erect position, at the lady's feet.

The beautiful ballad by Bishop Percy, in which he has recorded the traditional history of this hermitage, is familiar to the readers of English poetry.

Whose love was in the grave—whose hope in
heaven.

Yet a fine nature must have been his own ;
A sense of beauty—and a strong delight
In the brave seeming of the visible world,
Whose loveliness is like a sympathy.
Winds the fair river through the vale below,
With sunshine on its waters. Green the woods
Hang the far summits with their changeful shade.
In the soft summer fields are many flowers,
Which breathe at evening on the scented wind.
Still the wild cherry trees are growing round,
Which first he planted,—yet he loved the
world—

The bright—the beautiful—the glorious world—
But loved it as those love who love on earth,
Only the hope that looketh up to heaven.

THE SNOWDROP.

Thou beautiful new comer,
With white and maiden brow ;
Thou fairy gift from summer,
Why art thou blooming now ?
This dim and shelter'd alley
Is dark with winter green ;
Not such as in the valley
At sweet springtime is seen.

The lime tree's tender yellow,
The aspen's silvery sheen,
With mingling colours mellow
The universal green.

Now solemn yews are bending
'Mid gloomy fires around ;
And in long dark wreaths descending,
The ivy sweeps the ground.

No sweet companion pledges
Thy health as dewdrops pass ;
No rose is on the hedges,
No violet in the grass.
Thou art watching, and thou only,
Above the earth's snow tomb ;
Thus lovely, and thus lonely,
I bless thee for thy bloom.

Though the singing rill be frozen,
While the wind forsakes the west ;
Though the singing birds have chosen
Some lone and silent rest ;
Like thee, one sweet thought lingers
In a heart else cold and dead,
Though the summer's flowers, and singers,
And sunshine, long hath fled :

'Tis the love for long years cherish'd,
Yet lingering, lorn, and lone ;
Though its lovelier lights have perish'd,
And its earlier hopes are flown.
Though a weary world hath bound it,
With many a heavy thrall ;
And the cold and changed surround it,
It blossometh o'er all.

THE ASTROLOGER.

ALAS ! for our ancient believings,
We have nothing now left to believe ;
The oracle, augur, and omen
No longer dismay and deceive.

All hush'd are the oaks of Dodona ;
No more on the winds of the north,
As it sways to and fro the huge branches,
The voice of the future comes forth.

No more o'er the flower-wreathed victim
The priest at the red altar bends :
No more on the flight of the vulture
The dark hour of victory depends.

The stars have forgotten their science,
Or we have forgotten its lore ;
In the rulers, the bright ones of midnight,
We question of fortune no more.

O folly ! to deem that far planets
Recorded the hour of our birth ;
To glorious they are, and too lovely,
For the wo and the weakness of earth.

Now the science of fate is grown lowly,
We question of gipsies and cards ;
'Tis a question how much of the actual
The fate of the votary rewards.

'Tis the same in all ages ; the future
Still seems to the spirit its home ;
We are weary and worn with the present,
But happiness still is to come.

THE INDIAN GIRL.

SHE sat alone beside her hearth—
For many nights alone ;
She slept not on the pleasant couch
Where fragrant herbs were strown.

At first she bound her raven hair
With feather and with shell ;
But then she hoped ; at length, like night,
Around her neck it fell.

They saw her wandering 'mid the woods,
Lone, with the cheerless dawn,
And then they said, "Can this be her
We call'd 'The Startled Fawn.'"

Her heart was in her large sad eyes,
Half sunshine and half shade;
And love, as love first springs to life,
Of every thing afraid.

The red leaf far more heavily
Fell down to autumn earth,
Than her light feet, which seem'd to move
To music and to mirth.

With the light feet of early youth,
What hopes and joys depart!
Ah! nothing like the heavy step
Betrays the heavy heart.

It is a usual history
That Indian girl could tell;
Fate sets apart one common doom
For all who love too well.

The proud—the shy—the sensitive,—
Life has not many such;
They dearly buy their happiness,
By feeling it too much.

A stranger to her forest home,
That fair young stranger came
They raised for him the funeral song—
For him the funeral flame.

Love sprang from pity,—and her arms
Around his arms she threw;
She told her father, "If he dies,
Your daughter dieth too."

For her sweet sake they set him free—
He linger'd at her side;
And many a native song yet tells
Of that pale stranger's bride.

Two years have pass'd—how much two years
Have taken in their flight!
They've taken from the lip its smile,
And from the eye its light.

Poor child! she was a child in years—
So timid and so young;
With what a fond and earnest faith
To desperate hope she clung!

His eyes grew cold—his voice grew strange—
They only grew more dear.
She served him meekly, anxiously,
With love—half faith, half fear.

And can a fond and faithful heart
Be worthless in those eyes
For which it beats?—Ah! wo to those
Who such a heart despise.

Poor child! what lonely days she pass'd,
With nothing to recall
But bitter taunts, and careless words,
And looks more cold than all.

Alas! for love, that sits at home,
Forsaken, and yet fond;
The grief that sits beside the hearth,
Life has no grief beyond.

He left her, but she follow'd him—
She thought he could not bear
When she had left her home for him
To look on her despair.

Adown the strange and mighty stream
She took her lonely way!
The stars at night her pilots were,
As was the sun by day.

Yet mournfully—how mournfully!—
The Indian look'd behind,
When the last sound of voice or step
Died on the midnight wind.

Yet still adown the gloomy stream
She plied her weary oar;
Her husband—he had left their home,
And it was home no more.

*She found him—but she found in vain—
He spurn'd her from his side;
He said, her brow was all too dark,
For her to be his bride.

She grasp'd his hands,—her own were cold,—
And silent turn'd away,
As she had not a tear to shed,
And not a word to say.

And pale as death she reach'd her boat,
And guided it along;
With broken voice she strove to raise
A melancholy song.

None watch'd the lonely Indian girl,—
She pass'd unmark'd of all,
Until they saw her slight canoe
Approach the mighty Fall!*

Upright, within that slender boat
They saw the pale girl stand,
Her dark hair streaming far behind—
Upraised her desperate hand.

* Niagara.

The air is fill'd with shriek and shout—
 They call, but call in vain ;
 The heat amid the waters dash'd—
 'Twas never seen again !

THE HINDOO GIRL'S SONG.

This song alludes to a well-known superstition among the young Hindoo girls. They make a little boat out of a coconut shell, place a small lamp and flowers within this tiny ark of the heart, and launch it upon the Ganges. If it float out of sight with its lamp still burning, the omen is prosperous : if it sinks, the love of which it questions, is ill-fated.

Float on—float on—my haunted bark,
 Above the midnight tide ;
 Bear softly o'er the waters dark
 The hopes that with thee glide.

Float on—float on—thy freight is flowers,
 And every flower reveals
 The dreaming of my lonely hours,
 The hope my spirit feels.

Float on—float on—thy shining lamp,
 The light of love, is there ;
 If lost beneath the waters damp,
 That love must then despair.

Float on—beneath the moonlight float,
 The sacred billows o'er :
 Ah, some kind spirit guards my boat,
 For it has gain'd the shore.

THE RUSH-BEARING AT AMBLESIDE.*

SUMMER is come, with her leaves and her flowers—
 Summer is come, with the sun on her hours ;
 The lark in the clouds, and the thrush on the
 bough,
 And the dove in the thicket, make melody now.
 The noon is abroad, but the shadows are cool
 Where the green rushes grow in the dark forest
 pool.

* In the olden time, when the churches were strewn with rushes, the ceremony of changing them was a yearly religious festival. The custom, once universal, now lingers only in some of the remote northern districts. There, bunches of rushes, gayly ornamented, attended by banners and music, are still borne in triumph by the young people of the village. Last remains of that pastoral poetry which once characterized "merrie England."

We seek not the hedges where violets blow,
 There alone in the twilight of evening we go ;
 They are love-tokens offer'd, when heavy with
 dew,

To a lip yet more fragrant—an eye yet more blue.
 But leave them alone to their summer-soft dream—
 We seek the green rushes that grow by the stream.

Away from the meadow, although the long grass
 Be fill'd with young flowers that smile as we
 pass ;

Where the bird's eye is bright as the sapphires that
 shine

When the hand of a beauty is deck'd from the
 mine.

We want not their gems, and we want not their
 flowers,

But we seek the green rush in the dark forest
 bowers.

The cowslip is ringing its fairylike chime,
 Sweet bells, by whose music Titania keeps time :
 The rose bush is cover'd with cups that unfold
 Their petals that tremble in delicate gold.

But we seek not their blossoms in garlands to
 blend,

We seek the green rush where the willow trees
 bend.

The green rush, the green rush, we bear it along
 To the church of our village with triumph and
 song ;

We strew the cold chancel, and kneel on it there,
 While its fresh odours rise with our voices in
 prayer.

Hark the peal from the old tower in praise of it
 rings,

Let us seek the green rush by the deep woodland
 springs.

THE YOUNG DESTRUCTIVE.

In truth, I do not wonder
 To see them scatter'd round ;
 So many leaves of knowledge—
 Some fruit must sure be found.

The Eton Latin Grammar
 Has now its verbs declined ;
 And those of Lindley Murray
 Are not so far behind.

O! days of bread and water—
 How many I recall,
 Past—sent into the corner ;
 Your face towards the wall.

O! boundaries of Europe!
 O! rivers great and small!
 O! islands, gulfs, and capitals!
 How I abhor'd ye all!

And then those dreadful tables
 Of shillings, pence, and pounds!
 Though I own their greater trouble
 In after life abounds.

'Tis strange how memory lingers
 About those early hours;
 And we talk of happy childhood,
 As if such had been ours.

But distance lends enchantment
 To all we suffer'd then;
 Thank Heaven, that I never
 Can be a child again!

FISHING BOATS IN THE MONSOON.

THE western coasts of India abound with a great variety of fish, of excellent quality; and a considerable population in the villages along the seashore is occupied in catching it, and, in a great measure, subsist upon it. The mode of catching the fish is as follows: piles or stakes, of considerable size and length, are sunk and secured at certain distances from the shore, extending sometimes several miles out to sea; these are driven or forced down by fastenings boats to them at high water, heavily laden with ballast, which, by their own weight as the tide falls, force the stakes deeper into the sandy or muddy bottom. This operation is further assisted at the same time by a number of boatmen swaying upon ropes made fast to the upper part of the stake. To the stakes are attached nets of great length, and of very tough materials, capable of sustaining the weight of such draughts as occasionally appear almost miraculous, exhibiting a motley assemblage of varieties of fish and other marine productions.

Burn yet awhile, my wasting lamp,
 Though long the night may be;
 The wind is rough, the air is damp,
 Yet burn awhile for me.

The peepul tree beside our door,
 How dark its branches were;
 They seem as they were drooping o'er
 Its usual haunt, the grave.

Why was it planted here to bring
 The images of death?
 Surely some gladder tree should spring
 Near human hope and breath.

O dove that dwellest its leaves among,
 I hear thee on the bough;
 I hear thy melancholy song,
 Why art thou singing now!

(39)

All things are omens to the heart
 That keeps a vigil lone,
 When wearily the hours depart,
 And yet night is not flown.

I see the lights amid the bay,
 How pale and wan they shine;
 O wind, that wanderest on thy way,
 Say which of them is mine.

A weary lot the fisher hath
 Of danger and of toil,
 Over the wild waves is his path,
 Amid their depths his spoil.

I cannot hear the wind go by
 Without a sudden fear;
 I cannot look upon the sky,
 Nor fear that storms are near.

I look upon the sunny sea,
 And think of rocks below;
 Still present are the shoals to me
 O'er which my love must go.

I cannot sleep as others sleep,
 Night has more care than day;
 My heart is out upon the deep,
 I weep—I watch—I pray.

Ah, see a speck the waves among,
 A light boat cuts the foam,
 The wild wind beareth me his song,
 Thank God, he is come home.

SCENES IN LONDON.

THE SAVOYARD IN GROSVENOR SQUARE.

He stands within the silent square,
 That square of taste, of gloom;
 A heavy weight is on the air,
 Which hangs as o'er a tomb.

It is a tomb which wealth and rank
 Have built themselves around—
 The general sympathies have shrunk,
 Like flowers on high dry ground.

None heed the wandering boy who sings,
 An orphan though so young;
 None think how far the singer brings
 The songs which he has sung.

None cheer him with a kindly look,
 None with a kindly word;
 The singer's little pride must brook
 To be unpraised, unheard.

At home, their sweet bird he was styled,
And oft, when days were long,
His mother call'd her favourite child,
To sing her favourite song.

He wanders now through weary streets,
Till cheek and eye are dim;
How little sympathy he meets,
For music or for him.

Sudden his dark brown cheek grows bright,
His dark eyes fill with glee,
Cover'd with blossoms snowy-white,
He sees an orange tree.

No more the toil-worn face is pale,
No faltering step is sad;
He sees his distant native vale,
He sees it, and is glad.

He sees the squirrel climb the pine,
The doves fly through the dell,
The purple clusters of the vine;
He hears the vesper bell.

His heart is full of hope and home,
Toil, travel, are no more;
And he has happy hours to come
Beside his father's door.

O charm of natural influence!
But for thy lovely ties,
Never might the world-wearied sense
Above the present rise.

Bless'd be thy magic every where,
O Nature, gentle mother;
How kindlier is for us thy care,
Than ours is for each other.

BEVERLEY MINSTER.

BUILT in far other times, those sculptured walls
Attest the faith which our forefathers felt,
Strong faith, whose visible presence yet remains;
We pray with deeper reverence at a shrine
Hallow'd by many prayers. For years, long years,
Years that make centuries—those dimlit aisles,
Where rainbows play, from colour'd windows
flung,

Have echo'd to the voice of prayer and praise;
With the last lights of evening sitting round,
Making a rosy atmosphere of hope.
The vesper hymn hath risen, bearing heaven,
But purified the many cares of earth.
How oft has music rock'd those ancient towers,
When the deep bells were tolling; as they rung,
The castle and the hamlet, high and low,

Obeys the summons: earth grew near to God,
The piety of ages is around.
Many the heart that has before yon cross
Laid down the burden of its heavy cares,
And felt a joy that is not of this world.
There are both sympathy and warning here;
Methinks as down we kneel by those old graves
The past will pray with us.

THE MONTMORENCY WATERFALL AND CONE.

"WHEN the river St. Lawrence is frozen below the Falls, the level ice becomes a support on which the freezing spray descends as sleet; it there remains, and gradually assumes the figure of an irregular cone, which continues to enlarge its dimensions till, towards the close of the winter, it becomes stupendous. The height of the cone varies considerably, in different seasons; as the quantity of spray depends on the supply of water to the Falls—the spray, of course, being most dense when the rush of water is strong and impetuous. In 1829 and 1832, it did not reach a greater altitude than one hundred and thirty feet. The face of the cone, opposite to the Falls, differs from the rest of its surface, it being composed of stalactites; this formation arises from the dashing of the water against its base, which freezes in its descent, and by the continual action produces enormous icicles."—"The formation of this cone may serve to explain the origin of glaciers."

"To the inhabitants of Quebec, the cone is a source of endless amusement. When the weather is temperate, parties in single-horse curricles and tandems are seen hurrying to the spot, to enjoy the beauty of the scene, and to make descents, upon small sleighs, from the top of the cone to the plain below."

We do not ask for the leaves and flowers
That laugh as they look on the summer hours;
Let the violets shrink and sigh,
Let the red rose pine and die:
The sledge is yoked, away we go,
Amid the firs, o'er the soundless snow.

Lo! the pine is singing its murmuring song,
Over our heads as we pass along;
And every bough with pearl is hung,
Whiter than those that from ocean sprung.
The sledge is yoked, away we go,
Amid the firs, o'er the soundless snow.

The ice is bright with a thousand dyes
Like the changeful light in a beauty's eyes.
Now it weareth her blush, and now
It weareth the white of her marble brow.
The sledge is yoked, and away we go,
Beneath the firs, o'er the soundless snow.

We are wrapp'd with ermine and sable round,
By the Indian in trackless forests found;

The sunbeams over the white world shine,
And we carry with us the purple wine.
The sledge is yoked, and away we go,
Beneath the fir, o'er the soundless snow.

DUNOLD MILL-HOLE,*

IN THE VILLAGE OF KELLET, ABOUT FIVE MILES FROM
LANCASTER.

I FLT from the face of my foe in his might,
I ask from the sky but the shadow of night,
I am lonely, yet dread lest the wandering wind
Should bring me the step or the voice of my
kind.

I hear the soft voices that sing in the cave,
When from the rent limestone out-gushes the
wave;
While the echoes that haunt the dim caverns re-
peat,
The music they make in repeating more sweet.

There are colours like rainbows spread over the
wall,
For the damps treasure sunbeams wherever they
fall;
In each little nook where the daylight finds room
Wild flow'rets like fairy gifts burst into bloom.

The small lakes are mirrors, which give back
the sky,
The stars in their depths on a dark midnight lie,
I gaze not on heaven—I dare not look there,
But I watch the deep shadows, and know my de-
spair.

From the sparry roof falls a perpetual shower,
Doth nature then weep o'er some evil-starr'd hour,
While memory all that it mourns for endears,
Such sorrow is gentle, for blessed are tears.

I weep not, I sit in my silence alone,
My heart, like the rock that surrounds me, is
stone,
Beside me forever a pale shadow stands,
My hands clasp for prayer, but there's blood on
those hands.

I rue not my anger—I rue but my shame:
Let my old halls be lonely, and perish my name!

* A rugged path leads to this beautiful and spacious cavern, which may well, in former days, have been the place of refuge supposed in the foregoing poem. The brook which runs through it is broken by the pointed rock into many waterfalls, and also feeds several small lakes; a spring trickles from the roof, and the sides are covered with a profusion of moss, and weeds, and wild flowers. Like most of these caverns, the walls are covered with sparry incrustations.

She made them lonely, 'twas she flung the stain,
I slew her while sleeping—I'd slay her again.

O sweet bird, that lovest in that old tree to
sing,

Whose home is the free air, I envy thy wing,
Yet where'er those wild wings my spirit might
bear,

She still must be with me, the false and the fair.

RUINS ABOUT THE TAJ MAHAL.

AN arid plain leads to the luxuriant gardens which still adorn the mausoleum where Nour Jahan and the lovely partner of his throne "sleep the sleep that knows no waking." Ponds of gold and silver fish are the common ornaments of a great man's grounds in India. They are covered after sunset with a gauze frame, to protect them from their various nightly enemies. Notwithstanding the care taken for their preservation, they often become the prey of the kingfisher. Tombs in India are palaces, vast and immutable as the slumbers which they cover. As it to add the contrast of natural fertility to human decay, the garden always surrounds the grave.

MOURNFULLY they pass away,
The dearest and the fairest;
Beauty, thou art common clay,
Common doom thou sharest.
Though the rose bestow its dyes
For a blush too tender;
Though the stars endow thine eyes
With their midnight splendour.

Though thy smiles around thee fling
Atmosphere elysian;
Though thy presence seems to spring
Like a poet's vision;
Though the full heart worship thee,
Like a thing enchanted;
Though the cold earth common be,
When thy touch is wanted:

Yet thou dost decay and die,
And beside thee perish
All that grew beneath thine eye,
All that we wont cherish,
Every gentle hope and thought
Which thou bearest hither;
Hues from thine own heaven brought,
Hues thou takest thither.

Fare thee well—thou soon art flown
From a world that loved thee;
Heaven, that claims thee for its own,
Soon from us removed thee.
Here thy shadows only come,
Fleeting, though divinest;
But in thine eternal home
Steadfastly thou shinest

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

It is the fruit of waking hours
When others are asleep,
When moaning round the low thatch'd roof
The winds of winter creep.

It is the fruit of summer days
Past in a gloomy room,
When others are abroad to taste
The pleasant morning bloom.

'Tis given from a scanty store
And miss'd while it is given :
'Tis given—for the claims of earth
Are less than those of heaven.

Few save the poor feel for the poor,
The rich know not how hard
It is to be of needful food
And needful rest debar'd.

Their paths are paths of plenteousness ;
They sleep on silk and down,
And never think how heavily
The weary head lies down.

They know not of the scanty meal
With small pale faces round ;
No fire upon the cold, damp hearth,
When snow is on the ground.

They never by their window sit,
And see the gay pass by ;
Yet take their weary work again,
Though with a mournful eye.

The rich, they give—they miss it not—
A blessing cannot be
Like that which rests, thou widow'd one,
Upon thy gift and thee !

SIR THOMAS HARDY,

GOVERNOR OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

SILENCE is now upon the seas,
The silent seas of yore ;
The thunder of the cannonade
Awakes the wave no more.

The battle-flag droops o'er the mast,
There quiet let it sleep ;
For it hath won in wilder hours
Its empire o'er the deep.

Now let it wave above their home,
Of those who fought afar ;
The victors of the Baltic sea,
The brave of Trafalgar.

Upon a terrace by the Thames,
I saw the Admiral stand ;
He who received the latest clasp*
Of Nelson's dying hand.

Age, toil, and care had somewhat bow'd
His bearing proud and high ;
But yet resolve was on his lip,
And fire was in his eye.

I felt no wonder England holds
Dominion o'er the seas ;
Still the red cross will face the world,
While she hath men like these.

And gather'd there beneath the sun
Were loitering veterans old ;
As if of former victories
And former days they told.

No prouder trophy hath our isle,
Though proud her trophies be,
Than that old palace where are housed
The veterans of the sea.

Her other domes—her wealth, her pride,
Her science may declare ;
But Greenwich hath the noblest claim,
Her gratitude is there.

ESKDALE, CUMBERLAND.†

O ! no : I do not wish to see
The sunshine o'er these hills again ;
Their quiet beauty wakes in me
A thousand wishes wild and vain.

I hear the skylark's matin songs
Breathe of the heaven he singeth near ;
Ah ! heaven, that to our earth belongs,
Why is thy hope so seldom here ?

* His favourite captain;—Nelson died in Sir Thomas Hardy's arms. Too long for extract here, the account of that battle and death is at once the most exciting and yet touching record I know in English history.

† In the midst of these secluded mountain districts, says Mr. Warren in his Northern Tour, lives one of the most independent, most moral, and most respectable characters existing, the estatesman, as he is called in the language of the country, whose hospitality to the wayfarer and traveller has been thus touchingly illustrated :—"Go," said an estatesman to a person whom he had entertained for some days at his house, "go to the vale on the other side of the mountain, to the house of ———, (naming the party,) and tell him you came from me. I know him not, but he will receive you kindly, for our sheep mingle on the mountains."

The grass is fill'd with early flowers,
Whereon the dew is scarcely dry;
While singing to the silent hours,
The glittering waves are murmuring by.

And fancies from afar are brought
By magic lights and wandering wind;
Such scene hath poet never sought,
But he hath left his heart behind.

It is too sad to feel how blest
In such a spot might be our home;
And then to think with what unrest
Throughout this weary world we roam.

SCENES IN LONDON:

THE CITY CHURCHYARD.

If there be one object more material, more revolting, more gloomy than another, it is a crowded churchyard in a city. It has neither sympathy nor memory. The pressed-down stones lie heavy upon the very heart. The sunshine cannot get at them for smoke. There is a crowd; and, like most crowds, there is no companionship. Sympathy is the softener of death, and memory of the loved and the lost is the earthly shadow of their immortality. But who turns aside amid those crowds that hurry through the thronged and noisy streets?—No one can love London better than I do; but never do I wish to be buried there. It is the best place in the world for a house, and the worst for a grave. An Irish patriot once candidly observed to me, "Give me London to live in; but let me die in green Ireland!"—now, this is precisely my opinion.

I PRAY thee lay me not to rest
Among these mouldering bones,
Too heavily the earth is prest
By all these crowded stones.

Life is too gay—life is too near—
With all its pomp and toil;
I pray thee, do not lay me here,
In such a world-struck soil.

The ceaseless roll of wheels would wake
The slumbers of the dead;
I cannot bear for life to make
Its pathway o'er my head.

The flags around are cold and drear,
They stand apart, alone;
And no one ever pauses here,
To sorrow for the gone.

No: lay me in the far green fields
The summer sunshine cheers;
And where the early wild flower yields
The tribute of its tears;

Where shadows the sepulchral yew,
Where droops the willow tree;
Where the long grass is fill'd with dew
O! make such grave for me!

And passers-by, at evening's close,
Will pause beside the grave,
And moralize o'er the repose
They fear, and yet they crave.

Perhaps some kindly hand may bring
Its offering to the tomb;
And say, as fades the rose in spring,
So fade human bloom.

But here there is no kindly thought
To soothe, and to relieve;
No fancies and no flowers are brought,
That soften while they grieve.

Here Poesy and Love come not—
It is a world of stone;
The grave is bought—is closed—forgot!
And then life hurries on.

Sorrow, and beauty—nature—love
Redeem man's common breath;
Ah! let them shed the grave above—
Give loveliness to death.

BORRO BOEDOOR.*

AN ancient temple of an ancient faith,
When man, to show the vanity of man,
Was left to his own fantasies. All life
Was conscious of a God;—the sun, the wind,
The mighty ocean, and the distant stars,
Become his prototypes. At length there came
The great appointed hour; the Truth shone forth,
The living waters of the Gospel flow'd,
And earth drank life and hope. The work is still
Gradual and incomplete;—it is man's task,
And more his glorious privilege, to aid.
Our England is a living fountain now,
Whence flow the waves of life,—eternal life.

O, what a power and duty is our own!
'Tis ours to shed upon man's present day
The blessing of the future and the past.
How much of India yet in darkness lies!
We must dethrone the idol, and dispel
The shadows that but herald the true faith.—

* The temple of Borro Boedoor was in former days the most celebrated Budha temple in the Island of Java, equally distinguished for its extent and its magnificence.

We must give peace, love, charity, to earth ;
 And from old superstitions, vain beliefs,
 And false religions, realize the true :
 So morning springs from out the depths of night.

THE PHANTOM.

I come from my home in the depth of the sea,
 I come that thy dreams may be haunted by me ;
 Not as we parted, the rose on my brow,
 But shadowy, silent, I visit thee now.
 The time of our parting was when the moon shone,
 Of all heaven's daughters the loveliest one ;
 No cloud in her presence, no star at her side,
 She smiled on her mirror and vassal, the tide.

Unbroken its silver, undream'd of its swell,
 There was hope, and not fear, in our midnight
 farewell ;

While drooping around were the wings white and
 wild,

Of the ship that was sleeping, as slumbers a child.
 I turn'd to look from thee, to look on the bowers,
 Which thou hast been training in sunshine and
 shower ;

So thick were the green leaves, the sun and the
 rain

Sought to pierce through the shelter from summer
 in vain.

It was not its ash tree, the home of the wren,
 And the haunt of the bee, I was thinking of then ;
 Nor yet of the violets, sweet on the air,
 But I thought of the true love who planted them
 there.

I come to thee now, my long hair on the gale,
 It is wreath'd with no red rose, is bound with no
 veil,

It is dark with the sea damps, and wet with the
 spray,

The gold of its auburn has long past away.

And dark is the cavern wherein I have slept,
 There the seal and the dolphin their vigil have
 kept ;

And the roof is incrust'd with white coral cells,
 Wherein the strange insect that buildeth them
 dwells.

There is life in the shells that are strew'd o'er the
 sands,

Not fill'd but with music as on our own strands ;
 Around me are whitening the bones of the dead,
 And a starfish has grown to the rock overhead.

Sometimes a vast shadow goes darkly along,
 The shark or the sword-fish, the fearful and
 strong :

There is fear in the eyes that are glaring around,
 As they pass like the spectres of death without
 sound :

Over rocks, without summer, the dull sea-weeds
 trail,

And the blossoms that hang there are scentless and
 pale ;

Amid their dark garlands, the water-snakes glide,
 And the sponge, like the moss, gathers thick at
 their side.

O ! would that the sunshine could fall on my
 grave,

That the wild flower and willow could over it
 wave ;

O ! would that the daisies grew over my sleep,
 That the tears of the morning could over me weep.
 Thou art pale 'mid the dreams, I shall trouble no
 more,

The sorrow that kept me from slumber is o'er :
 To the depths of the ocean in peace I depart,
 For I still have a grave greener far in thy heart !

FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY.*

Alas, alas ! those ancient towers,
 Where never now the vespers ring,
 But lonely at the midnight hours,
 Flits by the bat on dusky wing.

No more beneath the moonlight dim,
 No more beneath the planet ray,
 Those arches echo with the hymn
 That bears life's meaner cares away.

No more within some cloister'd cell,
 With windows of the sculptured stone,
 By sign of cross, and sound of bell,
 The world-worn heart can beat alone.

How needful some such tranquil place,
 Let many a weary one attest,
 Who turns from life's impatient race,
 And asks for nothing but for rest.

How many, too heart-sick to roam,
 Still longer o'er the troubled wave,
 Would thankful turn to such a home—
 A home already half a grave.

* The remains of Fountain's Abbey are considered the finest in England. The cloisters are a vast extent of straight vault, three hundred feet long, and forty-two broad ; divided lengthways by nineteen pillars and twenty arches ; each pillar divides into eight ribs at the top, which diverge and intersect each other on the roof. Here is a large stone basin, the remains of a fountain.

DR. ADAM CLARKE AND THE TWO PRIESTS OF BUDHA.

I HAVE rarely been so interested as by the account Sir Alexander Johnstone gave me of the two young Priests, whose enterprise had as many difficulties, and a far higher object, than our forefathers' pilgrimages to the Holy Land. They waited on Sir Alexander, to consult him as to the means of reaching England. Lady Johnstone's health, rendering an instant return imperative, he had fitted out a small vessel, whose accommodations were too limited to admit more than his own family and suite. In this ship, however, they worked their way as common sailors. Before we can appreciate this sacrifice, we must understand that they were of birth, education, and high standing in their own country. Let us for a moment suppose one of our prelates working before the mast on a mission of Christian faith; we shall then comprehend the depth and sincerity of the belief that urged the young Cingalese. Sir Alexander placed them under the care of Dr. Adam Clarke, of Liverpool, rightly judging that London, with its usual selfish and stimulating course of dissipation, would defeat the high purposes of their visit. The progress of the strangers was so satisfactory, that at the end of two years Dr. Clarke publicly baptized them. They returned to Ceylon, where one is employed as a Missionary, and the other is an officer in the civil service. The benefit of their example and instruction may be more easily imagined than calculated.

THEY heard it in the rushing wind,
They read it in the sky;
They felt it in the thousand flowers
That by the river sigh;

That there must be some holier faith
Than they themselves had known,
Whose temple was within the heart,
And not of brick nor stone.

They saw this world was very fair,
And question'd of what hand,
That with the beautiful and good
Had gifted sea and land.

Their idols answer'd not—the mind
Ask'd something more divine
Than ever breathed from carved wood,
Or from the golden shrine.

They heard of more exalted hopes,
Revealing God above,
That spoke a universal creed,
Of universal love,

And look'd beyond the little space
That is appointed here,
And made of yonder glorious heaven
Men's own and native sphere.

They craved for knowledge, whose pure light
Might pierce the moral gloom;
They left the temple of their race,
They left their father's tomb:

They left them for a distant isle,
Far o'er the distant main;
But they were strong in faith, and felt
It would not be in vain.

What high and holy thoughts sustain'd
Their progress o'er the sea,
They left their home, which never more
Again their home might be;

A power far mightier than their own
Was with them night and day;
They fear'd not, and they falter'd not
God kept them on their way.

At last they reach'd our English isle,
The glorious and the free:
O England, in thine hour of pride
How much is ask'd of thee?

Thy ships have master'd many a sea,
Thy victories many a land;
A power almost as strong as fate
Is in thy red right hand.

A nobler enterprise awaits
Thy triumph and thy toil;
'Tis thine to sow the seeds of good
In many a foreign soil.

Freedom, and knowledge, justice, truth,
Are gifts which should be thine;
And, more than all, that purer faith
Which maketh men divine.

Those strangers sought an English home,
And there they learnt to know
Those hopes which sweeten life and cheer,
Yet have no rest below.

They learnt to hush in foreign words
The faith of foreign prayer,
Yet felt it a familiar faith,
That every one should share.

They bear it to their native land,
And labour to impart
The Christian knowledge that subdues
Yet elevates the heart.

O, noble enterprise! how much
For man by man is won!
Doth it not call on all mankind
To see what two have done?

O, fair thou art, thou lovely isle,
The summer loves thine hours;
Thy waves are fill'd with warm white pearls,
Thy groves with spice and flowers.

But nature hath no gift assign'd,
Though prodigal she be,
Like that pure creed of Christian love
Thy sons have brought to thee.

THE COLERAINE SALMON LEAP.

"So numerous are the fish frequenting this river, that the average amount is estimated at £1,000 per annum; and on one occasion 1,500 salmon were taken at a single drag of the net."—I, however, have only celebrated the exploits of a single fisher.

I remember a curious exploit of a gentleman, who went out in the morning to shoot, and shot a salmon; in the afternoon to fish, and caught a hare. The fact was, there had been a flood, which had dashed a salmon on the banks, where a gun was the readiest means of despatching it. The same flood had swept away a hare, and the line furnished the means of its capture.

I was dreaming that I went
Through the ocean element,
Like a conqueror on my way,
Shark and sword-fish were the prey;
With a spear I smote the waves
Down amid the coral caves.
I have waken'd,—let me go
Where the mountain torrents flow.

I will realize my dream
In the dashing of the stream;
Pouring 'mid the summer woods
All the gather'd winter floods;
When the ice and when the snow
Melt into a sunny flow:
'Mid the bright waves leaping forth
Comes the salmon from the north.

Let the meaner angler seek,
In the willow-hidden creek,
For the trout whose spotted side
Crimsons like a star the tide;
Let him 'mid dark waters search
For the carp and for the perch;
While the silver graylings shiver
Like bright arrows in a quiver.

Mine a nobler prey shall be,
Guest from yonder sounding sea,
Comes the salmon proud and strong,
Darting like a ray along.
For his lure, the artful fly
Does the peacock's plume supply;
Royal bird, whose radiant wing
Suiteth with the river king.

See, he bears the line away,
Round him flies the snowy spray.
I have given him length and line,
One last struggle, he is mine.
Fling the green arbutus bough
On the glowing ashes now;
Let the cup with red wine foam,—
I have brought the salmon home.

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN
TIME, 1650.

"At Wycolier Hall the family usually kept open house the twelve days of Christmas. Their entertainment was, a large hall of curious ashler work, a long table, plenty of furmenty, like new milk, in a morning, made of husked wheat, boiled and roasted beef, with a fat goose, and a pudding, with plenty of good beer for dinner. A round about fireplace, surrounded with stone benches, where the young folks sat and cracked nuts, and diverted themselves, and in this manner the sons and daughters got matching without going much from home."—*Family MS. of the Cuckleffes.*

You must come back, my brother,
For Christmas is so near,
And Christmas is the crowning time,
The purple of the year;
He calls his court about him,
He is the fairy king,
Whose revel is at midnight
Within a charmed ring.

Christmas is coming, my brother dear,
And Christmas comes, my brother, but once a year.

The last leaf hath departed
From off the old oak tree,
But there is the wreath of misletoe
Where the green leaf used to be.
And we'll hang up the charmed coral
Above the highest door,
And strangers all must pay the fine
Ere they tread the fairy floor.

Christmas is coming, my brother dear,
And Christmas comes, my brother, but once a year.

The trees are white with hoar-frost,
And snow is on the ground,
But there are yet some roses
Beside the casement found;
And the terrace yet has myrtle;
Both shall be saved for you;
And you shall give them, my brother,
But I must not guess to who!

Christmas is coming, my brother dear,
And Christmas comes, my brother, but once a year.

The willow lake is frozen,
You will have such skating there;
And the trees, like lovelorn maidens,
Hang down their glittering hair.
The holly's scarlet berries,
Amid the leaves appear;
It is an elfin armory,
With banner and with spear.

Christmas is coming, my brother dear,
And Christmas comes, my brother, but once a year.

We shall gather every evening
Beside the ancient hearth,
But one vacant place beside it,
Would darken all its mirth.
At any time but Christmas
We give you leave to roam,
But now come back, my brother,
You are so miss'd at home.
Christmas is coming, my brother dear,
And Christmas comes, my brother, but once a year.

THE QUEEN'S ROOM:

SIZERGH HALL, WESTMORLAND.

Tradition has conferred on this apartment the name of the Queen's Room. Catherine Parr, the last queen of Henry VIII., is said to have occupied this apartment for several nights after the king's death.

AY, regal the chamber, and stately the gloom
That the old oaken panels fling over the room;
The carving is gilded—the hangings are rare;
Yet, stranger, I warn thee—O! slumber not there.

For when the lamp dies in the dead of the night,
And when the wan moon has exhausted her light,
By that mirror of silver a pale lady stands,
And rends her long tresses and wrings her white hands.

Years have pass'd since that lady smooth'd back
her bright hair,
And ask'd of the glass if her image was fair:
It was not for her husband she braided its gold,
Or flung from its brightness the veil's silver fold.

He slew her while watching her cheek where the
rose
Was reddening in beauty, like sunshine on snows.
He slew her—the glass was yet warm with her
breath—
She turn'd to her lover—she turn'd to her death.

Less crimson the wine-cup that stood at her side,
Than the red stream which gush'd with her life on
its tide,
A groan and a gasp, and the struggle is o'er—
The blood which he spilt is yet there—on the
floor.

No prayer by her death-bed—no mass for her
soul—
No bell on the depths of the midnight to toll;
Unshrouded, uncoffin'd they laid her to rest,
The grave was unholy—the ground was unblest.

(40)

She comes with the midnight—meet not her cold
eye,
It shines but on those who are fated to die.
She comes with the midnight, when spirits have
power—
She comes with the midnight, and evil the hour.
She comes from the grave, with its secret and pain,
The grave which recalleth its truant again.
The chamber grows damp with the charnel-like
air;
Then, stranger, I warn thee—O! slumber not
there.

HINDOO TEMPLES AND PALACE AT MADURA.*

LITTLE the present careth for the past,
Too little,—'tis not well!
For careless ones we dwell
Beneath the mighty shadow it has cast.

Its blessings are around our daily path,
We share its mighty spoil,
We live on its great toil,
And yet how little gratitude it hath.

Look on these temples, they were as a shrine
From whence to the far north
The human mind went forth,
The moral sunshine of a world divine—

The light that is of heaven shone there the first,
The elements of art,
Mankind's diviner part;
There was young science in its cradle nurst.

* MADURA was at one period the centre of "might, majesty, and dominion" in India. One of its ancient monarchs in the second century sent an embassy on a splendid scale to Augustus Cæsar at Rome. It was also the spot, from the meridian of which the Hindoo astronomers made their calculations. The mode of calculating by the ten numerals, after having been invented and long practised here, was first introduced into Europe by the Arabs. Here, too, was the celebrated college whose influence was exercised so beneficially on the intellect of India; though at present much decayed, it is still in great repute for the magnificent ruins which surround it, and for the fine pagoda and choultry in its neighbourhood.

Among other anecdotes connected with the spirit of improvement now alive in India, Sir Alexander Johnstone, whose kindness in communicating information I cannot sufficiently acknowledge, told me one, of his relative, the late Mrs. Damer. The question of female education was much disputed, and popular opinion was certainly against it. Sir Alexander, however, brought this instance of a connexion of his own, who united birth and all social advantages with the highest degree of cultivation. At his request, Mrs. Damer made a bust of Nelson, and sent it as a present to the king of Tanjore. It was received with great attention, and the skill with which it was executed made a strong impression in favour of female education.

That inward world which maketh of our clay
 Its temporary home;
 From whence those lightnings come,
 That kindle from a far and better day.

Mighty the legacies by mind bequeath'd,
 For glorious were its pains
 Amid those giant fanes,
 And mighty were the triumphs it achieved.

A woman's triumph* 'mid them is impress,
 One who upon the scroll
 Flung the creative soul,
 Disdainful of life's flowers and of its rest.

Vast was the labour, vast the enterprise,
 For she was of a race
 Born to the lowest place,
 Earth insects, lacking wings whereon to rise,

How must that youthful cheek have lost its bloom,
 How many a dream above
 Of early hope and love
 Must that young heart have closed on like a tomb.

Such throw life's flowers behind them, and aspire,
 To ask the stars their lore,
 And from each ancient store
 Seek food to stay the mind's consuming fire.

Her triumph was complete and long, the chords
 She struck are yet alive;
 Not vainly did she strive
 To leave her soul immortal on her words.

A great example she has left behind,
 A lesson we should take,
 Whose first task is to wake
 The general wish to benefit our kind.

Our sword has swept o'er India; there remains
 A nobler conquest far,
 The mind's ethereal war,
 That but subdues to civilize its plains.

Let us pay back the past the debt we owe,
 Let us around dispense
 Light, hope, intelligence,
 Till blessings track our steps where'er we go.

O England, thine be the deliverer's meed,
 Be thy great empire known
 By hearts made all thine own,
 By thy free laws and thy immortal creed.

* When I speak of "a woman's triumph," I allude to the celebrated *Avyia*. She was a Pariah of the lowest class, but obtained such literary distinction, that her works are to this day the class-books of the scholars of the highest rank and caste in all the Hindoo schools of the Peninsula of India.

THE AISLE OF TOMBS.

The interior of Chester-le-Street church, Durham, contains a singular collection of monuments, bearing effigies of the deceased ancestry of the Lumley family, from the time of Lulphus to the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

THE quiet and the chillness
 Of the aisle of tombs;
 The shadow and the stillness
 A rosy light illumines:
 Like the memory of the past,
 On the carved arms delaying,
 On the marble pall
 O'er the blood-red scutcheon playing
 With a crimson fall,
 Into sudden sunshine cast
 Are the ancient warriors,
 The warriors of olden time.

So with kindled heart we love them,
 Dwelling on their fame,
 So doth memory fling above them
 Its shadow of a name;
 Noblest shadow flung on earth:
 We remember many a story
 Of the old chivalric day,
 When the red cross, like a glory,
 Shone above the fray;
 'Twas a glorious age gave birth
 To the ancient warriors,
 The warriors of olden time.

Though the sword no more be trusted
 As it was of old;
 Though the shining spear be rusted,
 And the right hand cold;
 They have left their fame behind,
 Still a spirit from their slumbers
 Rises true and brave;
 Asks the minstrel for his numbers,
 Music from their grave:
 Noble, gentle, valiant, kind,
 Were the ancient warriors,
 The warriors of olden time.

All their meaner part hath perish'd
 In the earth at rest;
 And the present hour hath cherish'd
 What of them was best.
 What a knight should be we keep;
 For the present doth inherit
 All the glories of the past;
 We retain what was its spirit,
 While its dust to dust is cast,
 All good angels guard the sleep
 Of the ancient warriors,
 The warriors of olden time.

THE
PALACE CALLED BEAUTIFUL.

"He lifted up his eyes, and behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was 'Beautiful.' Looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way."—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

He wander'd on a weary way,
A weary way he wander'd on ;
Till eagerness and fortitude—
Till all but hope were gone.

The night fell dark around his steps,
And terrible is falling night,
For cheerful thoughts of enterprise
Attend on morning's light.

And there were Lions in the way—
The lion mighty in his wrath—
No marvel that the traveller shrank
From such a dreary path.

Then spake the Porter of the house,
The house that was so fair,
The house whose name was BEAUTIFUL,
And bade him not despair.

Chain'd were the Lions on his way,
And he could safely pass along,
If that he had a steadfast hope,
And if his faith were strong.

He enter'd in the lovely place :
Four maidens at the door,
With wine, and bread, and pleasant words,
His fainting soul restore.

Next morn they furnish'd him with arms,
That in the sunshine glow'd.
Who were the maidens setting forth
The Christian on his road ?

Prudence and Piety, intent
On every work of Love,
And Charity, whose youthful heart
Is tender as the dove.

VALLEY OF LINMOUTH :

NORTH DEVON.

'Tis a gloomy place, but I like it well ;
There would I choose, alone, to dwell ;
The rocks around should friends supply,
Less cold, less hard than those I fly.

I do not care for the rosy flowers,
On them is the shadow of other hours.
I gather'd a rose beneath the sun,
In an hour its lovely life was done.

No ! here I will find for myself a cave,
Half a home, and half a grave ;
Dark in the noontide hour 'twill be—
Dark—and the darker the fitter for me.

The hills are rough, and the hills are bare,
More like the heart that harboureth there.
I shall hear the storm as it rolleth by,
I shall watch the clouds that shadow the sky.

All I ask is never to hear
Of human hope or of human fear ;
I have had enough of both in my day,
And I know how their seeming passes away.

The wind may sometimes bear along
The distant sound of the shepherd's song ;
I shall rejoice that no more I share
In fancies and follies that make his care.

The falling leaves will make my bed,
The granite stone will pillow my head ;
The cave in the rock is a fitting shrine
For heart so wither'd and worn as mine.

PULO PENANG.

THE sail from Penang to Singapore presents the loveliest succession of scenery which ocean can produce. The sea is studded with tracts of fairy land, glittering like emeralds in the golden sun, where the waving trees dip their long branches into the water, where the smooth sands are covered with shells, sparkling with all the hues of the prism. Birds, too, of Orient plumage, skim over the surface of the silver sea, or glance in and out from groves laden with fruit and flowers. The ocean land, locked by these flowery labyrinths, retains its tranquillity even during the summer tempests.

NEVER—that fairy isle can be
No lengthen'd resting-place of mine ;
I love it dearest when I see
Its shadow lengthen on the brine :
And then my heart with softness fills ;
I think upon its palmy groves,
I hear the murmur of its rills,
I hear the singing of its doves.

I see the white catalpa bend,
As when beneath thy whiter hand,
The buds in snowy showers descend,
To wreath for thy dark hair a band.

And then I sigh to be on shore
 To linger languid at thy side;
 I think that I will part no more
 From thee, my own, my idol bride.

O, only those who part can know
 How dear the love that absence brings;
 O'er wind and wave my fancies go,
 As if my very heart had wings:
 And yet, when listless on the land,
 Impatient in my happiness,
 I long again to grasp my brand,
 Again I long the deck to press.

I love to see my red flag sweep;
 I love to see my sabre shine;
 Almost as much I love the deep
 As I love those sweet eyes of thine.
 I bring thee treasures from afar;
 For thy dear sake I sweep the sea;
 But for the honour won in war,
 I should be too unworthy thee.

SCENES IN LONDON:

OXFORD STREET.

Life in its many shapes was there,
 The busy and the gay;
 Faces that seemed too young and fair
 To ever know decay.

Wealth, with its waste, its pomp, and pride,
 Led forth its glittering train;
 And poverty's pale face beside
 Ask'd aid, and ask'd in vain.

The shops were fill'd from many lands—
 Toys, silks, and gems, and flowers;
 The patient work of many hands,
 The hope of many hours.

Yet 'mid life's myriad shapes around
 There was a sigh of death;
 There rose a melancholy sound,
 The bugle's wailing breath.

They play'd a mournful Scottish air
 That on its native hill
 Had caught the notes the night winds bear
 From weeping leaf and rill.

'Twas strange to hear that sad wild strain
 Its warning music shed,
 Rising above life's busy train,
 In memory of the dead.

There came a slow and silent band
 In sad procession by:
 Reversed the musket in each hand,
 And downcast every eye.

They bore the soldier to his grave
 The sympathizing crowd
 Divided like a parted wave
 By some dark vessel plough'd.

A moment, and all sounds were mute
 For awe was over all;
 You heard the soldier's measured foot
 The bugle's wailing call.

The gloves were laid upon the bier,
 The helmet and the sword;
 The drooping war-horse followed near.
 As he, too, mourn'd his lord.

Slowly—I follow'd too—they led
 To where a church arose,
 And flung a shadow o'er the dead
 Deep as their own repose.

Green trees were there—beneath the shade
 Of one was made a grave;
 And there to his last rest was laid
 The weary and the brave.

They fired a volley o'er the bed
 Of an unconscious ear;
 The birds sprang fluttering overhead,
 Struck with a sudden fear.

All left the ground; the bugles died
 Away upon the wind;
 Only the tree's green branches sigh'd
 O'er him they left behind.

Again, all fill'd with light and breath,
 I pass'd the crowded street—
 O, great extremes of life and death,
 How strangely do ye meet!

ROBERT BLAKE,

ADMIRAL AND GENERAL OF THE PARLIAMENTARY FORCES.

WHAT! will they sweep the channels,
 And brave us as they go!
 There's no place in English annals
 For the triumph of a foe.

Thus spoke the English admiral,
 His hand was on his sword;
 Hurrah! was the sole answer
 From every man on board.

The Dutch came o'er the ocean,
As if it were their home,
With a slow and gliding motion
The stately vessels come.

The sky is blue above them,
But ere an hour be past,
The shadows of the battle
Will over heaven be cast.

They meet—it is in thunder,
The thunder of the gun;
Fire rends the smoke asunder
The battle is begun.

He stands amid his seamen,
Our Admiral of the White,
And guides the strife more calmly,
Than of that strife I write.

For over the salt water
The grape-shot sweeps around;
The decks are red with slaughter,
The dead are falling round.

But the bold flag of old England
Flies bravely at the mast;
The Dutch take down their colours,
While the cannons fire their last.

From that hour victorious
Have we kept the seas,
And our navy glorious,
Queens it o'er the breeze.

Long may we keep such empire,
It is a noble debt
We owe to those past triumphs,
We never may forget.

REBECCA.

SHE looketh on the glittering scene
With an unquiet eye;
The shadow of the wakening heart
Is passing darkly by.
The heart that is a woman's world,
Her temple and her home,
Which coloureth with itself her cares,
Whence all her joys must come.

* The victory over the Dutch was won by Admiral Blake in the time of the Protectorate. Van Tromp sailed into the channel with a broom at his mast-head, intimating that he would sweep the seas of the English. The result is stated above.

All generous feelings nursed the love
That out of pity came;
Womanly kindness, suffering truth,
Might sanctify its claim.
But better had she shared the doom,
She bade from him depart;
Death has no bitterness like life,
Life with a wasted heart.

Proud—beautiful—she boweth down
Beneath one deep despair;
Youth lingers lovely on her cheek,
It only lingers there.
She will command herself, and bear
The doom by Fate assign'd;
In natures high as hers, the heart
Is master'd by the mind.

But not the less 'tis desolate,
All lofty thoughts and dreams;
The poetry, with whose deep life
All stronger feeling teems.
These aggravate the ill, and give
A misery of their own;
The gifted spirit suffers much,
To common ones unknown.

Why did she love? Alas, such choice
Is not at woman's will;
Once must she love, and on that cast
Is set life's good or ill.
Sorrows, and timid cares, and tears,
The happiest entertain;
But this world has no other hope,
For her who loves in vain.

CAFES IN DAMASCUS.*

"And Mahomet turned aside, and would not enter the fair city: 'It is,' said he, 'too delicious.'"

LANGUIDLY the night wind bloweth
From the gardens round,
Where the clear Barrada floweth
With a lulling sound.

Not the lute note's sweetest shiver
Can such music find,
As is on a wandering river,
On a wandering wind.

* The cafes are perhaps the greatest luxury that a stranger finds in Damascus. Gardens, kiosques, fountains, and groves are abundant around every Eastern capital; but cafes on the very bosom of a rapid river, and bathed by its waves, are peculiar to this ancient city: they are formed so as to exclude the rays of the sun while they admit the breeze.

There the Moslem leaneth, dreaming
O'er the inward world,
While around the fragrant steaming
Of the smoke is curl'd.

Rising from the coffee berry,
Dark grape of the South ;
Or the pipe of polish'd cherry,
With its amber mouth.

Cool'd by passing through the water,
Gurgling as it flows—
Scented by the Summer's daughter,
Jane's impassion'd rose.

By that Rose's spirit haunted
Are the dreams that rise,
Of far lands, and lives enchanted,
And of deep black eyes.

Thus, with some sweet dream's assistance,
Float they down life's stream ;
Would to Heaven, our whole existence
Could be such a dream !

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Mrs. Hemans' last hours were cheered by the kindness of Sir Robert Peel ; and the letter promising an appointment to her eldest son, was one of the latest that she received. This fact is my excuse for having deviated from my general rule of leaving cotemporary portraits to speak for themselves. I frankly confess that I can never write till interested in my subjects. Now, a female writer cannot pretend to even an opinion on the political and public characters of the day. The above incident, on the contrary, belongs to the many who look back with admiration and gratitude to the gifted and the gone.

Dim through the curtains came the purple
twilight slowly,
Deepening like death's shadow around that silent
room ;

There lay a head, a radiant head, but lowly,
And the pale face like a statue shone out amid the
gloom.

Never again will those white and wasted
fingers
Waken the music they were wont to wake of
yore,

A music that in many a beating heart yet lingers,
The sweeter and the sadder that she will breathe
no more.

It is a lovely world that the minstrel leaves
behind him,
It is a lovely world in which the minstrel lives,

Deep in its inmost life hath the soul of love en-
shrined him,
And passionate and general the pleasures which
he gives.

But dear-bought is the triumph, what dark fates
are recorded

Of those who held sweet mastery o'er the pulses
of the lute,

Mournfully and bitterly their toil has been re-
warded,

For them the tree of knowledge puts forth its
harshest fruit.

Glorious and stately the ever-growing laurel,
Flinging back the summer sunshine, defying
winter's snow ;

Yet its bright history has the darkly pointed
moral,

Deadly are the poisons that through its green leaves
flow.

And she, around whose couch the gentle day-
light dying,

Seems like all nature's loving, last farewell ;
She with the world's heart to her own soft one
replying,

How much of song's fever and sorrow could she
tell.

Yet upon her lip a languid smile is shining,
Tokens of far-off sympathy have sooth'd that hour
of pain ;

Its sympathy has warm'd the pallid cheek re-
clining

On the weary pillow whence it will not rise
again.

It is the far-off friend, the unknown she is
blessing,

The statesman who has paused upon toils' hurried
way,

To learn the deepest charm that power has in pos-
sessing,

The power to scatter benefits and blessing round
its sway.

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS

"Is this the way to the celestial city ?

"You are just in the way.

"—— They went up the mountains, to behold the
gardens and the orchards."—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

O, FAR away ye are, ye lovely hills,

Yet can I feel the air

Grow sweet while gazing where

The valley with the distant sunshine fills.

Fair Morning! lend thy wings, and let me fly
 To thy eternal home,
 Where never shadows come,
 Where tears are wiped away from every eye.

I'm weary, weary of this earth of ours;
 I'm sick with the heart's want;
 My fever'd spirits pant,
 To cling to things less transient than its flowers.

I ask of the still night—it answers me,
 This earth is not my home:
 Great Father! let me come,
 A wanderer and a penitent, to Thee!

Ye far, fair mountains, echo with my cry,
 Unto your realm of bliss
 The grave the threshold is;
 Let its dark portals open—let me die!

CEMETERY OF THE SMOLENSKO CHURCH.*

THEY gather, with the summer in their hands,
 The summer from their distant valleys bringing;
 They gather round the church in pious bands,
 With funeral array, and solemn singing.

The dead are their companions; many days
 Have past since they were laid to their last
 slumber;

And in the hurry of life's crowded ways,
 Small space has been for memory to cumber.

But now the past comes back again, and death
 Asketh its mournful tribute of the living:
 And memories that were garner'd at the heart,
 The treasures kept from busier hours are giving.

The mother kneeleth at a little tomb,
 And sees one sweet face shining from beneath it;
 She has brought all the early flowers that bloom,
 In the small garden round their home, to wreath it.

Friend thinks on friend; and youth comes back
 again

To that one moment of awaken'd feeling,
 And prayers, such prayers as never rise in vain,
 Call down the heaven to which they are appealing.

* The Cemetery of the Smolensko Church is situated about two versts from Petersburg, on one of the islands on the mouth of the Neva, and less than quarter of a mile from the gulf of Finland. The curious ceremony alluded to, takes place yearly, when the Russians gather from all parts, to scatter flowers on the graves, and to mourn above the dead, and afterwards proceed to regale themselves with soup, fruit of all kinds, and wine; in many instances spreading their cloths on the very graves over which they had been bitterly mourning.

It is a superstitious rite and old,
 Yet having with all higher things connexion;
 Prayers, tears, redeem a world so harsh and cold,
 The future has its hope, the past its deep affection.

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.*

'Twas the deep forest bodied forth that fane,
 So rose the arches of the old oak trees,
 So wreath'd the close set branches at their side,
 So through the open spaces gleam'd the sun;
 While like an anthem sang the morning birds.

All nature teacheth worship unto man,
 And the first instinct of the heart is faith.
 Those carved aisles, so noble in their state,
 So graceful in each exquisite device,
 Are of the past; a rude and barbarous past,
 And yet they rose to heaven. Though the red
 sword

Flash'd in the sun, and with unholy flash
 Disturb'd the silver moonlight's quiet hour;
 Yet even then men craved for peace and heaven.
 Hence rose these glorious temples, where the

Cross

Still sanctifies its merciful domain.

THE SACRED SHRINES OF DWARKA

SUCH was the faith of old—obscure and vast,
 And offering human triumphs unto heaven.
 Then rose the stately temple, rich with spoils
 Won from the vanquish'd nations. There the god
 Stood visible in golden pageantry;
 And pride, pomp, power were holy attributes.
 A humbler creed has wander'd o'er the earth,
 Known, as a quiet scarce-seen stream is known,
 But by the greener growth upon its banks.
 It is our Christian worship, which doth lead
 The heart of man to Heaven by love alone.
 Plant ye the Cross then by these ancient shrines:†
 Far let it spread its genial influence—
 Peace for its shadow—Hope for its sunshine.

* It is curious to observe how much the aspect of nature has in every country given its aspect to architecture. The colossal proportions of Indian scenery have not more given their likeness to the vast temples of the Hindoos, than our own northern forests have given their own character to the Gothic cathedral.

† The introduction of Christian missionaries was always advocated by Sir Alexander Johnston, while President of His Majesty's Council in Ceylon. A leading Brahmin mentioned, while in conversation with him, the following striking fact. "For our toleration," said he, "I refer to

SONG OF THE SIRENS.*

HITHER, famed Ulysses, steer,
 Pass not, pride of Greece, along
 To our haven come and hear,
 Come and hear the Sirens' song.

Never did a sable bark
 Coasting by our island stray—
 That it did not stop to mark,
 With raptured ear our honey'd lay.

Here the seamen, loath to part,
 Ever found a welcome kind;
 We with pleasure cheer'd his heart
 We with wisdom fill'd his mind.

Well we know each gallant deed
 Done in Ilion's spreading land,—
 When, as gods of heaven decreed,
 Greece and Troy fought hand to hand.

the little Roman Catholic chapel of St. Francis, which had for the last three hundred years stood under a banyan tree, close by the great Hindoo temple. Not one of the innumerable devotees who resort thither on pilgrimages had ever molested the shrine of another faith."

* The original verses, eight in number, from which the above song is rather imitated than translated, are perfect models of harmony. They are generally supposed to give Homer's own idea of what an epic poem should be—bland and conciliatory in its opening, but at the same time expressing a thorough consciousness that the poet had the power of doing that which would make all ears listen. Ulysses wandering by, in his "winged pines," as Browne phrases it, is accosted in words of gentle accent, but the Sirens take care to tell him that, much praised and deservedly honoured as he is, he must listen to *their* song, for never yet had man heard them sing, without being subdued. The poet proceeds to promise, that sweetness of melody is to mark the flowing numbers of his lay, and that in the honied song are to be conveyed lessons of wisdom. The sailor, they say, dwells here delighted and filled with ampler knowledge. Such are the general promises, but as, after all, we must come to the particular incidents of human life—the soaring poem is to relate whatever is most spirit-stirring, most heart-moving, most thought-awakening in the doings of men. We must not hear of mere abstractions—we must have names and deeds interesting to every bosom; and we must be shown, too, that these deeds are regulated by powers above human control. The Sirens, therefore, announce that they shall sing of the most renowned event of their time, those wars and battles which took place before the "wind swept towers of Ilion,"—events to which he to whom they were sung had so mainly contributed, and which were done by the impulse of the gods. Such is the lay, continues the poet, I am about to pour into your ear; and that it may be done with every certainty of affecting all whose intellect or whose feeling can be approached in tone not to be resisted, I, the minstrel, (we, say the Sirens, but it is Homer, the one Homer, who speaks), come to my task prepared with long-stored knowledge of all that can concern mankind. "We know all that is done upon the fertile bosom of earth."

Such is the ancient interpretation of the song of the Sirens. It may, perhaps, be fanciful,—but those who consider the song with care will find that there is much in the comment, and will, at all events, agree that the poet who wrote the verses has fulfilled the conditions.

Whatso'er beside is done
 In earth's confines know we well;
 These to thee, Laertes' son,
 Shall our witching numbers tell.

Hither, famed Ulysses, steer,
 Pass not, pride of Greece, along;
 To our haven come and hear,
 Come and hear the Sirens' song.

EXPECTATION.

SHE look'd from out the window
 With long and asking gaze,
 From the gold clear light of morning
 To the twilight's purple haze.
 Cold and pale the planets shone,
 Still the girl kept gazing on.
 From her white and weary forehead
 Droopeth the dark hair,
 Heavy with the dews of evening,
 Heavier with her care;
 Falling as the shadows fall,
 Till flung round her like a pall.

When from the carved lattice
 First she leant to look,
 Her bright face was written
 Like some pleasant book;
 Her warm cheek the red air quaff'd,
 And her eyes look'd out and laugh'd
 She is leaning back now languid
 And her cheek is white,
 Only on the drooping eyelash
 Glistens tearful light.
 Colour, sunshine hours are gone,
 Yet the lady watches on.

Human heart this history
 Is thy fated lot,
 Even such thy watching,
 For what cometh not.
 Till with anxious waiting dull,
 Round thee fades the beautiful,
 Still thou seekest on, though weary
 Seeking still in vain;
 Daylight deepens into twilight,
 What has been thy gain?
 Death and night are closing round,
 All that thou hast sought unfound.

THE LAKE OF COMO

AGAIN I am beside the lake,
 The lonely lake which used to be
 The wide world of the beating heart.
 When I was, love, with thee.

I see the quiet evening lights
Amid the distant mountains shine;
I hear the music of a lute,
It used to come from thine.

How can another sing the song,
The sweet sad song that was thine own?
It is alike, yet not the same,
It has not caught thy tone.

Ah, never other lip may catch
The sweetness round thine own that clung;
To me there is a tone unheard,
There is a chord unstrung.

Thou loveliest lake, I sought thy shores,
That dreams from other days might cast,
The presence elsewhere sought in vain,
The presence of the past.

I find the folly of the search,
Thou bringest but half the past again;
My pleasure calling faintly back
Too vividly my pain.

Too real the memories that haunt
The purple shadows round thy brink—
I only ask'd of thee to dream,
I did not ask to think.

False beauty haunting still my heart,
Though long since from that heart removed;
These waves but tell me how thou wert
Too well and vainly loved.

Fair lake, it is all vain to seek
The influence of thy lovely shore—
I ask of thee for hope and love—
They come to me no more.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

A FAIR young face o'er which is only cast
The delicate hues of spring,
Though round her is the presence of the past,
And the stern future gathers darkly fast;
As yet no heavy shadow loads their wing.

A little while hast thou to be a child,
Thy lot is all too high;
Thy face is very fair, thine eyes are mild,
But duties on thine arduous path are piled—
A nation's hopes and fears blend with thy destiny.

Change is upon the world, it may be thine
To soothe its troubled way,
To make thy throne a beacon and a shrine
Whence knowledge, power, and liberty may shine,
As yet they have not shone on mortal day.

(41)

There is much misery on this worn earth,
But much that may be spared;
Of great and generous thought there is no dearth,
And highest hopes of late have had their birth,
Hopes for the many, what the few have shared.

The wind that bears our flag from soil to soil,
Teaches us as it flies;
It carries in its breath a summer spoil,
And seeds spring up to stimulate man's toil,
So should our mind spread round its rich supplies.

Thou, royal child, the future is thine own,
May it be bless'd in thee!
May peace that smiles on all be round thy throne,
And universal truth, whose light alone
Gives golden records unto history.

A DUTCH INTERIOR.

THEY were poor, and by their cabin,
Pale want sat at the door;
And the summer to their harvest
Brought insufficient store.

On one side, the fierce ocean
Proclaim'd perpetual war;
On the other, mighty nations
Were threatening from afar.

Foes and seas denied a footing,
On the very ground they trod;
But they had their native courage,
And they had their trust in God.

They made the sea defender
Of the lately threaten'd shore,
And their tall and stately vessels
Sail'd the conquer'd waters o'er.

To the poor and scanty cabin,
Pour'd wealth from East and West
And freedom came with commerce,
From all old times her guest.

Dyke by dyke they beat their enemies,
As they had beat the sea;
Till Faith stood by her altar,
Secure—triumphant—free.*

* The brilliant theory of a republic has never been reduced to more rational practice than in the history of Holland. Commerce, religious toleration, security of life and property, and universal instruction—these have been the principles of the states from the very first. Liberty can have no securer foundations. We know of nothing finer in all history, than their unequal but triumphant struggle with *le Grand Monarque*. The spirit which animated the

EUCLES ANNOUNCING THE VICTORY OF MARATHON.

He cometh from the purple hills,
Where the fight has been to-day;
He bears the standard in his hand—
Shout round the victor's way.
The sunset of a battle won,
Is round his steps from Marathon.

Gather the myrtles near,
And fling them on his path;
Take from her braided hair
The flowers the maiden hath,
A welcome to the welcome one,
Who hastens now from Marathon.

They crowd around his steps,
Rejoicing young and old;
The laurel branch he bears,
His glorious tale hath told,
The Persian's hour of pride is done,
Victory is on Marathon.

She cometh with brighten'd cheek,
She who all day hath wept;
The wife and mother's tears,
Where her youngest infant slept,
The heart is in her eyes alone,
What careth she for Marathon?

But down on his threshold, down!
Sinks the warrior's failing breath,
The tale of that mighty field
Is left to be told by death.—
'Tis a common tale—the victor's sun
Sets, in tears and blood, o'er Marathon.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

THERE is a little lonely grave
Which no one comes to see,
The foxglove and red orchis wave
Their welcome to the bee.
There never falls the morning sun,
It lies beneath the wall,
But there when weary day is done
The lights of sunset fall,
Flushing the warm and crimson air.
As life and hope were present there.

young and gallant Prince of Orange, was that of the whole nation. "You will see the ruin of your country," was the prophecy of those who looked to the inferior means, not to the superior spirit. "Never," was the heroic reply, "for I will die in her last ditch."

There sleepeth one who left his heart
Behind him in his song;
Breathing of that diviner part
Which must to heaven belong.
The language of those spirit chords,
But to the poet known,
Youth, love, and hope yet use his words,
They seem to be his own.
And yet he has not left a name,
The poet died without his fame.

How many are the lovely lays
That haunt our English tongue,
Defrauded of their poet's praise
Forgotten he who sung.
Tradition only vaguely keeps
Sweet fancies round this tomb;
Its tears are what the wild flower weeps
Its record is that bloom;
Ah, surely nature keeps with her
The memory of her worshipper.

One of her loveliest mysteries
Such spirit blends at last,
With all the fairy fantasies
Which o'er some scenes are cast.
A softer beauty fills the grove,
A light is in the grass,
A deeper sense of truth and love
Comes o'er us as we pass;
While lingers in the heart one line,
The nameless poet hath a shrine.

THE WOODLAND BROOK.

Thou art flowing, thou art flowing,
O, small and silvery brook;
The rushes by thee growing,
And with a patient look
The pale narcissus o'er thee bends
Like one who asks in vain for friends.

I bring not back my childhood,
Sweet comrade of its hours;
The music of the wild wood,
The colour of the flowers;
They do not bring again the dream
That haunted me beside thy stream.

When black-letter'd old romances
Made a world for me alone;
O, days of lovely fancies,
Are ye forever flown!
Ye are fled, sweet, vague, and vain,
So I cannot dream again.

I have left a feverish pillow
 For thy soothing song ;
 Alas, each fairy billow
 An image bears along,
 Look where I will, I only see
 One face too much beloved by me.

In vain my heart remembers
 What pleasure used to be,
 My past thoughts are but embers
 Consumed by love for thee.
 I wish to love thee less—and feel
 A deeper fondness o'er me steal.

CARTHAGE.

"Early on the morning following, I walked to the site of the great Carthage,—of that town, at the sound of whose name mighty Rome herself had so often trembled,—of Carthage, the mistress of powerful and brave armies, of numerous fleets, and of the world's commerce, and to whom Africa, Spain, Sardinia, Corsica, Sicily, and Italy herself bowed in submission as to their sovereign—in short,—“Carthago, dives opum, studiisque asperima belli.” I was prepared to see but few vestiges of its former grandeur, it had so often suffered from the devastating effects of war, that I knew many could not exist; but my heart sunk within me when ascending one of its hills, (from whose summit the eye embraces a view of the whole surrounding country to the edge of the sea,) I beheld nothing more than a few scattered and shapeless masses of masonry. The scene that once was animated by the presence of nearly a million of warlike inhabitants is now buried in the silence of the grave; no living soul appearing, if we occasionally except a soldier going or returning from the fort, or the solitary and motionless figure of an Arab, watching his flocks from the summit of the fragment of some former palace or temple.”—SIR G. TEMPLE'S *Excursions in the Mediterranean*.

Low it lieth—earth to earth—
 All to which that earth gave birth—
 Palace, market-street, and fane ;
 Dust that never asks in vain,
 Hath reclaim'd its own again.

Dust, the wide world's king.

Where are now the glorious hours
 Of a nation's gather'd powers ?
 Like the setting of a star,
 In the fathomless afar ;
 Time's eternal wing
 Hath around those ruins cast
 The dark presence of the past.

Mind, what art thou ? dost thou not
 Hold the vast earth for thy lot ?
 In thy toil, how glorious !
 What dost thou achieve for us,
 Over all victorious !
 Godlike thou dost seem.

But the perishing still lurks
 In thy most immortal works ;
 Thou dost build thy home on sand,
 And the palace-girdled strand
 Fadeth like a dream.
 Thy great victories only show
 All is nothingness below.

LORD MELBOURNE.

It is a glorious task to guide
 The vessel through the dashing tide
 When dark is the tumultuous sea
 And thunder clouds are on the lea,
 While war notes mount upon the wind
 From the fierce storm that rides behind.

And such a task it is to steer
 A people in their high career,
 When old opinions war, and change
 Is sudden, violent, and strange ;
 And men recall the past, to say,
 So shall not be the coming day.

Such time is passing o'er our land,
 New thoughts arise—new hopes expand,
 And man knows in his own strong will
 It is his purpose to fulfil :
 In the fierce contest of such hour,
 How mighty is the leader's power.

More glorious than the conqueror's brand,
 The rule intrusted to such hand.
 From it the past and present claim
 The rights they teach, the hopes they frame
 Do what the island of the free ;
 What England should expect of thee !

THE PIRATE'S SONG.

To the mast nail our flag, it is dark as the grave,
 Or the death which it bears while it sweeps o'er
 the wave.
 Let our deck clear for action, our guns be prepared ;
 Be the boarding-axe sharpen'd, the cimetar bared
 Set the canisters ready, and then bring to me,
 For the last of my duties, the powder-room key.
 It shall never be lower'd, the black flag we bear ;
 If the sea be denied us, we sweep through the air
 Unshared have we left our last victory's prey ;
 It is mine to divide it, and yours to obey

There are shawls that might suit a sultana's white
neck,
And pearls that are fair as the arms they will deck ;
There are flasks which, unseal them, the air will
disclose

Diametta's fair summers, the home of the rose.
I claim not a portion : I ask but as mine,
'Tis to drink to our victory—one cup of red wine.

Some fight, 'tis for riches ; some fight, 'tis for
fame :

The first I despise, and the last is a name.
I fight, 'tis for vengeance. I love to see flow,
At the stroke of my sabre, the life of my foe.
I strike for the memory of long vanish'd years ;
I only shed blood, where another sheds tears.
I come, as the lightning comes red from above,
O'er the race that I loathe, to the battle I love.

THE CHURCH AT POLIGNAC.

KNEEL down in yon chapel, but only one prayer
Should awaken the echoes its tall arches bear ;
Pale mother, pray not for the child on the bed,
For the sake of the prisoner let matins be said ;
Old man, though the shade of thy gravestone be
nigh,
Yet not for thyself raise thy voice to the sky ;
Young maiden there kneeling, with blush and with
tear,
Name not the one name to thy spirit most dear.
The prayer for another, to Heaven address,
Comes back to the breather thrice blessing and
blest.

Beside the damp marsh, rising sickly and cold,
Stand the bleak and stern walls of the dark prison
hold ;

There fallen and friendless, forlorn and oppress'd,
Are they—once the flatter'd, obey'd, and carest.
From the blessings that God gives the poorest
exiled,

His wife is a widow, an orphan his child ;
For years there the prisoner has wearily pined,
Apart from his country, apart from his kind ;
Amid millions of freemen, one last lonely slave,
He knoweth the gloom, not the peace of the grave.

I plead not their errors, my heart's in the cause,
Which bows down the sword with the strength of
the laws ;

But France, while within her such memories live,
With her triumphs around, can afford to forgive.
Let freedom, while raising her glorious brow,
Shake the tears from her laurels that darken there
now,

Be the chain and the bar from yon prison removed,
Give the children their parent, the wife her beloved.
By the heart of the many is pardon assign'd,
For, Mercy, thy cause is the cause of mankind.

THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.

The vessel swept in with the light of the morn,
High on the red air its gonfalon borne ;
The roofs of the dwellings, the sails of the mast
Mix'd in the crimson the daybreak had cast.

On came the vessel :—the sword in his hand,
At once from the deck leapt a stranger to land.
A moment he stood, with the wind in his hair,
The sunshine less golden—the silk was less fair.

He look'd o'er the waters—what look'd he to
see !
What alone in the depths of his own heart could
be.

He saw an old castle arise from the main,
The oak on its hills, and the deer on its plain.

He saw it no longer ; the vision is fled ;
Paler the prest lip, and firmer the tread.
He takes from his neck a light scarf that he
wore ;

'Tis flung on the waters, that bare it from shore.

'Twas the gift of a false one ;—and with it he
flung
All the hopes and the fancies that round it had
clung.
The shrine has his vow—the Cross has his
brand ;—
He weareth no gift of a woman's white hand.

A seal on his lip, and an oath at his heart,
His future a warfare—he knoweth his part.
The visions that haunted his boyhood are o'er,
The young knight of Malta can dream them no
more.

DERWENT WATER.

I knew her—though she used to make
Her dwelling by that lonely lake.
A little while she came to show
How lovely distant flowers can go.
The influence of that fairy scene
Made beautiful her face and mien.
I have seen faces far more fair,
But none that had such meaning there.

For to her downcast eyes were given
The azure of an April heaven;
The softening of those sunny hours,
By passing shadows, and by showers.

O'er her cheek the wandering red,
By the first wild rose was shed.
Evanescant, pure, and clear,
Just the warm heart's atmosphere.
Like the sweet and inner world,
In that early rosebud furled.
All whose rich revealings glow
Round the lovelier world below.
Light her step was, and her voice
Said unto the air, rejoice;
And her light laugh's silvery breaking
Sounded like the lark's first waking.

Return to that fair lake, return,
On whose green heathlands grows the fern;
And mountain heights of dark gray stone,
Are bright with lichens overgrown.
Thou art too fay-like and too fair
For our more common clouded air.
Beauty such as thine belongs
To a world of dreams and songs;
Let thy image with us dwell,
Lending music to farewell.

THE SPANISH PAGE.

OR, THE CITY'S RANSOM.

SHE was a chieftain's daughter, and he a captive
boy,

Yet playmates and companions they shared each
childish joy;

Their dark hair often mingled, they wander'd hand
in hand,

But at last the golden ransom restored him to his
land.

A lovely town is Seville amid the summer air,
But, though it be a little town Xenilla is as fair;
Fair are the glittering minarets where the purple
daylight falls,

And rosy the pomegranates of the gardens in its
walls.

But its pleasant days are over, for an army girds it
round,

With the banner of the red cross, and the Chris-
tian trumpet's sound;

They have sworn to raze the city that in the sun-
shine stood,

And its silvery singing fountains shall flow with
Moslem blood.

Fierce, is the Christian leader, a young and orphan
lord,

For all the nobles of his house fell by the Moorish
sword;

Himself was once a captive, till redeem'd by Spa-
nish gold,

Now to be paid by Moorish wealth and life an
hundred-fold.

The sound of war and weeping reach'd where a
maiden lay,

Fading as fades the loveliest, too soon from earth
away,

Dark fell the silken curtains, and still the court
below,

But the maiden's dream of childhood was disturb'd
by wail and wo.

She question'd of the tumult; her pale slaves told
the cause;

The colour mounted to her cheek, a hasty breath
she draws;

She call'd her friends around her, she whisper'd
soft and low,

Like music from a wind-touch'd lute her languid
accents flow.

Again upon her crimson couch she laid her weary
head;

They look'd upon the dark-eyed maid—they look'd
upon the dead.

That evening, ere the sunset grew red above the
town,

A funeral train upon the hills came winding slowly
down;

They come with mournful chanting, they bear the
dead along,

The sentinels stood still to hear that melancholy
song:

To Don Henrique they bore the corpse—they laid
it at his feet,

Pale grew the youthful warrior that pale face to
meet.

As if in quiet slumber the Moorish maid was
laid,

And her white hands were folded, as if in death
she pray'd;

Her long black hair on either side was parted on
her brow,

And her cold cheek was colder than marble or
than snow.

Yet lovelier than a living thing she met the war-
rior's gaze,

Around her was the memory of many happy
days.

He knew his young companion, though long dark
years had flown,

Well had she kept her childish faith—she was in
death his own.

"Bring ye this here, a ransom for those devoted
walls!"
None answer'd—but around the tent a deeper si-
lence falls;
None knew the maiden's meaning, save he who
bent above,
Ah! only love can read within the hidden heart
of love.
There came from these white silent lips more elo-
quence than breath,
The tenderness of childhood—the sanctity of
death.
He felt their old familiar love had ties he could not
break,
The warrior spared the Moorish town, for that dead
maiden's sake.

DIRGE.

LAY her in the gentle earth,
Where the summer maketh mirth;
Where young violets have birth;
Where the lily bendeth.
Lay her there, the lovely one!
With the rose, her funeral stone;
And for tears, such showers alone
As the rain of April lendeth.

From the midnight's quiet hour
Will come dews of holy power,
O'er the sweetest human flower
That was ever loved.

But she was too fair and dear
For our troubled pathway here;
Heaven, that was her natural sphere,
Has its own removed.

STRADA REALE—CORFU.

I AM weary of the greenwood
Where haunteth the wild bee,
And the olive's silvery foliage
Droops o'er the myrtle tree.

The fountain singeth silvery,
As with a sleepy song,
It wandereth the bright mosses,
And drooping flowers among.

I will seek the cheerful city,
And in the crowded street,
See if I can find the traces
Of pleasure's winged feet.

The bells are ringing gayly,
And their music gladdens all,
From the towers in the sunshine,
To the date and orange stall.

Gay voices are around me,
I seem to gladden too;
And a thousand changing objects
Win my wandering eyes anew.

It is pleasant through the city
In a sunny day to roam;
And yet my full heart turns to thee,
My own, my greenwood home.

ANTIOCH.

WHEN the vulture on the wind
Mounted as in days of old,
Leaving hope and fear behind,
What did his dark flight behold!

Conquest, in its crimson car,
Reddening sword and broken spear,
Nations gathering to the war,
These were in his wide career.

When the thunder and his wing
Swept the startled earth below,
Did the flight prophetic bring
Omen of the world we know.

Vainly did the augur seek
In its path the will of heaven;
Not to that fierce eye and beak,
Was the fated future given.

No, the future's depths were stirr'd
By the white wings of the dove;
When the troubled earth first heard
Words of peace and words of love.

Now, far other hopes arise
Over life's enlarging day,
Science, commerce, enterprise,
Point to man his glorious way.

Where those distant deserts wind,
Even now an English band
Urge the triumphs of the mind
Through a wild and savage land.

Mind, and only mind, could gain
Such a conquest as they ask;
Stormy wind, and sandy plain,
Doubt and death attend the task.

They will make their gallant way,
Must achieve their glorious goal;
It is night subdued by day,
'Tis the mastery of the soul.

Let the dark Euphrates bear
English keel and English sail;
Not alone o'er wind and air
Will the enterprise prevail:

But our flag will bear around,
Faith and knowledge, light and hope,
Empire with no other bound
Than the wide horizon's scope.

Honour to the generous band,
Bearing round our name and laws,
For the honour of our land,
For humanity's great cause.*

LANCASTER CASTLE.

DARK with age these towers look down
Over their once vassal town;
Warlike—yet long years have past
Since they look'd on slaughter last.

Never more will that dark wall
Echo with the trumpet's call,
When the Red Rose and the White
Call'd their warriors to the fight.

Never more the sounding yew,
Which the English archer drew,
Will decide a battle-day
Past like its own shafts away.

Never more those halls will ring
With the ancient harper's string,
When the red wine pass'd along
With a shout and with a song.

* I allude to the voyage down the Euphrates. Conquest and commerce have been the two great principles of civilization. It is only of late years that we have seen the superiority of the sail over the sword. The expedition, whose advantages I have ventured above to prophesy, is in the noblest spirit of enlightened enterprise. We must take with us our knowledge; and so disturb, and eventually destroy the darkness, mental and moral, too long gathered on the East. The generous earnestness of science, and the enthusiasm of enterprise, were never more nobly marked than in the concluding passage of Colonel Chesney's letter to the Admiralty, announcing the loss of the Tigris steamer:—

"We are, therefore, continuing our descent and survey to Bussorah, hoping not only to bring up the mail from India within the specified time, but also, if it pleases God to spare us, to demonstrate the speed, economy, and commercial advantages of the river Euphrates, provided the decision of ministers shall be, in the true spirit of Englishmen, to give it a fair trial, rather than abandon the original purpose in consequence of an unforeseen, and, as it is proved, an unavoidable calamity."

Trumpet, harp, and good yew bow
Are so many memories now,
While the loom, the press, the gun,
Have another age begun.

Yet that old chivalric hour
Hath upon the present power
Changed—and soften'd and refined
It has left its best behind.

What may its bequeathings be?
Honour, song, and courtesy.
Like the spirit of its clay,
Yesterday redeems to-day.

SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.

The man was old, his hair was gray—
And I have heard the old man say,
"Keep thou from royal courts away;"
In proof thereof, he went to tell
The Stanley's fatal chronicle.

KING Henry sat amid his court, and of the nobles
there

Not one with William Stanley for favour could
compare;

He was the royal chamberlain, and on his bended
knee

Within King Henry's silver cup the red wine
poured he.

There came a knight in presence there, he named
my master's name,

As he stood betting golden coin upon the royal
game.

And on Sir Robert Clifford's word, they took his
sword away,

And William Stanley to the Tower was prisoner
sent that day.

God only knows the hearts of men, but 'twas a
wondrous thing

My noble master should conspire against the
crowned king;

For well I know on Bosworth Field it was his
red right hand

That placed upon Earl Richmond's brow King
Richard's royal band.

But ancient service is forgot; and he, the Wise-
man, said,

Think thou no evil of the king upon thy lonely
bed;

And therefore little will I name of what I then
heard told,
That my good lord's worst treasons were his broad
lands and his gold.

I saw him on the scaffold stand, the axe was
gleaming bright,
But I will say he faced its shine as best became
a knight;
He pray'd a prayer—he knelt him down—there
snoted a sullen sound,
I saw my master's sever'd head upon the dark red
ground.

No nobles bore the noble's pall, there was no
funeral bell,
But I stood weeping by the grave of him I loved
so well.
I know not of the right or wrong, but this much
let me say,
Would God my master had been kept from kings
and courts away!

CLAVERHOUSE AT THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIG.

He leads them on, the chief, the knight;
Dark is his eye with fierce delight,
A calm and unrelenting joy,
Whose element is to destroy.

Down falls his soft and shining hair,
His face is as woman's fair;
And that slight frame seems rather meant
For lady's bower than soldier's tent.

But on that kindled brow is wrought
The energy that is of thought,
The sternness and the strength that grow
In the high heart that beats below.

The golden spur is on his heel,
The spur his war-horse does not feel;
The sun alone has gilt the brand,
Now bared in his unsparing hand.

But ere the sun go down again
That sword will wear a deeper stain
Sun and sword alike will go
Down o'er the dying and the foe.

Never yet hath fail'd that brand,
Never yet hath spared that hand;
Where their mingled light is shed,
Are the fugitive or dead.

Though the grave were on his way,
Forward, would that soldier say;
And upon his latest breath
Would be, "Victory or Death."

THE HALL OF GLENNAQUOICH.

No more the voice of feasting is heard amid those
halls,
The grass grows o'er the hearthstone, the fern
o'ertops the walls;
And yet those scenes are present, as they were
of our age—
Such is the mighty mastery of one enchanted
page.

The name of Scott awakens a world within the
heart;
The scenes are not more real wherein ourselves
have part.
Beneath the tree in sunshine—beside the hearth
in snow,
What hours of deep enjoyment to him and his we
owe!

And yet recall the giver—recall him as those saw
Before his glorious being obey'd our nature's law;
His strength has soon departed—his cheek is sunk
and wan—
He is, before his season, a worn and weary man.

The fine creative spirit that lit his path of yore,
Its light remains for others—it warms himself no
more.
The long and toilsome midnight, the fever and the
haste,
The trouble and the trial, have done their work of
waste.

And such is still the recompense appointed for the
mind,
That seeketh, with its eyes afar, the glory of its
kind.
The poet yields the beautiful that in his being
lives:
Unthankful, cold, and careless, are they to whom
he gives.

They dwell amid his visions—for new delights
they cry;
But he who form'd the lovely may lay him down
and die.
Then comes the carved marble—then late remorse
is shown,
And the poet's search for sympathy ends in a
funeral stone.

STRADA ST. URSOLA,—MALTA.

YOUNG knight, that broider'd cloak undo,
And break that golden chain in two ;
Take from your hand its jewels fair,
Shear those bright curls of sunny hair,
And offer up at yonder shrine
All vanities that once were thine.

No more the victor of the ring,
Thy triumphs will the minstrel sing ;
No more upon thy helm the glove
Will ask of fame to sanction love.
The saraband untrod must be,
The lists, the dance are closed for thee.

Look to the past—if present there
Be visible one great despair :
Look to the future—if it give
Nothing which charmeth thee to live.
Then come—the present knows its doom,
Thy heart already is a tomb.

Thy cheek is pale—thy brow is worn—
Thy lip is bitter in its scorn.
I read in them the signs that tell
The heart's impassion'd chronicle.
'Tis past !—and Malta's iron vow
To thee is less than nothing now.

THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

THEY call'd the Islands by his name,*
Those isles, the far away and fair ;
A graceful fancy link'd with fame,
A flattery—such as poets' are ;

Who link with lovely things their praise,
And ask the earth, and ask the sky,
To colour with themselves their lays
And some associate grace supply.

But here it was a sailor's thought,
That named the island from the Earl—
That dreams of England might be brought
To those soft shores, and seas of pearl.

How very fair they must have seem'd
When first they darken'd on the deep !
Like all the wandering seamen dream'd
When land rose lovely on his sleep.

How many dreams they turn'd to truth
When first they met the sailor's eyes ;
Green with the sweet earth's southern youth,
And azure with her southern skies.

* The Sandwich Islands were so called in honour of the Earl of Sandwich, then first Lord of the Admiralty.

And yet our English thought beguiles
The mariner where'er he roam.
He looks upon the new-found isles,
And calls them by some name of home.

TOWN AND HARBOUR OF ITHACA.

By another light surrounded
Than our actual sky ;
With the purple ocean bounded
Does the island lie,
Like a dream of the old world.
Bare the rugged heights ascending,
Bring to mind the past,
When the weary voyage ending,
Was the anchor cast,
And the stranger sails were fur'd
Beside the glorious island
Where Ulysses was the king.

Still does fancy see the palace,
With its carved gates ;
Where the suitors drain'd the chalice,
Mocking at the Fates.
Stern, and dark, and veil'd are they.
Still their silent thread entwining
Of our wretched life ;
With their cold pale hands combining
Hate, and fear, and strife.
Hovers the avenging day
O'er the glorious island
Where Ulysses was the king.

Grant my fancy pardon,
If amid these trees
Still it sees the garden
Of old Laertes,
Where he met his glorious son.
The apple boughs were drooping
Beneath their rosy fruit,
And the rich brown pears were stooping
To the old man at their foot,
While his daily task was done
In the glorious island,
Where Ulysses was the king ;

'Tis a vain and cold invention,
'Tis the spirit's wrong,
Which to some small mind's pretension
Would subdue that song,
Shrined in manhood's general heart.
One almighty mind—one only,
Could such strain have sung ;
Ever be the laurel lonely,
Where such lyre is hung.
Be the world a thing apart,
Of the glorious island,
Where Ulysses was the king

BELVOIR CASTLE :

SEAT OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

INSCRIBED TO LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

'Tis an old and stately castle,
In an old and stately wood ;
Thoughts and shadows gather'd round it,
Of the ages it had stood.

But not of the ancient warriors,
Whose red banners swept its towers,
Nor of any lovely lady,
Blooming in its former bowers—

Think I now ;—but one as lovely,
And more gifted, haunts my line.
In the visions round yon castle
Is no fairer one than thine !

I can fancy thee in childhood
Wandering through each haunted scene,
Peopling the green glades around thee
With the thoughts of what had been ;

Asking of each leaf its lesson,
Of each midnight star its tale,
Till thy fancy caught revealings
From the music of the gale.

Yet, whence did thy lute inherit
All it knows of human grief ?—
What dost thou know of the knowledge
On life's dark and daily leaf ?

In thy woman-hearted pages,
How much sympathy appears
With the sorrowful and real,
All that only speaks in tears !

Have those large bright eyes been darken'd
By the shadows from below ?
Rather would I deem thee dreaming
Over grief thou canst not know.

But thou hast the poet's birthright,
In a heart too warm and true.
Wreath thy dark hair with the laurel—
On it rests the midnight dew !

REGATTA,—WINDERMERE LAKE.

With sunshine on their canvass,
And sunshine at their side—
Like court beauties at a pageant,
The stately vessels glide.

The sound of shout and music
Comes from the boats behind ;
And the peal of youthful laughter
Makes glad the summer wind.

But we will not go with them,
My loved one and my own ;
We never are so happy
As when we are alone.

Yet when the purple shadows
Of the quiet eve come on,
And the ripple of those vessels
From each still wave is gone :—

When stars with silver footsteps
Pass like angels o'er the sky ;
When the breath of leaf and blossom
To the lulling winds reply :—

Then let our boat, my sweet one !
To yonder shore depart,
When not a sound is louder
Than our own beating heart.

Like a dream beneath the moonlight,
Our fairy float will be ;
Let the weary crave the many—
I ask only for thee !

GIBRALTAR.

SCENE DURING THE PLAGUE.

At first, I only buried one,
And she was borne along
By kindred mourners to her grave,
With sacred rite and song.
At first they sent for me to pray
Beside the bed of death :
They bless'd their household, and they breath'd
Prayer in their latest breath.
But then men died more rapidly—
They had not time to pray ;
And from the pillow love had smooth'd
Fear fled in haste away.
And then there came the fasten'd door—
Then came the guarded street—
Friends in the distance watch'd for friends ;
Watch'd,—that they might not meet.
And Terror by the hearth stood cold,
And rent all natural ties,
And men, upon the bed of death,
Met only stranger eyes :
The nurse—and guard, stern, harsh, and wan
Remain'd, un pitying, by ;
They had known so much wretchedness,
They did not fear to die.

Heavily rung the old church bells,
But no one came to prayer :
The weeds were growing in the street,
Silence and Fate were there.
O'er the first grave by which I stood,
Tears fell, and flowers were thrown,
The last grave held six hundred lives,*
And there I stood alone.

SCALE FORCE, CUMBERLAND.

This cascade, distant about a mile and a half from the village of Buttermere, exceeds in extent of fall the renowned Niagara, yet, owing to a difficulty of access, it is frequently neglected by the tourist.

It sweeps, as sweeps an army
Adown the mountain side,
With the voice of many thunders,
Like the battle's sounding tide.

Yet the sky is blue above it,
And the dashing of the spray
Wears the colour of the rainbow
Upon an April day.

It rejoices in the sunshine
When after heavy rain
It gathers the far waters
To dash upon the plain.

It is terrible, yet lovely,
Beneath the morning rays :
Like a dream of strength and beauty,
It haunted those who gaze.

We feel that it is glorious,
Its power is on the soul ;
And lofty thoughts within us
Acknowledge its control.

A generous inspiration
Is on the outward world ;
It waketh thoughts and feelings
In careless coldness furl'd.

To love and to admire
Seems natural to the heart ;
Life's small and selfish interests
From such a scene départ.

* A fact, mentioned to me by a clergyman, Mr. Howe, whose duty enforced residence during the ravages of the yellow fever.

BLACK LINN OF LINKLATER

"Toujours lui—lui partout."—*Victor Hugo.*

But of Himself, Him only speak these hills !
I do not see the sunshine on the vale,
I do not hear the low song of the wind
Singing as sings a child. Like fancies flung
Around the midnight pillow of a dream,
Dim pageantries shut out the real scene,
And call up one associate with Him.

I see the ancient master pale and worn,
Though on him shines the lovely southern heaven
And Naples greets him with festivity.

The Dying by the Dead :—for his great sake,
They have laid bare the city of the lost.
His own creations fill the silent streets ;
The Roman pavement rings with golden spurs,
The Highland plaid shades dark Italian eyes,
And the young king himself is Ivanhoe.

But there the old man sits—majestic—wan,
Himself a mighty vision of the past ;
The glorious mind has bow'd beneath its toil ;
He does not hear his name on foreign lips
That thank him for a thousand happy hours.
He does not see the glittering groups that press
In wonder and in homage to his side ;
Death is beside his triumph.*

THE EVENING STAR.

Ah, loveliest ! that through my casement gleaming,
Bringeth thy native heaven along with thee,
Touching with far-off light that lovelier dreaming,
Which but for that, all earthly else would be.

The smoke is round the housetops slowly wreath-
ing,
Until upgather'd in one gloomy cloud,
It rises like the city's heavy breathing,
Material, dense, the sunshine's spreading shroud.

* When Sir Walter Scott arrived at Naples, the picturesque imagination of the south was all alive to do him honour. Contrary to established etiquette, the king called upon him.

"Nice customs courtesy to great names."

A fête was then given in his honour, and Pompeii was chosen for its site. All the guests took some character from the Waverley novels. The deserted city echoed with music ; lamps flung their light over walls so long unconscious of festivity. The city of the dead suited well the festival of the dying. Sir Walter was present, but unconscious ; he sat wan, exhausted, and motionless,—"the centre of the glittering ring" formed by his own genius. The triumph had its usual moral—it came too late.

Night knows not silence, for that living ocean
 Pants night and day with its perpetual flow,
 Stirring the unquiet air with restless motion,
 From that vast human tide which rolls below.

Trouble and discontent, and hours whose dial
 Is in the feverish heart which knows not rest;
 These give the midnight's sinking sleep denial,
 These leave the midnight's dreaming couch
 unprest.

But thou, sweet Star, amid the harsh and real,
 The cares that harass night with thoughts of
 day,
 Doest bring the beautiful and the ideal,
 Till the freed spirit wanders far away.

Then come the lofty hope—the fond remembrance,
 All dreams that in the heart its youth renew,
 Till it doth take, fair planet, thy resemblance,
 And fills with tender light, and melts with dew.

What though it be but a delicious error,
 The influence that in thy beauty seems,
 Still let love—song—and hope—make thee their
 mirror,
 O, life and earth, what were ye without
 dreams!

THE DEVOTEE.

PRAYER on her lips—yet, while the maiden
 prayeth,
 A human sorrow deepens in her eyes;
 For e'en the very words of prayer she sayeth,
 A sad and lingering memory supplies.

She leans beside the vault where sleeps her mother,
 The tablet has her name upon the wall—
 Her only parent, for she knew no other;
 In losing whom, the orphan lost her all.

Young, very young, she is, but wholly vanish'd,
 Youth's morning colours from her cheek are
 gone;
 All gay and all careless thoughts are banish'd
 By the perpetual presence of but one.

And yet that sweet face is not all of sorrow,
 It wears a softer and a higher mood;
 And seemeth from the world within to borrow
 A holy and a constant fertility.

Early with every sabbath-morn returning,
 You hear her light step up the chancel come,
 She looketh all the week with tender yearning
 To that old church which is to her a home.

For her own home is desolate and lonely,
 Hers is the only seat beside the hearth,
 Sad in its summer garden, as she only
 Were the last wanderer on this weary earth.

But in that ancient church her heart grows
 stronger
 With prayers that raise their earnest eyes above;
 And in the presence of her God, no longer
 Feels like an outcast from all hope and love.

Glorious the mighty anthem round her swelling,
 Fills the rapt spirit, sacred and sublime;
 Soon will for her unfold th' immortal dwelling—
 She waiteth patient, God's appointed time.

JESUITS IN PROCESSION:

VALETTA, MALTA.

WHENCE rose the sect that 'neath yon azure dome,
 Hath had such wide domain o'er courts and
 kings,
 And the wild forest where the condor springs,
 Darkening the lonely vale which has his home—
 Whence did that sect with all its power come?
 From the dim shadows of the sick man's room!
 The founder, St. Ignatius, knew of life
 Whatever of that life might seem the best:
 The glorious fever of the battle strife,
 The pleasure that in court or bower is guest;
 But in all things were care and sorrow rife,
 And the soul's instinct craved diviner rest.
 Then to his hopes a holier aim was given—
 He made of earth the stepping-stone to heaven!

RUNJEET-SINGH, AND HIS SUWAR- REE OF SEIKS.

THE hunters were up in the light of the morn,
 High on the clear air their banners were borne;
 And the steeds that they mounted were bright to
 behold,
 With housings that glitter'd in silver and gold.

Proud at their head rode the chief of Lahore,
 A dagger that shone with the ruby he wore;
 And Inde, and Bokhara, and Iran supplied
 The dogs, staunch and gallant, that coursed at his
 side.

He wears the green robe of the Prophet's high
 line,
 He is sprung from the chieftain of Mecca's
 shrine;

His horse, on whose bridle the white pearls are
sown,
Has a lineage as distant and pure as his own.
His falconers are round him; a bird on each
hand—
No Norman from Norway ere brought such a
band,
So strong is each wing, so dark is each eye
That flings back the light it has learnt in the sky.

In vain from the chase of that gallant array
The wild boar will hide in the forest to-day;
In vain will the tiger spring forth from its gloom,
He springs on the sabre that beareth his doom.

On, on through the greenwoods that girdle the
pass,
The sun and the dew are alike on the grass;
On, on till by moonlight the gathering be
Of the hunters that rest by the banyan tree.*

THE VILLAGE OF KURSALEE.

HIGH in the azure heavens, ye ancient mountains,
Do ye uplift your old ancestral snows,
Gathering amid the clouds those icy fountains,
Whence many a sunny stream through India
flows.

Flows with a lovely and unceasing motion,
That only rocks the lotus on its wave;
Unknown the various storms that rend the ocean—
Ocean, each river's mighty home and grave.

Lost in a world of undistinguish'd waters,
Where are the lovely memories of the past,
The leaves—the flowers—the Brahmin's dark-eyed
daughters,
Whose images were on its mirror cast?

All fair humanities behind it leaving:
For little knows the sea of human things,
Save a few ships their lonely progress cleaving,
And the white shadows of the sea-bird's wings.

* Mr. Burnes gives a most splendid description of the hunting cavalades in Lahore. Part, however, of the sport was cruel. The captured hogs were fastened to a stake, and baited with dogs, and their spirit renewed, when it failed, by cold water dashed over them. At length Runjeet gave orders that they should be liberated, in order, as he said, that "they might praise his humanity." This latter consideration seems to have arrived somewhat late.—The horses sent from England attracted great admiration; but that was nothing compared to the praise bestowed on their shoes. The letter of thanks from Runjeet to our king says, "On beholding the shoes, the new moon turned pale, and nearly disappeared from the sky."

'Tis strange how much of this wide world is
lonely,
Earth hath its trackless forests dark and green,
And its wild deserts of the sand, where only
The wind, a weary wanderer, hath been.

The desert and the forest, lone and solemn,
May know in time the work of mortal hand;
There may arise the temple, tower and column,
Where only waved the tree, or swept the sand.

But on the ocean never track remaining
Attests the progress of the human race;
The ship will pass without a wave retaining
The lovely likeness mirror'd on its face.

And thus, O Time, that hast our world in
keeping,
So dost thou roll the current of thy years;
Away, away, in thy dark waters sweeping,
All mortal cares and sorrows, hopes and fears

THE TOURNAMENT.

Hrs spur on his heel, his spear in its rest,
The wild wind just waving the plumes on his
crest;
The young knight rides forward—his armour is
bright
As that which it mirrors, the morning's clear light.

His steed it is black as the raven that flies
'Mid the tempest that darkens its way through the
skies;
From his nostril the white foam is scatter'd
around;
He knoweth the battle and spurneth the ground.

His master is young—but familiar his hand
Has been from its childhood with axe and with
brand.
His gold locks have darken'd with blood and with
toil,
Where the battle of Ascalon darken'd the soil.

He is calm, though a youth, save when his blue eye
Sees afar the red banners that sweep through the
sky;
It kindles—there waiteth the triumph again—
He poises his lance and he tightens his rein.

The belt of a knight was in Palestine won;
By the hand of King Richard the belt was boun-
on.
On his shoulder the cross, by his helmet a glove,
Tell he serveth his God, and his King, and his
Love.

On his lip is a song whose last murmur was heard
When the castle's old ivy the summer wind
stirr'd;

Low and love-touch'd the words, that are never so
dear

As when battle and danger and triumph are near.

He flings the bright marks from his scarf's silken
fold—

What careth the warrior for silver or gold?

And he bends till his plumes touch his horse's
dark mane,

To the minstrel who mingles one name with his
strain.

So loyal of heart, and so liberal of hand,

Were the gallant—the high-born—of England's
fair land.

But their glory is gather'd—their honours are
told—

Let the race of to-day match the good knights of
old.

FELICIA HEMANS.

No more, no more—O, never more returning,

Will thy beloved presence gladden earth;

No more wilt thou with sad, yet anxious, yearning

Cling to those hopes which have no mortal
birth.

Thou art gone from us, and with thee departed,

How many lovely things have vanish'd too:

Deep thoughts that at thy will to being started,

And feelings, teaching us our own were true.

Thou hast been round us, like a viewless spirit,

Known only by the music on the air;

The leaf or flowers which thou hast named inherit

A beauty known but from thy breathing there:

For thou didst on them fling thy strong emotion,

The likeness from itself the fond heart gave;

As planets from afar look down on ocean,

And give their own sweet image to the wave.

And thou didst bring from foreign lands their
treasures,

As floats thy various melody along;

We know the softness of Italian measures,

And the grave cadence of Castilian song.

A general bond of union is the poet,

By its immortal verse is language known,

And for the sake of song do others know it—

One glorious poet makes the world his own.

And thou—how far thy gentle sway extended!

The heart's sweet empire over land and sea;

Many a stranger and far flower was blended

In the soft wreath that glory bound for thee.

The echoes of the Susquehanna's waters

Paused in the pine woods words of thine to
hear;

And to the wide Atlantic's younger daughters

Thy name was lovely, and thy song was dear.

Was not this purchased all too dearly!—never

Can fame atone for all that fame hath cost.

We see the goal, but know/not the endeavour,

Nor what fond hopes have on the way been
lost.

What do we know of the unquiet pillow,

By the worn cheek and tearful eyelid prest,

When thoughts chase thoughts, like the tumultuous
billow,

Whose very light and foam reveals unrest!

We say, the song is sorrowful, but know not

What may have left that sorrow on the song;

However mournful words may be, they show not

The whole extent of wretchedness and wrong.

They cannot paint the long sad hours, pass'd only

In vain regrets o'er what we feel we are.

Alas! the kingdom of the lute is lonely—

Cold is the worship coming from afar.

Yet what is mind in woman but revealing

In sweet clear light the hidden world below,

By quicker fancies and a keener feeling

Than those around, the cold and careless, knew!

What is to feed such feeling, but to culture

A soil whence pain will never more depart!

The fable of Prometheus and the vulture,

Reveals the poet's and the woman's heart.

Unkindly are they judged—unkindly treated—

By careless tongues and by ungenerous words;

While cruel sneer, and hard reproach, repeated,

Jar the fine music of the spirit's chords.

Wert thou not weary—thou whose soothing
numbers

Gave other lips the joy thine own had not!

Didst thou not welcome thankfully the slumbers

Which closed around thy mourning human lot!

What on this earth could answer thy requiring,

For earnest faith—for love, the deep and true,

The beautiful, which was thy soul's desiring,

But only from thyself its being drew.

How is the warm and loving heart requited

In this harsh world, where it awhile must dwell!

Its best affections wrong'd, betray'd, and slighted—

Such is the doom of those who love too well.

Better the weary dove should close its pinion.

Fold up its golden wings and be at peace,

Enter, O lady, that serene dominion,

Where earthly cares and earthly sorrows cease.

Fame's troubled hour has clear'd, and now replying

A thousand hearts their music ask of thine.

Sleep with a light the lovely and undying

Around thy grave—a grave which is a shrine.

THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS OF GOLCONDA.

MORNING is round the shining palace,
 Mirror'd on the tide,
 Where the lily lifts her chalice,
 With its gold inside,
 Like an offering from the waves.
 Early waken'd from their slumbers,
 Stand the glittering ranks;
 Who is there shall count the numbers
 On the river's banks?
 Forth the household pours the slaves
 Of the kings of fair Golconda,
 Of Golconda's ancient kings.

Wherefore to the crimson morning
 Are the banners spread,
 Daybreak's early colours scorning
 With a livelier red?
 Pearls are wrought on each silk fold.
 Summer flowers are flung to wither
 On the common way.
 Is some royal bride brought hither
 With this festival array,
 To the city's mountain-hold
 Of the kings of old Golconda,
 Of Golconda's ancient kings.

From the gates the slow procession,
 Troops and nobles come.
 This hour takes the king possession
 Of an ancient home—
 One he never leaves again.
 Musk and sandal wood and amber
 Fling around their breath:
 They will fill the murky chamber
 Where the bride is Death.
 Where the worm hath sole domain
 O'er the kings of old Golconda,
 O'er Golconda's ancient kings.

Now the monarch must surrender
 All his golden state,
 Yet the mockeries of splendour
 On the pageant wait
 That attends him to the tomb.
 Music on the air is swelling,
 'Tis the funeral song,
 As to his ancestral dwelling,
 Is he borne along.
 They must share life's common doom,
 The kings of fair Golconda,
 Golconda's ancient kings.

What are now the chiefs that gather?
 What their diamond mines?

What the heron's snowy feather
 On their crest that shines?
 What their valleys of the rose?
 For another is their glory,
 And their state, and gold?
 They are a forgotten story,
 Faint and feebly told—
 Breaking not the still repose
 Of the kings of fair Golconda,
 Of Golconda's ancient kings.

Glorious is their place of sleeping,
 Gold with azure wrought,
 And embroider'd silk is sweeping,
 Silk from Persia brought,
 Round the carved marble walls.*
 Not the less the night owl's pinion
 Stirs the dusky air,
 Not the less is the dominion
 Of the earth worm there.
 Not less deep the shadow falls
 O'er the kings of fair Golconda,
 O'er Golconda's ancient kings.

Not on such vain aids relying,
 Can the human heart
 Triumph o'er the dead and dying,
 It must know its part
 In the glorious hopes that wait
 The bright openings of the portal,
 Far beyond the sky—
 Faith whose promise is immortal,
 Life, that cannot die.

These, and stronger than the state
 Of the kings of fair Golconda,
 Of Golconda's ancient kings.

TUNIS.

No more that city's pirate barks
 Molest the distant waves;
 No more the Moslem idler marks
 The sale of Christian slaves.
 And yet how much is left undone
 These city walls within!
 What though the victory may be won,
 Its fruit is yet to win.

What should the fruit of victory be?
 What spoil should it command?—
 Commerce upon the sweeping sea,
 And peace upon the land.

* Thevenot gives a splendid description of these tombs. In addition to their architectural decoration, they were hung with embroidered satin.

As when the crimson sunset ends,
In twilight's quiet hours,
The fertilizing dew ascends,
That feeds the fruits and flowers.

A quiet time hath Europe now,
And she should use that time,
The seed of general good to sow,
Eternal and sublime!
Mighty is now the general scope
To mortal views assign'd;
Direct from heaven is the hope
That worketh for mankind.

Too many objects worth its care
The mind has left unwon;
But who is there that shall despair
Knowing what has been done?
The Press, that on the moral world
Has risen, like a star,
The leaves of light in darkness furl'd
Spread with its aid afar.

Far may it spread!—its influence
Is giant in its might:
The moral world's intelligence
Lives on its guiding light.
To teach, to liberate, to save,
Is empire's noblest worth,
Such be our hope across the wave,
Our triumph o'er the earth!

DJOUNI:

THE RESIDENCE OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.*

O LADY, wherefore to the desert flying,
Didst thou forsake old England's sea-beat
strand,
To dwell where never voice to thine replying,
Repeats the accents of thy native land?

Around thee the white pelican is sweeping,
Watching the slumbers of her callow brood;
And at the fountains of her fond heart keeping
The last supply of their precarious food.

Far spreads the wilderness of sand, as lonely
As is the silence of the eternal grave;
And for thy home companions, thou hast only
The dog, the Arab steed, the flower, the slave.

* "How could I," said Lady Hester, "live with the common people of usual life, after having lived with my uncle—England's prime minister—Pitt?"

And rightly hast thou judged. On the strong
pinion

Of an unfetter'd will thy flight was made;
At once escaping from the false dominion
Of our cold life, whose hopes are still betray'd.

What is the social world thou hast forsaken?—
A scene of wrong and sorrow, guilt and guile;
Whence Love a long and last farewell has taken,
Where friends can smile, and "murder while
they smile."

Small truth is there among us—little kindness—
And falsehood still at work to make that less.
We hurry onward in our selfish blindness,
Not knowing that the truth were happiness.

Ah! wisely hast thou chosen thus to leave us,
For thou hast left society behind.
What are to thee the petty cares that grieve us,
The cold—the false—the thankless—the un-
kind!

Thy home is in the desert; fit disdaining
Thou showest to the present and to us.
Calm with the future and the past remaining
Hopeful the one—the other glorious.

GIBRALTAR—FROM THE SEA.

Down 'mid the waves, accursed bark,
Down, down before the wind;
Thou canst not sink to doom more dark
Than that thou leavest behind.

Down, down for his accursed sake
Whose hand is on thy helm,
Above the heaving billows break—
Will they not overwhelm?

The blood is red upon the deck,
Of murder, not of strife;
Now, Ocean, let the hour of wreck
Atone for that of life!

Many a brave heart has grown cold,
Though battle has been done:
And shrieks have risen from the hold,
When human help was none.

We've sail'd amid the Spanish lines,
The black flag at the mast,
And burning towns and rifled shrines
Proclaim'd where we had past.

The captive's low and latest cry
Has risen on the night,
While night carousals mock'd the sky
With their unholy light.

The captain he is young and fair—
How can he look so young ?
His locks of youth, his golden hair,
Are o'er his shoulders flung.

Of all the deeds that he has done,
Not one has left a trace :
The midnight cup, the noontide sun.
Have darken'd not his face.

His voice is low—his smile is sweet—
He has a girl's blue eyes ;
And yet I would far rather meet
The storm in yonder skies

The fiercest of our pirate band
Holds at his name the breath ;
For there is blood on his right hand,
And in his heart is death.

He knows he rides above his grave,
Yet careless is his eye ;
He looks with scorn upon the wave,
With scorn upon the sky.

Great God ! the sights that I have seen
When far upon the main !
I'd rather that my death had been
Than see those sights again.

Pale faces glimmer, and are gone—
Wild voices rise from shore ;
I see one giant wave sweep on—
It breaks !—we rise no more.

MILLER'S DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

Do you remember, Love, the lake
We used to meet beside ?
The only sound upon the air,
The ripples on the tide.

Do you remember, Love, the hour
When first the moonbeam shone,
Rising above the distant hills,
We used to meet alone.

You knew not then my rank and state,
You only knew my love,
Whose gentle witness was the moon,
That watch'd us from above.

The valley, silver'd with her light,
Was lovely as a shrine ;
The truth within that young fresh heart
Felt there was truth in mine.

You are a Countess now, sweet Love,
And dwell in stately halls ;
The red gold shines upon the board,
The silk upon the walls.

A thousand watch my Lady's eye,
The minstrel sings her name ;
None were so fair at Henry's court,
Where all the fairest came.

For the soft moonshine's rising light,
The pearls are on your brow :
Now, were you, lovely Lady mine,
The happiest then, or now ?

"Nor lake, nor castle," soft she said,
"Have any choice of mine ;
I know in life one only lot,
So long as I am thine!"

CAPTAIN COOK.

Do you recall the fancies of many years ago,
When the pulse danced those light measures that
again it cannot know ?

Ah ! we both of us are alter'd, and now we talk
no more

Of all the old creations that haunted us of yore.

Then any favourite volume was a mine of long
delight,

From whence we took our future, to fashion as
we might.

We lived again its pages, we were its chiefs and
kings,

As actual, but more pleasant, than what the day
now brings.

It was an August evening, with sunset in the
trees,

When home you brought his Voyages who found
the fair South Seas.

We read it till the sunset amid the boughs grew
dim ;

All other favourite heroes were nothing beside
him.

For weeks he was our idol, we sail'd with him at
sea,

And the pond amid the willows the ocean seem'd
to be.

The water-lilies growing beneath the morning
smile,

We call'd the South Sea islands, each flower a
different isle.

No golden lot that fortune could draw for human
life,
To us seem'd like a sailor's, 'mid the storm and
strife.

Our talk was of fair vessels that swept before the
breeze,
And new discover'd countries amid the Southern
Seas.

Within that lonely garden what happy hours
went by,

While we fancied that around us spread foreign
sea and sky.

Ah! the dreaming and the distant no longer
haunt the mind;

We leave, in leaving childhood, life's fairy land
behind.

There is not of that garden a single tree or flower;
They have plough'd its long green grasses, and cut
down the lime tree bower.

Where are the Guelder roses, whose silver used to
bring,

With the gold of the laburnums, their tribute to
the Spring?

'They have vanish'd with the childhood that with
their treasures play'd;

The life that cometh after dwells in a darker
shade.

Yet the name of that sea captain, it cannot but re-
call

How much we loved his dangers, and how we
mourn'd his fall.

THE ABBEY, NEAR MUSSOOREE.

THE SEAT OF J. C. GLYN, ESQ.

"On the brow of a rugged mountain, it is quite isolated
from any other dwelling; and during the rainy season,
when dense clouds are floating about, it has the appear-
ance of an island in a sea of vapour."

Alone, alone, on the mountain brow,
The sky above, the earth below;
Your comrades the clouds, with the driving rain
Bathing your roof ere it reach the plain.

Loud on its way, as a forest blast,
'The eagle that dwells at your side sweeps past;
Dark are its wings, and fierce its eye,
And its shadow falls o'er you in passing by.

White with the snow of a thousand years,
'Tall in the distance the Chor appears;
Hot though the sunshine kindle the air.
Still hath the winter a palace there

Away to the south the Jumna takes
Its way through the melons' golden brakes,
Through gardens, cities, and crowded plains—
Little, methinks, on its course it gains.

Round are the woods of the ancient oak,
And pines that scorn at the woodman's stroke;
And yet the axe is on its way,
Those stately trees in the dust to lay.

They have open'd the quarries of lime and stone;
There is nothing that man will leave alone:
He buiketh the house—he tilleth the soil;
No place is free from care and toil.

Ye old and ye stately solitudes,
Where the white snow lies, and the eagle broods,
Where every sound but the wind was still;
Or the voice of the torrent adown the hill.

Wo on our wretched and busy race,
That will not leave Nature a resting-place.
We roam over earth, we sail o'er the wave,
Till there is not a quiet spot but the grave.

THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, AND THE RUINS OF LAHNECK CASTLE.

FORMERLY BELONGING TO THE TEMPLARS.

On the dark heights that overlook the Rhine,
Flinging long shadows on the watery plains,
Crown'd with gray towers, and girdled by the vine
How little of the warlike past remains!

The castle walls are shatter'd, and wild flowers
Usurp the crimson banner's former sign.
Where are the haughty Templars and their
powers?

Their forts are perish'd—but not so their shrine

Like Memory veil'd, Tradition sits and tells
Her twilight histories of the olden time.
How few the records of those craggy dells
But what recall some sorrow or some crime.

Of Europe's childhood was the feudal age,
When the world's sceptre was the sword; and
power,
Unfit for human weakness, wrong, and rage,
Knew not that curb which waits a wiser hour.

Ill suited empire with a human hand;
Authority needs rule, restraint, and awe;
Order and peace spread gradual through the land,
And force submits to a diviner law

A few great minds appear, and by their light
 The many find their way; truth after truth
 Rise starlike on the depths of moral night,
 Though even now is knowledge in its youth.

Still as those ancient heights, which only bore
 The iron harvest of the sword and spear,
 Are now with purple vineyards cover'd o'er,
 While corn-fields fill the fertile valleys near.

Our moral progress has a glorious scope,
 Much has the past by thought and labour done;
 Knowledge and Peace pursue the steps of Hope,
 Whose noblest victories are yet unwon.

DEATH OF THE LION AMONG THE RUINS OF SBETTLAH.

HURRIEDLY, disturbing night
 With a red and sudden light,
 Came the morning, as it knew
 What there was for day to do,
 And that ere it sank again,
 It must show the lion's den.

All night long, a sullen roar,
 Like the billows on the shore,
 Sounded on the desert air,
 Telling who was lurking there.
 And the sleepless child was prest
 Closer to the mother's breast.

Girdled by the watch-fire's ray
 Did we wait the coming day;
 And beneath the morning sun
 Flash'd the spear and gleam'd the gun.
 Forth we went to seek the shade
 Where the lion-king was laid.

Dark the towering palm was spread,
 Like a giant, overhead;
 But the dewy grass below
 Served the lion's path to show.
 Long green bough and flowery spray
 He had rent upon his way.

By the aqueduct of old,
 Where the silver river roll'd,
 Long since laid in ruins low—
 But there still the waters flow.
 Soon decayeth man's endeavour,
 Nature's works endure for ever.

There we found the lion's cave—
 There we made the lion's grave.
 Three shots echo'd—three—no more,
 And the grass is red with gore.
 For the claws and skin we come—
 Let us bear our trophy home.

THE IONIAN CAPTIVE.

SADLY the captive o'er her flowers is bending,
 While her soft eye with sudden sorrow fills.
 They are not those that grew beneath her tending
 In the green valley of her native hills.

There is the violet—not from the meadow
 Where wander'd carelessly her childish feet;
 There is the rose—it grew not in the shadow
 Of her old home—it cannot be so sweet.

And yet she loves them—for those flowers are
 bringing
 Dreams of the home that she will see no more;
 The languid perfumes are around her, flinging
 What almost for the moment they restore.

She hears her mother's wheel, that, slowly turning,
 Murmur'd unceasingly the summer day;
 And the same murmur, when the pine boughs
 burning
 Told that the summer hours had passed away.

She hears her young companions sadly singing
 A song they loved—an old complaining tune;
 Then comes a gayer sound—the laugh is ringing
 Of the young children—hurrying in at noon.

By the dim myrtles, wandering with her sister,
 They tell old stories, broken by the mirth
 Of her young brother: alas! have they miss'd her,
 She who was borne a captive from their hearth?

She starts—too present grows the actual sorrow,
 By her own heart she knows what they have
 borne;
 Young as she is, she shudders at to-morrow,
 It can but find her prisoner and forlorn.

What are the glittering trifles that surround her—
 What the rich shawl!—and what the golden
 chain?

Would she could break the fetters that have bound
 her,
 And see her household and her hills again!

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

YE ancients of the earth, beneath whose shade
 Swept the fierce banners of earth's mightiest kings,
 When millions for a battle were array'd,
 And the sky darken'd with the vulture's wings.

Long silence follow'd on the battle-cries;
 First the bones whiten'd, then were seen no more;
 The summer grasses sprang for summer skies,
 And dim tradition told no tales of yore

The works of peace succeeded those first wars,
Men left the desert tents for marble walls;
Then rose the towers from whence they watch'd
the stars,
And the vast wonders of their kingly halls.

And they are perish'd—those imperial towers
Read not amid the midnight stars their doom;
The pomp and art of all their glorious hours
Lie hidden in the sands that are their tomb.

And ye, ancestral trees! are somewhat shorn
Of the first strength that mark'd earth's earlier
clime;
But still ye stand, stately and tempest-worn,
To show how nature triumphs over time.

Much have ye witness'd—but yet more remains;
The mind's great empire is but just begun;
The desert beauty of your distant plains
Proclaim how much has yet been left undone.

Will not your giant columns yet behold
The world's old age, enlighten'd, calm, and free;
More glorious than the glories known of old—
The spirit's placid rule o'er land and sea.

All that the past has taught is not in vain—
Wisdom is garner'd up from centuries gone;
Love, Hope, and Mind prepare a nobler reign
Than ye have known—Cedars of Lebanon!

RYDAL WATER AND GRASMERE LAKE,

THE RESIDENCE OF WORDSWORTH.

Not for the glory on their heads
Those stately hill-tops wear,
Although the summer sunset sheds
Its constant crimson there.
Not for the gleaming lights that break
The purple of the twilight lake,
Half dusky and half fair,
Does that sweet valley seem to be
A sacred place on earth to me.

The influence of a moral spell
Is found around the scene,
Giving new shadows to the dell,
New verdure to the green.
With every mountain-top is wrought
The presence of associate thought,
A music that has been;
Calling that loveliness to life
With which the inward world is rife.

His home—our English poet's home—
Amid these hills is made;
Here, with the morning, hath he come,
There, with the night delay'd.

On all things is his memory cast,
For every place wherein he past
Is with his mind array'd,
That, wandering in a summer hour,
Ask'd wisdom of the leaf and flower.

Great poet, if I dare to throw
My homage at thy feet,
Thy thankfulness for hours which thou
Hast made serene and sweet;
As wayfarers have incense thrown
Upon some mighty altar-stone,
Unworthy, and yet meet,
The human spirit longs to prove
The truth of its uplooking love.

Until thy hand unlock'd its store,
What glorious music slept!
Music that can be hush'd no more
Was from our knowledge kept.
But the great Mother gave to thee
The poet's universal key;
And forth the fountains swept—
A gushing melody forever,
The witness of thy high endeavour.

Rough is the road which we are sent,
Rough with long toil and pain;
And when upon the steep ascent,
A little way we gain,
Vex'd with our own perpetual care,
Little we heed what sweet things are
Around our pathway blent;
With anxious steps we hurry on,
The very sense of pleasure gone.

But thou dost in this feverish dream
Awake a better mood,
With voices from the mountain stream,
With voices from the wood.
And with their music dost impart
Their freshness to the world-worn heart,
Whose fever is subdued
By memories sweet with other years,
By gentle hopes, and soothing tears.

A solemn creed is thine, and high,
Yet simple as a child,
Who looketh hopeful to yon sky
With eyes yet undefiled.
By all the glitter and the glare
This life's deceits and follies wear,
Exalted, and yet mild,
Conscious of those diviner powers
Brought from a better world than ours.

Thou hast not chosen to rehearse
The old heroic themes;
Thou hast not given to thy verse
The heart's impression'd dreams.

Forth flows thy song as waters flow,
So bright above—so calm below,
Wherein the heaven seems
Eternal as the golden shade
Its sunshine on the stream hath laid.

The glory which thy spirit hath,
Is round life's common things,
And flingeth round our common path,
As from an angel's wings,
A light that is not of our sphere,
Yet lovelier for being here,
Beneath whose presence springs
A beauty never mark'd before,
Yet once known, vanishing no more.

How often with the present sad,
And weary with the past,
A sunny respite have we had,
By but a chance look cast
Upon some word of thine that made
The sullenness forsake the shade,
Till shade itself was past :
For Hope divine, serene, and strong,
Perpetual lives within thy song.

Eternal as the hills thy name,
Eternal as thy strain ;
So long as ministers of Fame
Shall Love and Hope remain,
The crowded city in its streets,
The valley, in its green retreats,
Alike thy words retain.
What need hast thou of sculptured stone ?—
Thy temple, is thy name alone.

WARKWORTH CASTLE,

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Come, up with the banner, and on with the
sword,

My father's first-born of his castle is lord ;
No knight, I will say, that e'er belted a brand,
Was ever more worthy of lady or land.

Ring the horns through the forest that girdles our
hall,
Let the glades of the green oaks re-echo the
call ;
And many a morning with dew on the plain,
And the red sun, just rising, shall hear them
again.

Fill up the clear wine cup that dances in light,
One name, and one only, shall crown it to-night :

'Tis the health of the young knight just come o'er
the main ;
He will cross it an earl, if he cross it again.

Farewell ! O my brother ; farewell ! mine abode—
The hawk that I flew—the horse that I rode—
They are safe—I commend them, my brother, to
thee ;
But my white greyhound goes with me over the
sea.

For a thousand white crowns I have mortgaged
my land,
And fifty bold seamen await my command ;
My letters of marque are now sign'd by the queen,
I hasten where Drake and where Raleigh have
been.

Away to the south is the course that I hold,
If the sea has its storm—why, the Spaniard has
gold.
Afar in the distance I see its light shine,
And all is fair warfare that crosses the Line.

One last charge, my brother, you only may hear,
'Tis the hope to my soul the most deep, the most
dear :
Be my Blanche to thy heart like a sister, in love ;
I leave in thy shadow the nest of my dove.

No doubt of her truth, and no fear of her change,
Can darken my pathway where'er it may range ;
My heart is my omen—I know, o'er the main,
I return to her side, and to England, again.

CAN YOU FORGET ME ?

CAN you forget me ?—I who have so cherish'd
The veriest trifle that was memory's link ;
The roses that you gave me, although perish'd,
Were precious in my sight ; they made me
think.

You took them in their scentless beauty stooping
From the warm shelter of the garden wall ;
Autumn, while into languid winter drooping,
Gave its last blossoms, opening but to fall.

Can you forget them !

Can you forget me ? I am not relying
On plighted vows—alas ! I know their worth :
Man's faith to woman is a trifle, dying
Upon the very breath that gave it birth
But I remember hours of quiet gladness,
When, if the heart had truth, it spoke it then,
When thoughts would sometimes take a tone of
sadness,

And then unconsciously grow glad again.

Can you forget them !

Can you forget me? My whole soul was blended;
At least it sought to blend itself with thine;
My life's whole purpose, winning thee, seem'd
ended;

Thou wert my heart's sweet home—my spirit's
shrine.

Can you forget me?—when the firelight burning,
Flung sudden gleams around the quiet room,
How would thy words, to long past moments
turning,

Trust me with thoughts soft as the shadowy
gloom!

Can you forget them?

There is no truth in love, whate'er its seeming,
And heaven itself could scarcely seem more
true—

Sadly have I awaken'd from the dreaming,
Whose charm'd slumber—false one!—was of
you.

I gave mine inmost being to thy keeping—
I had no thought I did not seek to share;
Feelings that hush'd within my soul were sleeping,
Waked into voice, to trust them to thy care.

Can you forget them?

Can you forget me? This is vainly tasking
The faithless heart where I, alas! am not.
Too well I know the idleness of asking—
The misery—of why am I forgot?
The happy hours that I have pass'd while
kneeling

Half slave, half child, to gaze upon thy face.
—But what to thee this passionate appealing—
Let my heart break—it is a common case.

You have forgotten me.

DR. MORRISON AND HIS CHINESE ATTENDANTS.

They bend above the page with anxious eyes,
Devoutly listening to the sacred words
Which have awaken'd all the spirit-chords
Whose music dwells in the eternal skies.
And still their teacher hope and aid supplies.
For those dark priests are God's own messengers,
To bring their land glad tidings from above,
And to the creed that in its darkness errs,
To teach the words of truth and Christian
love.

Blessings be on their pathway, and increase!
These are the moral conquerors, and belong
To them the palm-branch and triumphal
song—

Conquerors, and yet the harbingers of peace.

THE GANGES.

On sweeps the mighty river—calmly flowing,
Through the eternal flowers
That light the summer hours,
Year after year, perpetual in their blowing.

Over the myriad plains that current ranges,
Itself as clear and bright
As in its earliest light,
And yet the mirror of perpetual changes.

Here must have ceased the echo of those slaughters,
When stopp'd the onward jar
Of Macedonian war,
Whose murmur only reach'd thy ancient waters.

Yet have they redden'd with the fierce outpouring
Of human blood and life,
When over kingly strife
The vulture on his fated wing was soaring.

How oft its watch, impatient of the morrow,
Hath mortal misery kept;
Beside thy banks, and wept,
Kissing thy quiet night winds with their sorrow?

Yet thou art on thy course majestic keeping,
Unruffled by the breath
Of man's vain life or death,
Calm as the heaven upon thy bosom sleeping

Still dost thou keep thy calm and onward motion,
Amid the ancient ranks
Of forests on thy banks,
Till thou hast gain'd thy home—the mighty ocean.

And thou dost scatter benefits around thee:
Thy silver current yields
Life to the green rice-fields,
That have like an enchanted girlie bound thee.

By thee are royal gardens, each possessing
A summer in its hues,
Which still thy wave renews,
Where'er thou flowest dost thou bear a blessing.

Such, O my country! should be thy advancing—
A glorious progress known
As is that river's, shown
By the glad sunshine on its waters glancing.

So should thy moral light be onwards flowing—
So should its course be bound
By benefits around,
The blessings which itself hath known bestowing.

Faith — commerce — knowledge — laws — those
should be springing,
Where'er thy standard flies
Amid the azure skies,
Whose highest gifts that red-cross flag is bringing

Already much for man has been effected ;
 The weak and poor man's cause
 Is strengthen'd by the laws,
 The equal right, born with us, all respected.

But much awaits, O England ! thy redressing ;
 Thou hast no nobler guide
 Than yon bright river's tide :
 Bear as that bears—where'er thou goest, blessing !*

KALENDRIA ;

A PORT IN CILICIA.

Do you see yon vessel riding,
 Anchor'd in our island bay,
 Like a sleeping sea-bird biding
 For the morrow's onward way ?
 See her white wings folded round her
 As she rocks upon the deep ;
 Slumber with a spell hath bound her,
 With a spell of peace and sleep.

Seems she not as if enchanted
 To that lone and lovely place,
 Henceforth ever to be haunted
 By that sweet ship's shadowy grace.
 Yet, come here again to-morrow,
 Not a vestige will remain,
 Though those sweet eyes strain in sorrow,
 They will search the sea in vain.

'Twas for this I bade thee meet me,
 For a parting word and tear ;
 Other lands and lips may greet me ;
 None will ever seem so dear.
 Other lands—I may say, other—
 Mine again I shall not see ;
 I have left mine aged mother,
 She has other sons than me.

Where my father's bones are lying,
 There mine own will never lie ;
 Where the myrtle groves are sighing,
 Soft beneath our summer sky.
 Mine will be a wilder ending,
 Mine will be a wilder grave,
 Where the shriek and shout are blending,
 Or the tempest sweeps the wave.

* Will General Fagan permit me to quote an expression of his which struck me most forcibly ?—"We have," said he, "been the conquerors of India: we have now to be its benefactors, its legislators, its instructors, and its liberators."

Mine may be a fate more lonely,
 In some sick and foreign ward,
 Where my weary eyes meet only
 Hired nurse or sullen guard.
 Dearest maiden, thou art weeping ;
 Must I from those eyes remove ?
 Hath thy heart no soft pulse sleeping
 Which might ripen into love ?

No ! I see thy brow is frozen,
 And thy look is cold and strange ;
 Ah ! when once the heart has chosen,
 Well I know it cannot change.
 And I know that heart has spoken
 That another's it must be.
 Scarce I wish that pure faith broken,
 Though the falsehood were for me.*

No : be still the guileless creature
 That upon my boyhood shone ;
 Couldst thou change thy angel nature,
 Half my faith in heaven were gone.
 Still thy memory shall be cherish'd,
 Dear as it is now to me ;
 When all gentler thoughts have perish'd,
 One shall linger yet for thee.

Farewell !—With those words I sever
 Every tie of youth and home ;
 Thou, fair isle ! adieu for ever !
 See, a boat cuts through the foam.
 Wind, time, tide, alike are pressing,
 I must hasten from the shore.
 One first kiss, and one last blessing—
 Farewell, love ! we meet no more.

INFANTICIDE IN MADAGASCAR.

A ~~luxury~~ of summer green
 Is on the southern plain,
 And water-falls, with dewy screen,
 Protect the ripening grain.
 Upon the sky is not a cloud
 To mar the golden glow,
 Only the palm-tree is allow'd
 To fling its shade below.

And silvery, 'mid its fertile brakes,
 The winding river glides,
 And every ray in heaven makes
 Its mirror of its tides.
 And yet it is a place of death—
 A place of sacrifice ;
 Heavy with childhood's parting breath
 Weary with childhood's cries.

The mother takes her little child—
 Its face is like her own ;
 The cradle of her choice is wild—
 Why is it left alone ?

The trampling of the buffalo
Is heard among the reeds,
And sweeps around the carrion crow
That amid carnage feeds.

O! outrage upon mother Earth
To yonder azure sky;
A destined victim from its birth,
The child is left to die.
We shudder that such crimes disgrace
E'en yonder savage strand;
Alas! and hath such crime no trace
Within our English land?

Pause, ere we blame the savage code
That such strange horror keeps;
Perhaps within her sad abode
The mother sits and weeps,
And thinks how oft those eyelids smiled,
Whose close she may not see,
And says, "O, would to God, my child,
I might have died for thee!"

Such law of bloodshed to annul
Should be the Christian's toil;
May not such law be merciful,
To that upon our soil?
Better the infant eyes should close
Upon the first sweet breath,
Than weary for their last repose,
A living life in death!

Look on the children of our poor
On many an English child:
Better that it had died secure
By yonder river wild.
Flung careless on the waves of life,
From childhood's earliest time,
They struggle, one perpetual strife,
With hunger and with crime.

Look on the crowded prison-gate—
Instructive love and care
In early life had saved the fate
That waits on many there.
Cold, selfish, shunning care and cost,
The poor are left unknown;
I say, for every soul thus lost,
We answer with our own.

HURDWAR—THE GATE OF VISHNOO.

FLING wide the sacred city gates,
Wide on the open air;
A higher Conqueror awaits
Than he whose name they bear.

He comes not in the strength of war,
He comes not in its pride;
No banners are around his car,
No trumpets at his side.

Not in the midst of armed bands
The Christian Chief appears,
No swords are in his followers' hands,
They strive with prayers and tears.

For faint and weak those followers seem,
Yet mighty is their voice:
The Ganges' old and holy stream
Will in its depths rejoice.

Low is the voice with which they plead—
A voice of peace and love;
Peaceful and loving is the creed
Whose emblem is the dove.

Far in the east a star arose,
And with its rising brought
God's own appointed hour to those
By whom it had been sought.

And still that guiding star hath shone
O'er all its fight hath won;
And it will still keep shining on
Until its work be done.

A glorious ending at its birth
Was to that planet given:
For never will it set on earth
Till earth is lost in heaven.

Fling wide the ancient city's gates,
The hours of night are past,
And Christ, the Conqueror, awaits
Earth's holiest and her last.

THE PROPHETESS.

In the deep silence of the midnight hours,
I call upon ye, O ye viewless powers,
Before whose presence mortal daring cowers.

I have subdued ye to my own stern will,
I fear ye not; but I must shudder still,
Faint with the awful purpose ye fulfil.

Not for myself I call the ether-born,
They have no boon my being doth not scorn—
Wholly and bitterly am I forlorn.

Dearly is bought the empire of the mind,
It sitteth on a sullen throne, designed
To elevate and part it from its kind.

Long years my stricken soul has turn'd away
From the sweet dreams that round my childhood
lay :

Would it still own'd their false but lovely sway !

In the dark grave of unbelief they rest,
Worthless they were, and hollow, while possess'd.
I am alone—unblesting, and unblest !

Knowledge is with me—guest that once received,
Love, hope, ambition, are no more believed ;
And we disdain what formerly had grieved.

A few fair flowers around their colours fling,
But what does questioning their sources bring ?
That from corruption and from death they spring.

'Tis thus with those sweet dreams which life begin,
We weary of them, and we look within :
What do we find ? Guile, suffering, and sin.

I know my kind too well not to despise
The gilded sophistry that round it lies :
Hate, sorrow, falsehood—mocking their disguise.

O, thou old world ! so full of guilt and cares,
So mean, so small—I marvel heaven bears
Thy struggle, which the seeing almost shares.

Yet, mine ancestral city, for thy sake
A lingering interest on this earth I take ;
In the dim midnight 'tis for thee I wake.

Softly the starlight falleth over fanes
That rise above thy myrtle-wooded plains,
Where summer hath her loveliest domains.

Beneath, the gardens spread their pleasant shade,
The lutes are hush'd that twilight music made,
Sleep on the world her honey-spell hath laid.

Sweet come the winds that o'er these flower beds
rove,

I only breathe the perfumes that ye love.
Spirits ! my incense summons ye above.

What of yon stately city, where are shrined
The warrior's and the poet's wreath combined—
All the high honours of the human mind !

Her walls are bright with colours, whose fine dyes
Imbody shapes that seem from yonder skies,
And in her scrolls the world's deep wisdom lies.

What of her future ?—Through the silvery
smoke

I see the distant vision I invoke.

These glorious walls have bow'd to Time's dark
yoke.

I see a plain of desert sand extend,
Scatter'd with ruins where the wild flowers bend,
And the green ivy, like a last sad friend.

(44)

Low are the marble columns on the sand,
The palm trees that have grown among them stand
As if they mock'd the fallen of the land.

Hence, ye dark Spirits ! bear the dream away ;
To-morrow but repeateth yesterday :
First, toil—then, desolation and decay.

Life has one vast stern likeness in its gloom,
We toil with hopes that must themselves con-
sume—

The wide world round us is one mighty tomb.

GIBRALTAR.

FROM THE QUEEN OF SPAIN'S CHAIR.

Hies on the rock that fronts the sea
Stands alone our fortress key
Ladye of the southern main,
Ladye, too, of stately Spain.

Look which way her eye she bends,
Where'er she will her sway extends.
Free on air her banner thrown,
Half the world it calls its own.

Let her look upon the strand—
Never was more lovely land :
Had her rule dominion there,
It were free as it is fair.

Let her look across the waves,
They are but her noblest slaves ;
Sweeping north or south, they still
Bear around her wealth and will.

Siege and strife these walls have borne,
By the red artillery torn ;
Human life has pour'd its tide
In the galleries at her side.

But the flag that o'er her blows
Rival nor successor knows.
Lonely on the land and sea,
Where it has been, it will be.

Safe upon her sea-beat rock,
She might brave an army's shock :
For the British banner keeps
Safe the fortress where it sweeps.

THE RIVER WEAR.

Come back, come back, my childhood,
To the old familiar spot,
Whose wild flowers, and whose wild wood
Have never been forgot.

It is the shining river,
With the bulrush by its tide,
Where I fill'd my green rush quiver
With arrows at its side ;

And deem'd that knightly glories
Were honour'd as of old.
My head was fill'd with stories
My aged nurse had told.
The Douglas and the Percy
Alike were forced to yield ;
I had but little mercy
Upon the battle field.

Ah ! folly of the fancies,
That haunt our childhood's hour.
And yet those old romances
On after life have power,
When the weight appears too weary
With which we daily strive,
Mid the actual and the dreary,
How much they keep alive !

How often, amid hours
By life severely tried,
Have I thought on those wild flowers
On the sweet Wear's silver tide.
Each ancient recollection
Brought something to subdue ;
I lived in old affection,
And felt the heart was true.

I am come again with summer,
It is lovely to behold,
Will it welcome the new comer,
As it seem'd to do of old ?
Within those dark green covers,
Whose shade is downward cast,
How many a memory hovers
Whose light is from the past !

I see the bright trout springing,
Where the wave is dark yet clear,
And a myriad flies are winging,
As if to tempt him near.
With the lucid waters blending,
The willow shade yet floats,
From beneath whose quiet bending
I used to launch my boats.

Over the sunny meadows,
I watch them as of old,
Flit soft and sudden shadows
That leave a greener gold,
And a faint south wind is blowing
Amid the cowslip beds,
A deeper glow bestowing
To the light around their heads.

Farewell, sweet river ! ever
Wilt thou be dear to me ;
I can repay thee never
One half I owe to thee.
Around thy banks are lying
Nature's diviner part,
And thou dost keep undying
My childhood at my heart.

CORFU.

O, LOVELY isle ! that, like a child,
Art sleeping on the sea,
Amid whose hair the wind is wild,
And on whose cheek the sun has smiled
As there it loved to be.
How fair thou art, how very fair,
A lone and lovely dream,
That sprung on the enchanted air,
A fairy likeness seems to wear,
A fairy world to seem.

Thou bringest to me a pleasant mood
Of fanciful delight :
To me thou art a solitude
Known only to the sea bird's brood,
And to the stars at night.

I should so like to have thee mine,
Mine own—my very own,
The shadows of thy sweeping vine,
Wherein the scarlet creepers twine,
Broken by me alone.

I would not have a footstep trace
Thy solitary shore :
No human voice—no human face
Should trouble my sweet resting place
With memories of yore.

I would forget the wretched years
Pass'd in this world of ours,
Where weary cares and feverish fears,
Ending alike in bitter tears,
Darken the heavy hours.

But I would dwell beside the sea,
And of the scatter'd shells
Ask, when they murmur mournfully,
What sorrow in the past may be,
Of which their music tells.

Winds, waves, and breathing shells are sad—
Methinks I should repine,
If their low tones were only glad,
'Twould seem too much as if they had
No sympathy for mine.

Not long such fancies can beguile
 Dreams of what cannot be ;
 Gone is thy visionary smile,
 And thou art but a distant isle
 Upon a distant sea.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

FAIR lake, thy lovely and thy haunted shore
 Hath only echoes for the poet's lute ;
 None may tread there save with unsandall'd foot,
 Submissive to the great who went before,
 Fill'd with the mighty memories of yore.
 And yet how mournful are the records there—
 Captivity, and exile, and despair,
 Did they endure who now endure no more.
 The patriot, the woman, and the bard,
 Whose names thy winds and waters bear along ;
 What did the world bestow for their reward
 But suffering, sorrow, bitterness, and wrong !—
 Genius !—a hard and weary lot is thine—
 The heart thy fuel—and the grave thy shrine.

DEATH OF LOUIS OF BOURBON,

BISHOP OF LIEGE.

How actual, through the lapse of years,
 That scene of death and dread appears.
 The maiden shrouded in her veil,
 The burghers half resolved, half pale ;
 And the young archer leant prepared,
 With dagger hidden, but still bared—
 Are real, as if that stormy scene
 In our own troubled life had been.
 Such is the magic of the page
 That brings again another age.
 Such, Scott, the charms thy pages cast,
 O, mighty master of the past !

ADMIRAL BENBOW.

THE Admiral stood upon the deck,
 Before a shot was thrown ;
 Before him rode a Frenchman's fleet,
 Behind him lay his own.

Six gallant ships upon the sea
 Their stately shadows cast :
 In all of them St. George's flag
 Was waving at the mast.

Dark was the shadow on the sea,
 And dark upon the sky,
 In stillness like the coming storm,
 The English fleet sail'd by.

Our Admiral he gave the word—
 Up rose the gallant crew ;
 And far across the sounding seas
 Their iron welcome threw.

The earthly thunder of the deep
 Pour'd from the Breda's side ;
 With welcome fiery as their own,
 The Fleur-de-lis replied.

"Signal to form our battle-line !"
 The English admiral said ;
 At once above the rising smoke
 The signal-flags are spread.

The wind sprung up—a hotter fire
 Is carried o'er the flood ;
 The deck whereon the seamen stand
 Is slippery with blood.

The smoke that rises from the guns
 Rolls on the heavy air,
 So thick above 'twere vain to ask
 If heaven itself be there.

The thunder growls along the deep,
 The echoing waves reply ;
 Yet, over all is heard the groan,
 Deep, faint, of those who die.

The wind goes down—down drop the sails—
 A while the conflict stops ;
 A last chain-shot sweeps o'er the deck—
 Our admiral, he drops !

What careth he for life or wound ?—
 The flowing blood they check :
 Again, though helpless as a child,
 They bear him to the deck.

With heavy eyes he looks around—
 An angry man was he ;
 He sees three English frigates lie
 All idle on the sea.

"Out on the cowards !" mutter'd he,
 Then turn'd to where beside,
 The Ruby, his true consort, lay
 A wreck upon the tide.

There is no time for thought or word,
 The French are coming fast ;
 Again the signal flag is hung
 Unnoticed at his mast.

A raking fire sweeps through her deck;
The Breda has resign'd;
For the first time her sails are spread,
And with the foe behind.

They take the dying admiral,
They carry him ashore;
They lay him on the bed of death
From whence he rose no more.

But not unhonour'd is his name—
Recall'd and honour'd long;
His name on many a song that speeds
The midnight watch along.

But for the cowards who could leave
The brave man to his doom,
Theirs was the scorned memory,
And theirs the nameless tomb.

They died—their long dishonour flung
Forever on the wave;
Time brings no silence to the shame
Cast on the coward's grave.

DISENCHANTMENT.

Do not ask me why I loved him,
Love's cause is to love unknown;
Faithless as the past has proved him,
Once his heart appear'd mine own.

Do not say he did not merit
All my fondness, all my truth;
Those in whom love dwells inherit
Every dream that haunted youth.

He might not be all I dream'd him,
Noble, generous, gifted, true,
Not the less I fondly deem'd him,
All those flattering visions drew.
All the hues of old romances
By his actual self grew dim;
Bitterly I mock the fancies
That once found their life in him.

From the hour by him enchanted,
From the moment when we met,
Henceforth with one image haunted,
Life may never more forget.

All my nature changed—his being
Seem'd the only source of mine;
Fond heart, hadst thou no foreseeing
Thy sad future to divine!

Once, upon myself relying,
All I ask'd were words and thought;
Many hearts to mine replying,
Own'd the music that I brought.
Eager, spiritual, and lonely,
Visions fill'd the fairy hour,
Deep with love—though love was only
Not a presence, but a power.

But from that first hour I met thee,
All caught actual life from you.
Alas! how can I forget thee,
Thou who mad'st the fancied true?
Once my wide world was ideal,
Fair it was—ah! very fair:
Wherefore hast thou made it real?
Wherefore is thy image there?

Ah! no more to me is given
Fancy's far and fairy birth;
Chords upon my lute are riven,
Never more to sound on earth.
Once, sweet music could it borrow
From a look, a word, a tone;
I could paint another's sorrow—
Now I think but of mine own.

Life's dark waves have lost the glitter
Which at morning-tide they wore,
And the well within is bitter;
Naught its sweetness may restore:
For I know how vainly given
Life's most precious things may be,
Love that might have look'd on heaven,
Even as it look'd on thee.

Ah, farewell!—with that word dying,
Hope and love must perish too:
For thy sake themselves denying,
What is truth with thee untrue?
Farewell!—'tis a dreary sentence,
Like the death-doom of the grave,
May it wake in thee repentance,
Stinging when too late to save!

THE END.

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